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Vol. V. No. 25. APRIL, 1901.

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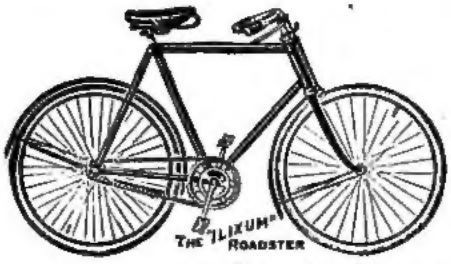

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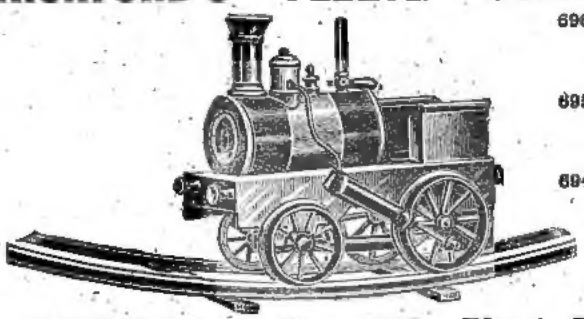

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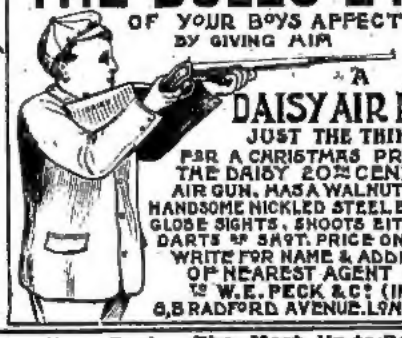

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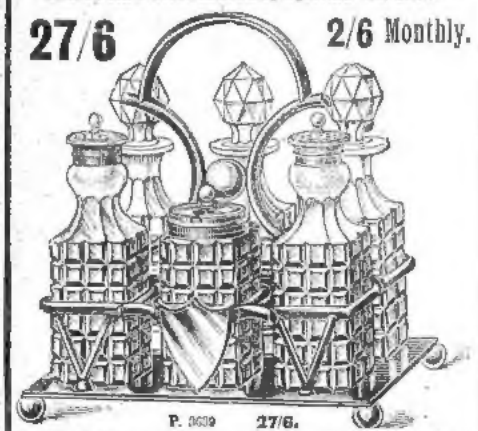

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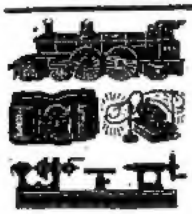

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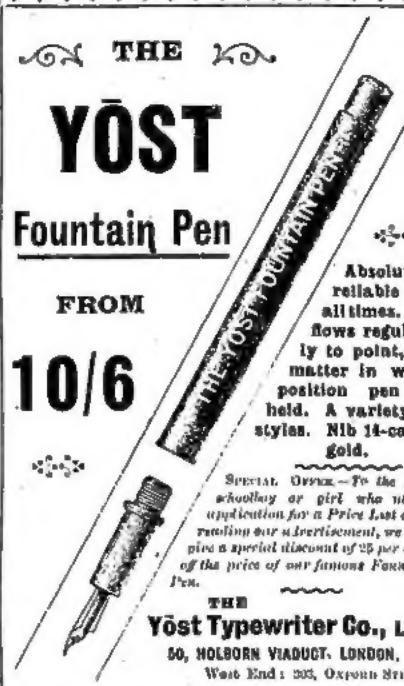

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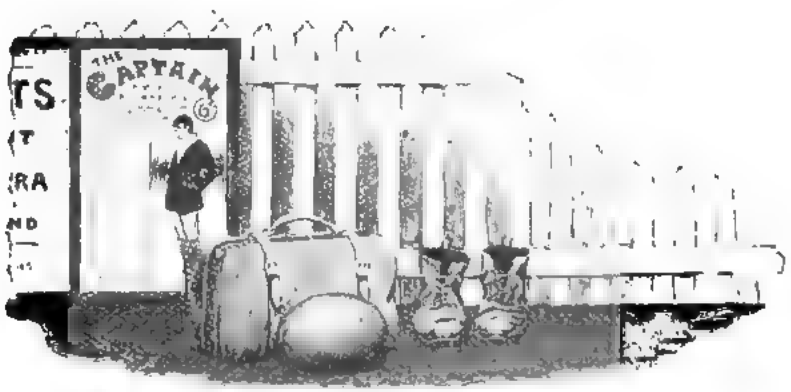

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HADRILL, E., c/o Rev. H. Coggin, Woodlands Prep. School, Earl's Avenue, Folkestone

HAIGH, Christopher, 2, Bingden Lane, Close Hill, Lockwood, Huddersfield.

HALCRO, Tom, 59, Cambridge Street, Kelvinside, Glasgow.

HALES, F., Ecclesbourne, Granville Road, Sidcup, Kent.

HALL, Ethel, 65, The Chase, Clapham Common, S.W.

HALL, Gordon Charles, 7, Park Terrace, E Twickenham.

HALL, H. J., 60, Leathwaite Road, Clapham Common, S.W.

HALL, R., Emanuel School, Wandsworth Common, S.W.

HALLAM, W. H., 80, Weedington Road, Kentish Town, N.W.

HALLIDAY, Hubert, Beechgrove, Blackhill, co. Durham.

HAMER, Morella, Bryn Hyfryd, Twt Hill, Carnarvon.

HAMER, Percy, 23, Bolton Hall Road, Bolton Wood, Bradford.

HAMILTON, Charles V., Cottesloe, Battery Point, Hobart, Tasmania.

HAMLYN, A. D., 41, Royal Park, Clifton, Bristol.

HAMNETT, F. G., Wellington House, Ramsgate.

HANDLEY, Elsie, The Hollies, Belper, Derbyshire.

HANDLEY, Hilda, The Hollies, Belper.

HANNAH, Claude, 13, Guthlaxton Avenue, Leicester.

HANSON, Herbert, 27, Scarisbrick Avenue, Southport.

HANSON, Percy, 17, Marlborough Street, Oldham.

HARDIE, J. C., Linton House School, 11, Holland Park Avenue, W.

HARDING, Hubert Colin, 29, Honley Road, Catford, S.E

HARDY, Bertram, 14, Woodview, Manningham, Bradford.

HARDY, Olive, West Chevin, Chine Crescent Road, Bournemouth.

HARFORD, J. E., 35, Upper Gardiner Street, Dublin.

HARE, Launcelot G., No. 6 Ward, Christ's Hospital, E.C.

HARLEY, Walter R., Clydesdale, Arthur Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.

HARPER, E. H. G., Elmshade, Kenley, Surrey.

HARPER, Frank, 10, Springbank Terrace, Aberdeen.

HARPER, J. S., 30, Howard Place, Edinburgh.

HARRINGTON, Robt., Junr., Field View, Crosshill, Glasgow.

HARRIS, Alexander Logan, 213, William St., Kingston, Jamaica.

HARRIS, C. R., 111, Saltram Crescent, Paddington.

HARRIS, D. W., 9, Apsley Villas, Twickenham Green, S.W

HARRIS, F. E., Govor, St. Austell.

HARRIS, F. J., Grammar School, Crediton.

HARRIS, George Alfred, 47, Fullerton Road, East Hill, Wandsworth

HARRIS, G. P., 170, New Cross Road, New Cross Gate, S.E.

HARRIS, J. G., Hiredale, Station Road, Portslade.

HARRIS, Lilian, 44, Saint Nicholas Street, Leicester

HARRIS, S. G., 18, Aubert Park, Highbury, N

HARRIS, H. G., 4, College Road, Mount Radford, Exeter

HARRISON, Alfred W., 9, Weatheroak Road, Sparkhill, Birmingham.

HARRISON, John, Junr., 9, Hockley, Nottingham.

HARRISON, Percy, 26, Little Earl Street, Soho, W.C.

HARRISON, Richard John, 120 Elgin Road, Seven Kings, Ilford.

HARRISON, T. D., School House, Shrewsbury.

HARRISON, William A., 109, Alfreton Road, Nottingham

HART, Alfred, 68, Howard Street, Gloucester.

HART, F. C., 37, West St., Leicester.

HART, Henry, 37, Tasman Street, Wellington, N.Z.

HART, Kenneth E., 78, Fitzjohn's Avenue, Hampstead, N.W.

HART, Morris J., 31, Clarence Square, Cheltenham

HARTLAND, Geo. A., 17, Shaw Street, Liverpool.

HARTLEY, F. R., Calverley Bridge, Leeds.

HARVEY, Clem, Zeitzerstrasse 30 I, Leipzig, Germany

HARVEY, Frank, Stonyhurst College, near Blackburn

HARVEY, Isabel, Ferndale, Buckingham Road, South Woodford, Essex.

HASKELL, B., Stratford Lodge, Victoria Park, Salisbury.

HASLAM, Arthur, 4, Ivy Road, Smithills, Bolton.

HASLEWOOD, R. J. R., 26, East Castle Street, Bridgnorth, Shropshire.

HATCH, K. C., 22, Duke Street, St. James, S.W

HATTON, Norman, 2, The Quadrant, Buxton, Derbyshire.

HAUGHTON, W. K. and J. A., 55, Chorley New Road, Bolton, Lancs.

HAWARD, E., Berwyn, Alexandra Road, Reading.

HAWKER, Reg., 33, Chesilton Road, Fulham, S.W

HAWKER, Seymour, Kingsmead, Kingsgate Road, Winchester.

HAWKINS, Gilbert W., 39, Beauval Road, North Dulwich.

HAWORTH, James, Brantwood, Red Lane, Disley.

HAWORTH, Montague B., 30, Tierney Road, Streatham Hill, S.W.

HAWORTH, E., 81, Fairlop Road, Leytonstone.

HAYES, B., 112, New Cross Road, S.E.

HAYES, C. B., 4, Snowdon Mansions, Gondar Gardens, West Hampstead, N.W.

HAYES, G. J., c/o Mr. Dutton, Bampton, R.S.O., Oxon.

HAYNES, Ralph L., Church Street, Ilipley, Derbyshire.

HAYWARD, C. B., 6, Knutsford Terrace, Kowloon, Hong Kong, China

HAZEL, C. H., c/o Miss King, North Street Post Office, Bristol.

HEALD, Stanley, 270, High Street, West Bromwich

HEALY, R. F., 9, Charlemont Terrace, Wellington Road, Cork.

HEATH, P., 34, Fontenoy Road, Balham, S.W

HEATON, Hedley F., Jepson's Hospital, Ripon.

HECKELS, T. G., 5, Ward Terrace, Sunderland

HEDDERWICK, R. S., Dunclutha, Eltham, Kent.

HEDGECOCK, John, 3, Cromwell Road, Kingston-on-Thames.

HEDLEY, William, Junr., Rose Hill, Yarm.

HEEL, J., Junr., Patent Office, Adelaide, S. Australia.

HENDERSON, G., Junr., Glengariff, King Edward Road, New Barnet.

HENDERSON, Wm., Junr., Oakworth, Hawick, N.B.

HENEY, Gerald, 33, Hyde Park Gate, S.W

HENSCHEL, Jack, 19, Newick Road, Lower Clapton, N.

HENSON, S. B., Park House, Tonbridge.

HERBERT, Mrs., Glenhaven, Cloudesley Road, St. Leonard's, Sussex.

HERBERTSON, Geo. B., 16, Bute Gardens, Glasgow, W.

HERRING, T. W., 15, Burma Road, Green Lanes, N.

HEWITT, G. Gordon, Fir Grove, Victoria Road, Macclesfield.

HEYGATE, Claude B., Chetnole, Grosvenor Road, Bournemouth, W.

HEYWOOD, Frank, Washford Pyne, 17, Gladwell Road, Stroud Green, N

HIBBINS, George F., The Ferns, 22, Hinton Road, Lansdown Road, Gloucester.

HICKMAN, W., Henwood Lane, Compton, Wolverhampton.

HICKS, G. S., 19, Mayfair Avenue, Ilford, Essex.

HICKS, J. W., 27, Old Mill Road, Plumstead, S.E.

HICKS, S. C., 50, King's Road, Edwin Road, Leeds.

HIDE, Stanley, The Blew House, Dulwich Common, S.E.

HIDER, Harry P., 33, Christ Church Road, Doncaster.

HIEATT, P. G., 10, Erpingham Road, Putney, S.W.

HIGGINS, J. E., Lyndenhurst, 62, Linden Road, Bournville, near Birmingham.

HIGGS, Augustus Charles, 16, Wellington Square, Chelsea, S.W.

HIGHMAN, Ainsley, Oaklands, 397, Cheetham Hill Road, Manchester.

HILL, Dick, Highcliff Lodge, Highbury Hill, Weston-super-Mare.

HILL, Henry W., 23, Sherrard Road, Forest Gate, E.

HILL, Herbert Wm., 184, Gt. Colmore Street, Edgbaston, Birmingham.

HILL, Thomas Goundrey, 2, Frenchay Road, Oxford.

HILL, Wilfred, 58, Abbey Foregate, Shrewsbury.

HILLEN, Dudley Percy, Alexander House, Leiston, Suffolk.

HINDS, W., Glenhurst, 220, Goldhawk Road, W.

HINES, R., Invergie House, Cawley Road, S. Hackney.

HINMAN, John Charles Craig, 3, Victoria Villas, Green Point, Cape Town.

HINMAN, Joshua Craig, 3, Victoria Villas, Green Point, Cape Town.

HISLOP, John, Junr., 43, Gilmore Road, Craigmillar Park, Edinburgh.

HITCHIN, Walter, Sandbed, near Hebden Bridge, Yorks

HOAR, H. J., 83, Embleton Road Lewisham, S.E.

HOCKLEY, Ernest, Greatness House, Sevenoaks

HOCKLEY, F. W., 58, Christchurch Road, Doncaster, Yorks.

The remaining H's will be published next month.

"THE CAPTAIN" CALENDAR.

APRIL, 1901.

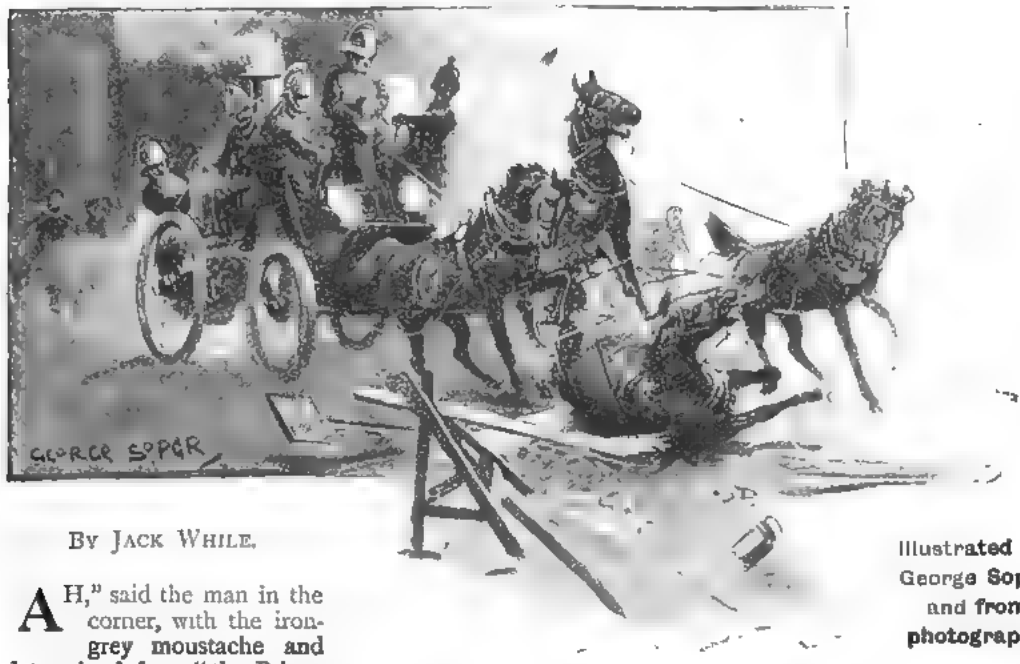
			Cycle Lamps to be Lighted.
1.	*Monday* ...	*All Fools' Day*	7.30
2.	*Tuesday* ...	*Richard Cobden died*, 1865	7.32
3.	*Wednesday*..	*Washington Irving born*, 1783 . ..	7.34
4.	*Thursday* ...	*Oliver Goldsmith died*, 1774	7.35
5.	*Friday* ...	*Good Friday*	7.37
6.	*Saturday* ...	*Badajos taken*, 1812	7.39
7.	**Sunday** ...	*Easter Sunday*	7.40
8.	*Monday* ...	*Bank Holiday*	7.41
9.	*Tuesday* ...	*King of the Belgians born*, 1835	7.43
10.	*Wednesday*...	*Oxford Easter Term begins*	7.44
11.	*Thursday* ...	*Charles Reade, novelist, d.*, 1884	7.46
12.	*Friday* .	**Last Day for April Competitions** ..	7.48
13.	*Saturday* ...	*General Hector Macdonald born*, 1852 ...	7.50
14.	**Sunday** ...	*Low Sunday*	7.52
15.	*Monday* ...	*Cardinal Vaughan born*, 1832	7.53
16.	*Tuesday* ...	*Easter Law Sittings begin*	7.55
17.	*Wednesday*...	*Heenan fought Sayers*, 1860	7.57
18.	*Thursday* ...	*Cambridge Easter Term begins*	7.58
19.	*Friday* ...	*Lord Beaconsfield died*, 1881	7.59
20.	*Saturday* ...	*King of Roumania born*, 1839	8.1
21.	**Sunday** ...	*Second after Easter*	8.3
22.	**MONDAY**...	**MAY "CAPTAIN" PUBLISHED** .	8.5
23.	*Tuesday* ...	*Hayden Coffin, actor-vocalist, b.*, 1862 ...	8.6
24.	*Wednesday*...	*Russo-Turkish War*, 1877	8.7
25.	*Thursday* ...	*Rt. Rev. the Bishop of Gloucester born*, 1819	8.9
26.	*Friday* ...	*Daniel Defoe, novelist, d.*, 1731	8.11
27.	*Saturday* . .	*Rt. Hon. Sir J. Gordon Sprigg born*, 1830	8.13
28.	**Sunday** ...	*Third after Easter*	8.15
29.	*Monday* ...	*Sir F. Grenfell born*, 1841	8.16
30.	*Tuesday* ...	*Lord Avebury born*, 1834	8.17

Calendar Events for June are Invited.

EDWARD THE SEVENTH,
King of Great Britain and Ireland and Emperor of India.

Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, London.

THE KING AND THE FIRE BRIGADE



By Jack While.

Illustrated by George Soper, and from photographs.

"AH," said the man in the corner, with the iron-grey moustache and determined face, "the Prince of Wales—I should say the King—won't have so much time now to put on our uniform and come and help us at the big fires, as he used to."

The scene was one of London's biggest fire stations; the hour midnight; the actual *locale* a semi-circle round a huge watch-room stove.

"Yes," pursued an older officer in the other corner, "there is no doubt whatever that, in days gone by, King Edward the Seventh was passionately fond of our work and everything pertaining to it. There was a little band, the Prince and his friends, who made it their business never to miss a big fire, and they loved to ride to the scene when a job was showing a good light in the sky. The Duke of Sutherland, Lord Arthur Somerset, the Hon. Mr. Dashwood and his brother, Sir George Chetwynd, and Lord Richard Grosvenor, used to come with His Royal Highness, either to Chandos Street or Watling Street, and sometimes wouldn't miss a night for a week right off. Many's the yarn I've spun to amuse the royal party when they were waiting for a 'call.'"

"There's no doubt," interpolated a grave-looking chap from the centre of the circle, "that the Prince was an enthusiastic fireman at that time—not simply a looker-on, but a worker. I saw that myself at the big blaze at the 'King and Queen' Granaries, some thirty years ago, for in the height of the fire His Royal Highness shared the smoke and water with us all, and gave a hand here and there just like one o' us. The walls of the place were very high, and as the water soaked the grain it bulged them out till they fell with a terrific crash on to the tenements opposite and crushed them in. Through it all the then Prince of Wales, who seemed to bear a charmed life, worked with a zeal that would have done credit to any trained fireman, unrecognized by the onlookers, and unnoticed by the rank and file, who knew that it was doing him a jolly lot of good to throw off Court life for a time, and enjoy the excitement and dangers of *our* game."

"Talking about dangers," said the first speaker, "do you remember when the Prince and the Duke of Argyll went on the steamer from Watling Street one night, to a fire which was showing a big light in the north of London? As the fire was a long way off, they put four horses to the engine, and they were galloping like mad down one of the roads in North London, when they came to a place where the road was 'up,' and a scaffold pole was stretched across. The leaders 'took' the pole and went down the excavation, and it was a marvel the steamer didn't turn over."

"That wasn't poor old Crownie driving them, was it?" queried another of the circle. "Crownie was the lad who could drive, and the

old Chief, Captain Shaw, always used to like him to drive the Prince and his party when they went on to a fire. In those days they rented a room over a butcher's shop opposite the Watling Street headquarters, in order to keep their uniforms there, and change their clothes when they were going to or coming from a fire.

"Well, whenever we got called to a fire, Captain Shaw would always say, 'Keep Crownie back,' and then Crownie would drive the swells on in the van. By George! he used to put 'em along, too, and always boasted that where he could get his horses' heads through he'd get the engine through safe. He never had an accident—not one. Afterwards, as a pleasant change from fire-engines, he took up the pastime of driving a hearse. One day, for a bit of a lark, I suppose, he pulled up outside Watling Street Station with a hearse and four black horses, and came running into the watch-room. Saluting formally, he calls out, 'Good afternoon, boys; I've called for the Chief Officer of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade!' As he turned round, he met the gaze of his old Chief Officer, Captain Shaw, who was standing in the watch-room! Poor old Crownie wished the floor would open and swallow him up. He made no more to do, but bolted for dear life, and took his hearse and four black horses with him. I told the King about it after, and he laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks."

AT PRACTICE—CARRYING UP THE HOSE.
Photograph by Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

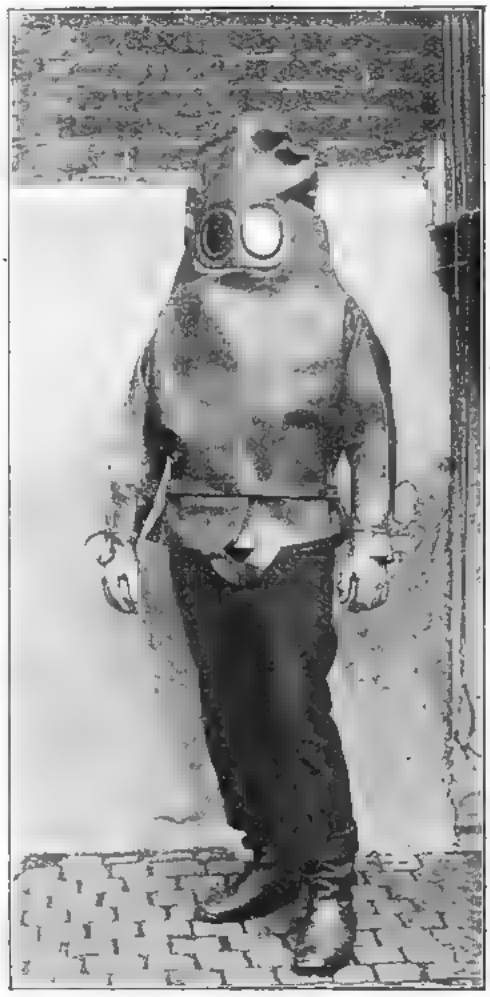
"I'll tell you a yarn the King often laughed at," said the grave fireman again. "That was a cuff I used to spin him about a fire we had at a mansion in Hyde Park Gardens, belonging to the Dowager Duchess Somebody or the other. The fire broke out in the butler's pantry and spread up the staircase to the ground and first floors, which were well alight when we got there. I shall never forget it. 'Twas a bitterly cold morning—so cold that the water froze on the escape as the men threw it on to the fire below, while we went up to the third floor to bring the people down. When I got inside, the smoke was rolling up very thick, and it was very hot. The first one I came across was the French governess, who was in her nightdress. 'Oh, now you've come, fireman,' she says, 'I'll just go and put some clothes on before I descend the escape.' 'Look here, woman,' I yelled at her, 'if you ain't out of this place in less than thirty seconds you'll lose *your* precious life and mine too!' and with that I yanked hold of her and passed her down the escape to my mate there. Fancy," he added, with supreme contempt, "a blooming French governess going to lose her life because she was ashamed to be seen in her night-dress!

"But the Dowager Duchess," he continued, after a moment's pause, "she was a game 'un, and made no fuss whatever. She weighed 22st., and it was no light job getting her out. The ladder was jolly slippery, too, and I was rather anxious when I'd put her on to the shoulders of old Jim Chivers, who was a big strong Whitstable chap, not long out of the Drill Class. 'Have you got her, Jim?' I shouted, and he says, 'Ay, ay.' 'Don't you drop her, Jim,' I yelled, and he says, 'I'll watch it!' and got her down all right. The Dowager Duchess came round to the station the next day, and said she desired to thank the 'gallant fellows who had shown such conspicuous bravery, and would we kindly drink her health?' and she offers our officer a five-pound note. Our officer says he's very sorry, but was not allowed to take money, and that we had only done our duty. The Duchess seemed a bit huffy over that and said, 'Oh, very well,' and had a look round the watch-room till she came to the occurrence book. 'And what is this?' she says, and we

explained, and she had a look at it, and wished us good-day and went away. But the first man who went to the occurrence book after found, singularly enough" (this with a profound wink), "a five-pound note."

"I think the last time the King went to a fire," remarked a fresh speaker, "was when the Alhambra was burnt down and the big Wood Street fire followed it in the morning. The King was very interested in the burning out of the Leicester Square building, where poor Ashford was killed and some of our chaps injured, and after he had been to Charing Cross Hospital to inquire after the injured men, he was driven on to the Wood Street job, and shown over the scene there. Afterwards he wrote a very nice letter to the old Chief, thanking him for the attention which had been paid him, and especially commending the driving of the coachman, old Francis. Francis, when he heard of it, made a formal application to Captain Shaw to be allowed to have the letter, and the old Chief acceded to his request."

"The King dearly loved a good joke," said the grave man. "One night he had accompanied Sir Eyre in a gallop round London in the van, and they finished up in the East End. When they got to Bishopsgate old fire station, the engine was turned out for drill, and the men afterwards stood at attention in the engine-room, as the King passed with the chief officer into the watch-room. He was accompanied by several noblemen, who were all in firemen's full uniform. As one gentleman passed a burly fireman he received a terrific bang on the back from a hand like a shoulder of mutton, and was at the same time greeted with the words 'What cheer, old ship?' The gentleman instantly turned round, when the fireman found to his consternation that the person he had taken for an old station mate was no other than Lord Richard Grosvenor. When the King heard of the incident he was highly amused!"



THE JACKET WORN AS A PROTECTION AGAINST THE HEAT.

Photograph by Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

"It doesn't do to be unduly familiar with these notable persons, though," said the man in the corner again. "I sha'n't forget one night I was on duty at Chandos Street, and we got a running call from a stranger, who had come over Hungerford Bridge, to some barges alight on the other side of the river. I turned the steamer out, and telegraphed the news to Watling Street, and just as I had done it, the Duke of Sutherland came in and asked me to send a message to Captain Shaw, inquiring if he could meet him at some club or other that night. The answer came back that the Chief would meet His Grace 'at the appointment,' and I saluted him, and out he went. Then the escape man came in, and said: 'Who is that josser?' When I told him, he says: 'Then I've done it! Oh, there *will* be a row!' and he kept on like that in an agony of remorse, and I couldn't get out of him for a long time what he had done. 'Well,' he says at last, 'the old josser asked me where the fire was, and I said: "Jolly well go and find out yourself, you old bounder!" I'm certain to hear of it.' Well, that night, about midnight, Captain Shaw came in and said he wanted all hands mustered, and they were. 'That will

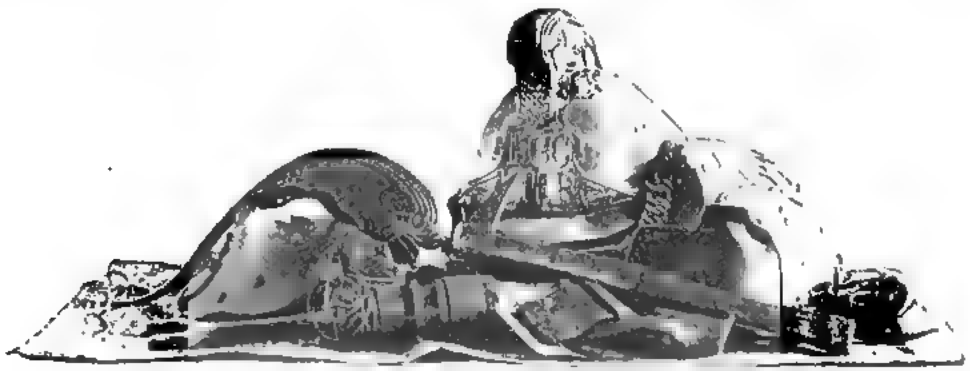
do,' he said, and went out, and we heard no more. But about three weeks after, the same chap let the escape down, broke his nose, and smashed the top of the escape. He was run in for it before the Chief, and bless me if he didn't get the sack!

"But the old Chief didn't mind a bit of language, if he knew a chap was doing his work all right," he continued. "One night we got called to some cellars alight under Cannon Street Station, and it was a very smoky job. I was down in the basement with the branch in my hand, half choked with the smoke, and directing the water to where the fire seemed to be, when I saw someone above with a lamp in his hand, standing there doing nothing, as I thought. I yelled out: 'You long slab of laziness, if you'd got any common-sense you'd lighten this hose in here instead of standing there doing nothing!' and I thought I should have fallen into the fire when I heard the Chief's well-known voice say: 'All right, Thomson. Lighten this hose in here!' I made sure I should be on the carpet the next day, and probably get the noble order of the push, but I never heard another word about it."

THE HELMET OF FIREMAN SPRAGUE, WHO LOST HIS LIFE AT A RECENT LONDON FIRE.
Photograph by Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

Then the talk drifted from kings to princes and princesses, and from dukes to lords. The speakers recalled the visit of the then Prince and Princess of Wales to the Southwark headquarters in the days of the defunct Metropolitan Board of Works, when the members of that august body stood in a corner of the big quadrangle and glared, while Captain Sir Eyre Massey Shaw, with the smiling Princess on his arm, explained the mysteries of the drill. The Board of Works' people, averred the firemen, never forgave Captain Shaw—their *servant*, as they declared—for being so chummy with royalty, while they occupied a back place, and were not even introduced to the Prince and Princess. One of the drivers recalled with keen delight the fact that one afternoon two Princesses came to the station to see the drill, and were persuaded to mount the engine for the turn-out. "When we got into Southwark Bridge Road, and the road was clear," he chuckled, "I touched the gees up, and fairly made them fly for four hundred yards, and the Princesses, though they looked a trifle white when they got off, were highly delighted with the experience." Another speaker reminded his hearers that when Lord Rosebery opened the fine new station in Manchester Square, he lifted his eldest son—Lord Dalmeny—on to the engine, and watched him with keen delight as he was galloped past the station full pelt.

Reverting to the Alhambra Theatre fire, I



ACCOUTREMENTS OF LONDON FIREMEN WHO SACRIFICED THEIR LIVES TO SAVE THOSE OF OTHERS.
Photograph by Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

recall an interesting incident which occurred to me there in connection with the then Prince. I was reporting the fire for a big London daily, and was getting some information from Captain Shaw, when the Prince came up and handed his cigar-case round. I thought I should like to keep the cigar he gave me as a memento of the occasion, and, fancying I was unobserved, tore a page out of my note-book and wrapped the cigar up. But the Prince was on me like a cat on to a mouse, and demanded what I was doing. I explained that I had thought of keeping the cigar as a reminder of the fire and of the presence of His Royal Highness. "By all means do so," said he, good-humouredly; "but have another to smoke now," and out came the capacious cigar-case again. And His Royal Highness wasn't satisfied till he saw me puffing away at it and enjoying it.

But the yarns were stopped by a hasty order "Turn out!" and in thirty seconds we were under weigh for a big job on Tower Hill—a tea warehouse "well alight, and showing a light," as the fireman's phrase is; so thoughts of work in the past had to give way to the very lively and anxious duty of the present.

A FRESHMAN'S OXFORD.

From the "Touchstone."

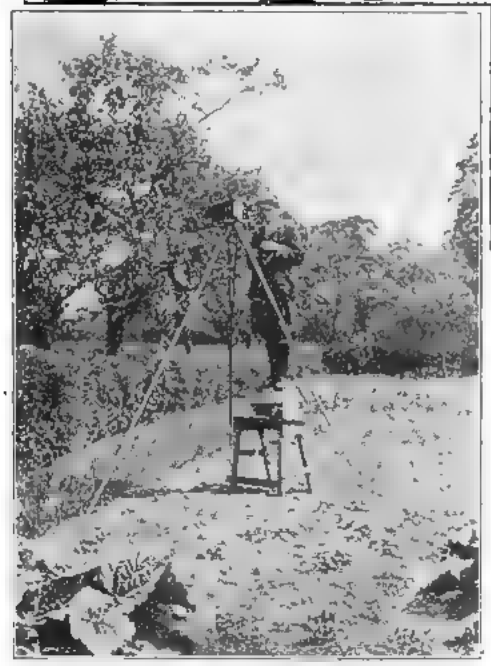
TILL a man comes up here he never realizes the number of unknown friends he has; friends willing and apparently able—they never doubt it, why should we?—to take care of him, body, soul, and spirit. Clothing in every size and shape, but especially in the shape of gorgeous and many-hued waistcoats, is offered him for cash or credit. It would seem as if he had united in his friendship all extremes of opinion—the wine merchant and the temperance league, Pusey House and Mansfield College, are alike on his track. The sole ambition of one gentleman is to make him proficient in boxing and fencing. Another wishes to supply him with a Bee clock and a cork mat. Nothing would better please a third man than to insure him against football accidents and burglary of furniture—a very wise precaution this against the 5th of November. Nicest of all is the man who sends him a useful card containing all the University fixtures for the year, and a list of theatrical and concert engagements, with just a delicate reminder on the outside that his tobacco is the best in Oxford.

Then he is canvassed, both personally and by letter, for things innumerable. Will he row? will he play footer? will he play several other things? will he speak at the "debater"? will he run at the college sports? will he subscribe to the "bonner" for the 5th of November? will he subscribe to the mission? will he subscribe to the Bible Society? will he subscribe to several other things? will he join the "bug-shooters"—which, being interpreted, means the volunteers? will he join the Union? will he join the Musical Union? will he join the Christian Social Union? will he join the Oxford University Brass-rubbing Society? Some of his tormentors he may put off with specious promises of thinking it over, or "next term," but others will take no refusal; chief of these is the man who wants some money.

Presently he has calls to return, in recognition of a shower of pasteboard that descends on his table when he is out—for the second-year man is always careful to "shoot" his card when the fresher is abroad. No such privilege is allowed to the luckless fresher. He must call and call again like a debtor's dun till he finds his man at home, and then sit meekly drinking tea and speaking only when he is spoken to. A round of "freshers' brekkers" follows, huge three-course affairs, where some half-dozen freshmen are entertained with much formality, usually by two seniors together. Finally his initiation culminates at the "freshers' wine" or "drunk," so called because the freshmen, with, of course, everybody else, are perfectly sober. After that he attains to the dignity of holding a conversation on equal terms with giants of the second year; if he is bold he may even indulge in mild banter.

His mornings are taken up with "brekkers" and "lekkers" (lectures); his afternoons with getting "ekker" at footer, or the river; one must have exercise in low-lying Oxford. After hall he drinks his friends' coffee, or his friends drink his. Thereafter, if he has a conscience, he does some work before going to bed. Where, then, is time for reflection? He can only, half unconsciously and with a sort of lazy, sweet content, drink in the atmosphere of the place. He does not find it strange, but very pleasant, to take up his life in this modern mediæval world, where dark-gowned Socialists and Radicals jostle in the streets against men in monkish garb, and like them go to college chapels, where the ancient services of the church are duly said both morning and evening, as they have been said for centuries.

BLACK-HEADED BUNTING'S NEST AND EGGS.
The nest is made of grass stems lined with hair.



BIRDSNESTING BY PHOTOGRAPHY

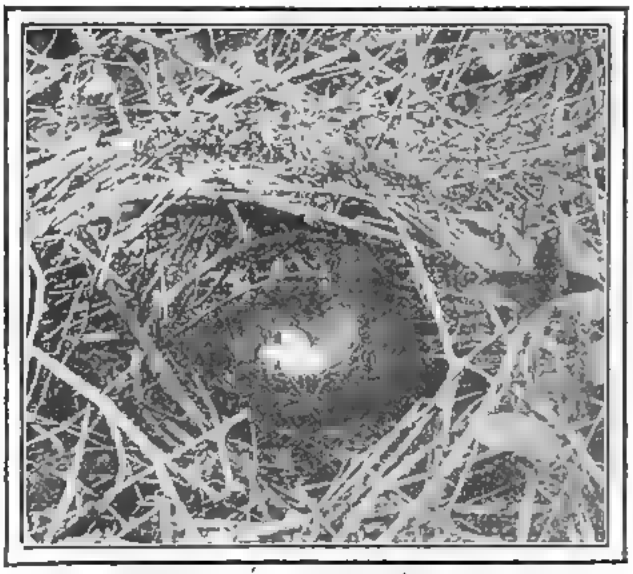
Written and Illustrated by A. Williams.

IN the spring the country boy's fancy turns seriously to thoughts of birds'-nesting. The truth of this sweeping statement is founded upon the bed-rock of experience, and if there be a country lad who has never aided or abetted the rifling of a nest, his claims to a place in a museum are greater than those of the great auk's egg itself.

When the Easter holidays come round, provided with some boxes filled with cotton-wool, a stout knife, and (we hope) his oldest suit of clothes, he goes out upon the war-path. He beats up and down hedges; he keeps an eye wide open to the possibilities of trees; he is not forgetful of the cover afforded by grass and rank herbage; he—but the process is so familiar that it need not be traced to the return home at even, with boxes full of eggs in proportion to the luck or skill of the hunter.* For it is my duty here rather to catch the bird-and-egg lover by his top button-hole, and suggest that the camera is the finest servant that he can take into his service.

Eggs without nests, or nests plucked from their sites, are as jewels without settings. Yet it is difficult to preserve a nest properly; and anyone who has seen the fine cases in the South Kensington Natural History Museum will realize the labour and expense needed to represent a nest in its natural surroundings.

But photography comes to our aid. In a moment of time it depicts eggs, nest, and "local colour"—perhaps even the birds themselves—harmlessly, faithfully. The enthusiastic naturalist needs only a camera, some skill in handling the same, and a considerable stock of patience, to secure pictures which will be a delight to him when the winter evenings draw



A THRUSH'S NEST ON THE GROUND UNDER BRACKEN—AN UNUSUAL POSITION.
Moss outside, inside lined with hard mud.

* The Author hopes that the collector's ardour will always be tempered with the mercy which draws a line between legitimate collection and the needless rifling of nests.

in, and those fine days of early summer are but a pleasant memory.

It is not my intention here to draw up a long list of rules for nest-photography. I shall content myself with the plain narration of my experiences—which do not profess to be anything extraordinary of their kind—and with occasional hints that may be useful to my readers.

I began on a yellow-hammer's nest. It was at the bottom of a deep ditch, and therefore badly situated; but with the help of a half-hundredweight as a "purchase," and some stout string, I fixed my camera in an almost perpendicular position, and so secured a good picture. A black-headed bunting had a nest in the same ditch, beautifully bidden. I transferred its image also to a plate, after carefully clearing away the sheltering herbage, so that there might be no obstructing bents or waving blades of grass to blurr the picture. I remember that the day was a very gusty one, and that my camera stared the nest out of countenance a long while before things were still enough for an exposure.

Blackbirds and thrushes then claimed some attention. Their nests were plentiful, but generally in prosaic spots. At last I found a thrush's beneath some bracken, resting on the bare ground, and quite suitable for my purpose. For a companion picture I selected a blackbird's in a tangle of clematis. But here I flew at higher game, to wit, the bird itself. Now, the consciences of blackbirds are troubled by many fruit-stealing recollections, and this hen-bird must have been peculiarly sinful; for no sooner did I appear within fifty yards than she popped off and escaped through a back-door in the fence over which the clematis grew. It was, therefore, most probable that she would resent a camera being stuck up in front to frighten her with its flapping cloth, and fix her with its glittering, brazen eye. However, I set up my tripod, with the cloth over it, ten yards away, and every time I came into the garden I moved it a few inches nearer, taking advantage of the bird's absence to snip off a few of the clematis twigs screening the nest. At the end of three days the camera had crawled to within easy distance, and the bird was on as good terms with it as a rook with a scarecrow. One difficulty conquered. The other was the exposure of the plate. She knew that I was more dangerous than the camera, and still disliked me as much as ever. But I furnished myself with ten yards of indiarubber tubing, one end of which was fixed to the pneumatic shutter release, and the other to a cycle pump, so that I could operate from a distance. The only convenient shelter was a greenhouse, and as I could not see the nest from behind it, it was necessary to station a second person some way off with a pair of field glasses to give me the signal of the bird's return. In due time the signal came, and a good stroke

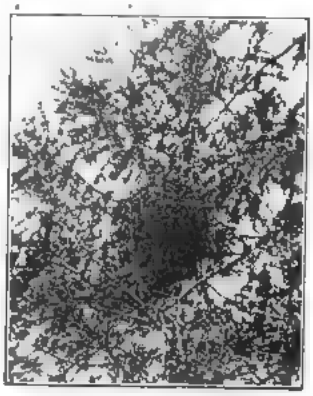
A UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPH OF A HEDGE-SPARROW'S NEST —THE EGGS VERY RARELY NUMBER SIX.

NEST AND EGGS OF THE YELLOW-HAMMER.

BLACKBIRD ON NEST IN CLEMATIS.
"I thought I heard something."

of the pump secured the picture here reproduced. The bird is quiet enough, but you can see by the cock of her head that the noise of the shutter has aroused her suspicions.

The rubber tubing was invaluable on all occasions when I wanted to catch the old birds. The photograph of a Cole-Tit entering its nest was made with its help. The entrance to the nest happened to be on the shady side of an apple tree, and as thick foliage shut out light from above, an instantaneous exposure seemed impracticable. But a mirror mounted on a chair a few yards off served to reflect a shaft of sunshine on to the hole for about half an hour in the afternoon. This method of lighting was defective, in that I had to descend every few minutes from my lair in the top of a neighbouring tree to readjust the mirror; and you may be sure that whenever I came down the old birds had just arrived with supplies for their youngsters. On the third day, however, I got the chance I required.



MAGPIE IN LARCH TREE.
Taken with tele-photo.

All the tit tribe are very faithful parents, and will stick to their young through thick and thin. I found a brood of Great Tits in a loose piece of gutter-pipe, standing in a very dark corner, where the camera would not have a chance. I wanted to snap the old birds just as they alighted on the top of the pipe, and to do this the pipe must be brought out into the sunshine. Accordingly, it was stuck through a hole knocked in the bottom of an inverted flower-pot, and moved a short distance every day till it stood in the open, where I made four good negatives.

I have not yet managed to take old birds in the act of feeding their young, though I have tried several times. There was a nestful of young blackbirds in a very favourable position against a brick wall. I took

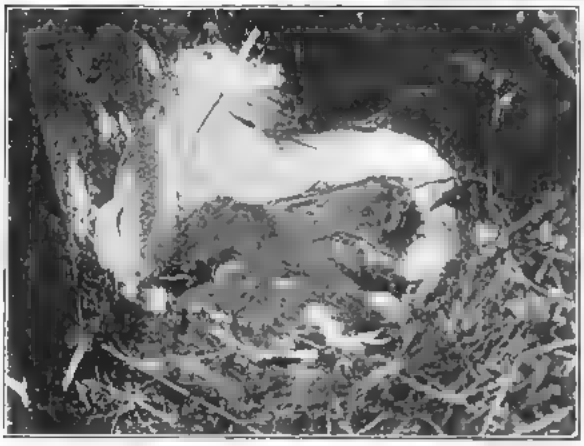
THE AUTHOR TAKING A MAGPIE'S NEST WITH HIS TELE-PHOTO LENS.

COLE-TIT AT ENTRANCE TO NEST.
Taken by the aid of a looking-glass ($\frac{1}{15}$sec.).

In a recent article in THE CAPTAIN on "Tele-photography" I hinted at the use of the long-distance lens for natural history studies. The magpie's nest on previous page affords a practical illustration. This particular nest was at the top of a tall larch, very visible, but quite inaccessible. My tele-photo lens did yeoman service here, bridging with ease the 150ft. between the nest and the sensitive plate. The necessary attitude (*vide* illustration) of the photographer is not one that I can recommend for comfort, especially when a hot sun beats down on to the black, heat-absorbing focussing cloth. I don't think that I ever had so trying a subject as that nest. Last spring was a windy one, and the larch swayed in the gentlest breeze. At midday, when the light was strongest, the wind was strong too; in the evening, when the wind had sunk, there was not enough light to focus by. In fact, I had to wait two months for all the conditions to be favourable simultaneously. The nest could have been taken with an ordinary lens on many days, but only at the expense of appearing about as large as a pea, and that a very small one.

Many beautiful and poetic things have been said of the skylark. My admiration for the tribe is equal to that of the poets, but I must admit that they are troublesome fowl to approach with the camera. A lark's nerves will not bear the strain of a camera's companionship in an open field; and the operator has nothing behind which to hide. But one day a friend showed me a nest in some long grass on the south side of, and quite close to, a row of elm trees. I thought that, with the help of my long-distance lens, I might be able to catch the hen bird. Selecting a tree which forked about 20ft. from the bottom, I established in the fork a sort of platform for my camera, which poked its inquisitive nose through a cunning screen of leaves. all possible precautions, approached my camera in the orthodox manner, and waited for the parents to come and be photographed. But though the nest was watched at all hours of the day for a week, no one ever saw them visit the nest, though they somehow or other managed to feed their young.

SKYLARK'S NEST IN A TUFT OF STRAW RUBBISH IN PLOUGHED FIELD.
Notice how very pointed one of the eggs is.

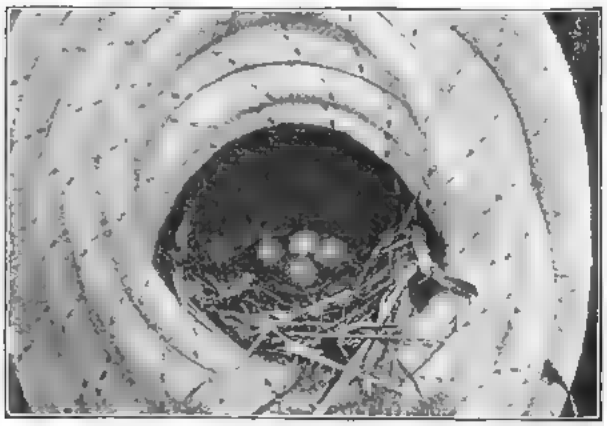


YOUNG WAGTAIL—FULLY FLEDGED.
Taken with tele-photo at distance of 20ft.

As soon as the lark had begun to sit hard, I mounted one day into my tree, and waited for the return of the bird, which had been scared off by my getting into position. I there spent a whole afternoon, swept by a cold wind, and stiff from want of motion. At last the bird dispelled my fears of desertion by her sudden reappearance. She looked round cautiously, and snuggled down on to her nest. Patience rewarded! But alas! the noise of the shutter scared her, and she was gone in a twinkling, leaving me with a spoilt plate and the consciousness of a wasted afternoon. As she did not desert, I rigged up a noiseless shutter, and made preparations for another attempt; but to no purpose, for a vagrant cow stepped on the nest—and eggs can do nothing against a cow.

Do larks ever move their eggs from one place to another? I have known three occasions on which eggs have disappeared from the nests under circumstances which seem to prove that such a transfer is made. Partridges have been known to remove their eggs when disturbed; and larks have been seen carrying their young from the nest to another place of concealment, so that they may use their long claws for the removal of their eggs as well. Perhaps some of my readers may be able to settle the question in the affirmative.

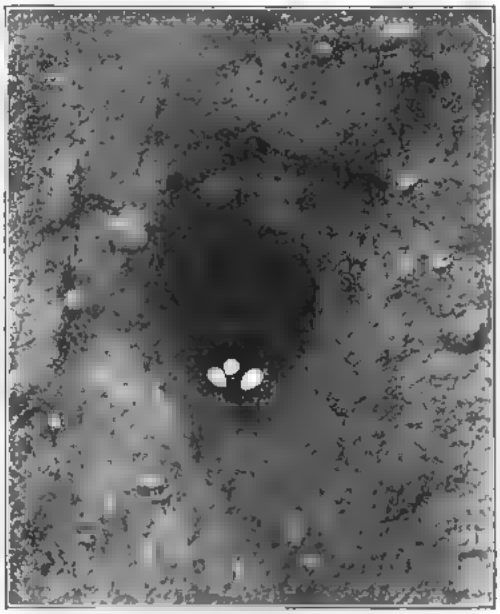
THE GREAT TIT WHICH TOOK SO MUCH PHOTOGRAPHING.



ROBIN'S NEST IN COIL OF CYLINDER PACKING IN A WORKSHOP AT SHINFIELD, BERKS.

Hammers were constantly going within a few feet of the bird.

The nests of birds that build in holes are naturally beyond the reach of the camera; but one can at least photograph the entrances to the same and the eggs. This was done in the case of the sand-martin and kingfisher. The last is, without doubt, the most brilliant of our British birds—a winged jewel, flashing in the sunshine with the hues of the humming-bird—so beautiful, that my collection is guiltless of its egg, though I know a ditch where a pair of these interesting birds build every year. With regard to kingfishers I shall stoutly maintain that a bird in the air is worth more than an egg-shell in a cabinet. And I



SAND-MARTIN'S BREEDING HOLE.

From negative by Rev. B. Hutton.

KINGFISHER'S NESTING HOLE, WITH THREE EGGS AT ENTRANCE.
The small fish is placed ready for the female bird.
(Negative by Rev. B. Hutton.)

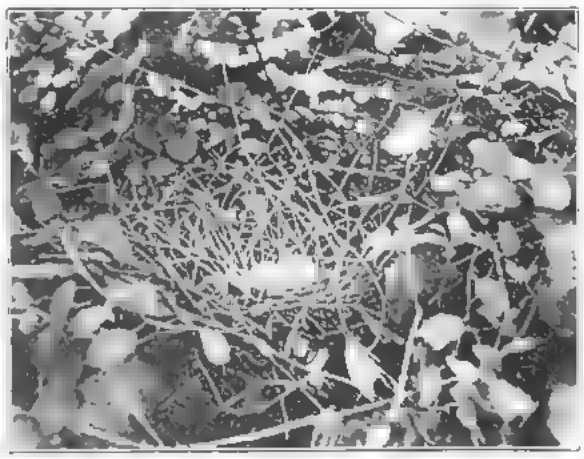
think that anyone who has seen them skimming about the surface of a pool, or sitting motionless on the watch for prey, will say the same.

For securing pictures of nests in bushes, or in the low branches of trees, two or three extra joints for each of your camera legs will be very useful. The alternative method of standing the ordinary tripod on a table is neither so safe nor so convenient, as it allows very small latitude for tilting the camera so as to command the nest from above. Several 3ft. lengths of 1in. by ½in. battens, furnished with screws, so that they can easily be attached or removed, should be included in the nest photographer's outfit. A tripod with legs thus elongated will tremble considerably in a wind, and to prevent this a weight of 2lbs. or 3lbs. should be hung from the camera screw.

Another handy device is made as follows:—Take a couple of strips, 4ft. long, 2½ins. wide, and an inch thick. Down the centre of the one cut a slit about ¼in. broad to within 3ins. of both ends. Across one end screw a small square of ¼in. wood, and to this again attach by hinges another square of like size, with a small hole in the centre for the camera screw to work in. Next take the other strip and point it at one end. Bore two ¼in. holes—6ins. and 12ins. respectively from the other end—in the centre of the strip, and fix a couple of sockets for long shutter screws. The pointed strip is driven into the ground, and the other, carrying the camera, works up and down it, being adjustable at any height by the shutter-screws. This contrivance will be found useful in dense bushes or undergrowth, where an ordinary tripod is unwieldy, as the camera, by means of the hinged top, can be tilted to any angle.

When photographing the turtle-dove's nest (shown on this page) I had not got my "daddy long-legs" with me, and therefore had to make shift with two of my tripod legs on a table and the other in my brother's hand. The result was better than I had expected, and proves a steady hand. To judge by its nest the turtle-dove is a slovenly bird, which refused to attend the classes after one lesson in the art of building. Compare its workmanship with the perfect architecture seen in a chaffinch's, wren's, or hedge-sparrow's nest, and it appears the veriest amateur.

How the ground-builders escape destruction



A TURTLE-DOVE'S NEST.
Built in a snowberry bush 8ft. above the ground.

during the nesting season is marvellous, when one considers the number of their enemies, four-legged and otherwise. Their chief protection lies in the colour of their plumage, which harmonizes perfectly with their surroundings. An unpractised eye might pass a sitting pheasant or partridge in plain view many times without seeing it. A gamekeeper once told me that during incubation the hen bird becomes absolutely scentless, as a further precaution. I certainly have noticed that my dog has a much less keen nose for game in April and May than in September. So that very possibly the gamekeeper was right.

PHEASANT'S NEST UNDER BRIARS AT SHINFIELD, BERKS.
Observe the sheen on the eggs.

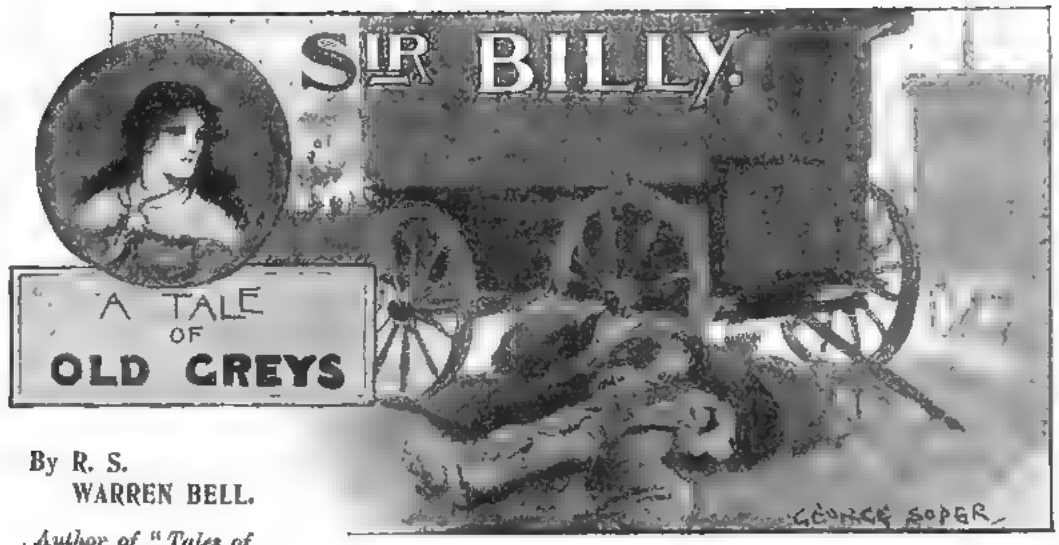
A pheasant once played me a shabby trick. This bird was sitting hard on some eggs in a small bush about a mile from my house. I made all the necessary preparations, snipping away obstructions and accustoming her to my presence. She became so tame at last as to let me almost touch her. I brought my camera into action, got a beautiful focus, put in the slide and set the shutter, and was just about to expose when—whirr—away she went, and that meant for ever! I consoled myself with a shot at the eggs, and obtained the only one of my photographs in which eggs seem to *shine*.

From what has been here said it will not appear that the nest-photographer's business is simple or straightforward. On the contrary, he is constantly having to reckon with the fact that his convenience has been neglected by the birds when they chose sites for their nests. It is just as well so. This branch of photography would lose half its charm if all kinds of nests were as easily taken as a church or a family group. Any cricketer is more pleased to score off a good bowler than off a bad one, and, in like manner, the less accessible a nest, the greater the satisfaction its picture gives. To some extent egg hunting and negative making are similar, but they differ in the amount of patience they require. If you clamber up a difficult tree to find the nest empty, you can come down again at once and make a further search. But if you dance attendance on a camera it is wait, wait, wait, perhaps for a week, for the long-wished-for chance. Even then there may be technical failure, and only a spoiled plate to show for it all.

What matter? The trouble is great, no doubt, but the reward is greater. Even though the successes of a season may be counted on the fingers of one hand, they are worth the waiting and watching; for, after all, bird-photography contains the element of true sport.

(To be concluded.)

FLEW STRAIGHT AT THE THROAT OF HIS OPPRESSOR. See page [illegible]



By R. S. WARREN BELL.

Author of "Tales of Greyhouse," etc., etc.

Illustrated by George Soper.

CHAPTER I.

OFF!

A YOUNG man—with his life before him—may adopt one of several paths. He may go the pace, squander his patrimony and his constitution, and end up by living on his relatives, or loans squeezed out of his friends; or he may have a good time—play and work being liberally mixed—without making an ass of himself; or, deciding that the world is a very bad place, he may virtuously frown his way along the pavement which we all have to tread, shuddering lest sin touch his sleeve, and over his frugal supper thank God that he is not as other young men are.

Let a young man choose then, and remember that safety lies in middle courses. Jack becomes a refractory boy if your lectures to him are of the aggressively moral order; you must put some man-of-the-worldly sauce into your sermons if you would have Jack take heed of them.

'Twas a moderate and sensible spirit of this order that coloured the conversation which Mr. Soames, a solicitor of Petershall, and well known in the county of Southshire, held with his ward, Sir William Percival Travers—still known among his old Greyhouse friends as "Sir Billy"—on the last night that Sir Billy spent at home before going up to London to seek fame and fortune at the Bar.

Mr. Soames was qualified to tender some valuable counsel, for he had not lived sixty years without learning how to estimate a man's qualities as quickly and almost as accurately as he would tot up a bill of costs. He knew that Travers had left Greyhouse with a good record, and that he was a straight sort of fellow, and that there was little reason to suppose that, having hitherto played the man, Travers would do otherwise than uphold the reputation he had won.

"So, my boy," said Mr. Soames, as he filled his glass, "here's to your health. No doubt you'll be as successful as you deserve to be—let's hope you'll deserve the best of everything!"

"Thank you, sir," said Sir Billy. "I'm sure I'm very much obliged to you."

"So you ought to be!" returned the solicitor in his hearty way, "I've been a father to you, William. You were handed over to me when you were twelve, and now you're—eh? what are you—twenty-one?"

"Twenty-two, sir," said Sir Billy, holding his head very straight up. It seemed a pretty good age to him—twenty-two.

"Oh! Well, I've had you for ten years. Sorry, or glad, are you, William?"

"Not sorry, sir."

The solicitor chuckled.

"You've been a good boy on the whole—not much to complain of. Rather fond of fighting at Greyhouse, eh? Bit quick-tempered! Pooh! None the worse for that. Better than sulking—any rate! Well, as I was saying, I've had you for ten years, and now you're going away. You'll come and look me up now and again, William?"

"Often, sir, I hope."

"Good—not proud, then? Not ashamed of old Soames? I was never at a public school or what you call the 'Varsity.' No. A plain private school education, and not much of it, and then away to an attorney's office; first as boy, then as articled clerk, and then—well, I've not looked back since then."

And good Mr. Soames gazed round his substantial dining-room with no little satisfaction.

"'When you came to me, William," he continued, "you were a poor bit of a boy—a white shrimp. You didn't cry, but you generally looked as if you wanted to."

"Yes, I remember I felt pretty miserable, sir."

"I was a bit down on you, perhaps. You see, I didn't want you, but I had to have you. Your father"—Mr. Soames raised his glass and drank a silent toast—"died in a foreign hotel. He had quarrelled with all his relatives—with everyone, in fact, except me, his solicitor. He even tried to quarrel with me, but I wouldn't let him. He was the most lonely man I ever knew—a man without a friend. But he trusted me, and asked me to look after you."

Mr. Soames gazed meditatively at the ceiling. Sir W. P. Travers, by way of filling up the interval, cracked and peeled a walnut.

"At the outside," said Mr. Soames, as if he were finishing a mental sum, "three hundred a year."

"I hardly thought it was as much as that," observed his ward.

"Well," admitted Mr. Soames, "after paying for you at Greyhouse there wasn't so very much over out of the income your father left you; but I nursed it."

"Do you mean to say," cried Sir Billy, "that during the vacations I have been living here at your—at your——"

"Boy," exclaimed Mr. Soames, "not a word more of that. Hush!" as Sir Billy would have interrupted; "you'll hurt me if you do. I'd no child—my wife and I were lonely. Besides, what was your keep to me? You were never a big eater, and always careful with your clothes—never tearing 'em about like that friend of yours that you call Carrot—son of General Carew, wasn't he?"

"Ah, old *Parsnip!*" was Sir Billy's laughing correction. "Yes, awful chap for knocking his togs about, Parsnip was."

"You have always been a quiet boy," proceeded the solicitor, "and I've been glad to have you here. Wasn't at first, mind, but you improved——"

"That was Greyhouse," explained Sir Billy.

"I daresay it was. Well, you improved. I'll even admit that we missed you in term-time, both when you were at school, and afterwards when you were at Cambridge. And we shall miss you now that you're going to London—ahem!"

Mr. Soames cleared his throat loudly as he poured himself out another glass of wine and pushed the decanter towards his ward.

"But I daresay you'll come down and see us occasionally," he added.

"I'll come home as usual, sir," said the young man, "if you don't mind, that is."

"*Mind!* I'll be only too glad, William!" exclaimed the good-hearted lawyer. "Only too glad! So we'll expect you any week-end you can spare, and for a good deal longer when the Courts aren't sitting. So, now that's settled, we'll join Mrs. Soames. She'll be as glad as I am that you're going to treat us just the same as before, although you're a man now, and a barrister, and——"

"Oh, sir," cried Sir Billy, "of course I shall!"

"I knew you would!" said Mr. Soames, and they shook hands on the compact.

So Sir Billy went up to London, helped by a moderate income, but hampered by a title, to win his way among his fellow-men.

Term had not commenced—it was early in October—but the young barrister wished to get settled down in chambers, and have a good look round before the 24th opened the great doors of the Royal Courts of Justice.

It had been arranged that for a year he should "read" with that eminent advocate, Mr. Portsmouth, an old friend of his guardian's. Under this sage and experienced legal wing Sir Billy would add much practical knowledge to the theory he had garnered from books and lectures. To his 'prentice hand would be entrusted the drafting of pleadings, the preparation of opinions and advices on evidence. He would be expected, when privileged to sit by Mr. Portsmouth's side "in Court," to hunt up such "cases" as his leader wished to refer to in support of his arguments; to supply *précis* of former trials, to make applications for adjournments by way of saving his chief's time, to scamper off to County Courts at short notice—in a word, to learn his Law by active participation in legal warfare.

On the 24th, then, he would enter Mr. Portsmouth's chambers, and sit at a table with a few other young gentlemen engaged in the same quest as himself. Until that date arrived, however, he was at liberty to employ his time as he liked—and a portion of this time it was his intention to utilise in obtaining rooms in the Temple.

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* See THE CAPTAIN for October, 1899.

Having been put in the way of it by a friend, he went to the Under-Treasurer's office, and stated his requirements. A clerk was told off to guide him round, and they went up grimy staircases, and down grimy staircases, unlocking thick oaken doors and peering into cupboard like apartments all one afternoon.

It would have been much healthier and much better for Sir Billy had he been content with "apartments" in the suburbs, or even in Southampton Row or Russell Square. But no! Chambers "in the Temple"—that hallowed quarter—appealed to his imagination; he didn't mind dust or discomfort so long as he could live in the walled-in district off Fleet Street, made famous by the names of Johnson, Goldsmith, and Lamb. He had lived "on a staircase" at Cambridge, and he meant to live on a staircase in London.

At length he arrived at a suite of rooms which took his fancy immensely. It contained a tiny kitchen, a couple of tiny bedrooms—"I can put Parsnip up in the one I don't use, when he misses his last train," thought Sir Billy—and a big sitting-room. These chambers were in Pump Court, on the third floor, and were furnished. The present occupier, having obtained a billet in China, wished to sell his "sticks," and so Sir Billy bought them. What he gave for them doesn't matter. He got an old piano in with the other things, and a lumpy sofa, and a battered desk, and a couple of shabby but very comfortable armchairs, and a hip-bath (with most of the enamel worn off it), and a book-case, and all the usual *impedimenta* that one finds in a bachelor's rooms. Sir Billy, of course, had a host of books that he would fill the book-case with, and a host of pictures to decorate the walls with, and a heterogeneous mass of other personal belongings, including a very elaborate tea-cosy, some antimacassars, sofa cushions, and a chair cover with his college arms worked on it by Mrs. Soames, who, like many other invalids, was very nimble with her needle.

"Old Parsnip will like this," thought Sir Billy as he looked round his new premises.

But shortly came an interview with Mrs. Pix, his "laundress"—that is to say, his housekeeper, a non-resident lady, who would get his breakfast make his bed, and not clean out his rooms oftener than she could help. Why housekeepers in the Temple are called "laundresses" no man knoweth, but so they have been called from time immemorial Somebody once suggested that they were called "laundresses" because they never washed, and certainly those who, like the present writer, have suffered long acquaintance with the species, will not feel inclined to accuse it of a mania for the performance of ablutions.

Mrs. Pix was about fifty years of age, fat, red faced, and afflicted with a limp. She had small eyes, and always wore a black shawl. She told Sir Billy that she had been a laundress in the Temple for thirty years, and when Sir Billy got to know her he felt sure that she had not underestimated her term of service in the capacity referred to.

Mrs. Pix had been kindly "found" for Sir Billy by Mrs. Pank, the head porter's wife. As Sir Billy didn't know how else to get a laundress, he felt that he must put up with Mrs. Pix. He didn't like her appearance, 'tis true, but it was a case of Hobson's choice. Mrs. Pix was chosen for him, and he had to take Mrs. Pix—or go without a laundress.

Having paid for his furniture, Sir Billy removed his luggage from the hotel at which he had been staying, and took possession of his chambers.

He was lighting a cigarette, preparatory to taking a further look round, when there came a tap at his sitting-room door, and Mrs. Pix entered.

"Oh, if you please, Sir William——" she began, dropping a courtesy.

"Yes, Mrs. Pix?"

"As I have to buy brooms, Sir William, and brushes, and dusters, and a heap of other things, Sir William, will you be so kind as to give me the money?"

"How much?" asked Sir Billy, putting his hand in his pocket.

"A narf suffering will do to go on with, Sir William."

Sir Billy laid the coin on the table.

"Didn't Mr. Haselaw—the gentleman whose furniture I bought—leave any brooms and—er—brushes?" he inquired.

"Yes, Sir William," replied Mrs. Pix, with a cough, "but they're wore out, Sir William."

"Oh," replied Sir Billy. "I see."

"And then there's tea, and coffee, and bread and bacon, and sugar, and salt, and pepper to get, Sir William, and floor-cloths, and blacking."

"Mr. Haselaw didn't leave anything of that sort then?"

"No, nothing to speak of," replied Mrs. Pix, smoothing out her apron.

Sir Billy laid down another half-sovereign.

"And then there's coals, Sir William. They don't care to deliver less than five hundred at a time."

"How much will five hundredweight be?"

"Six-an'-thrippence, Sir William."

Sir Billy put down that sum by the two half-sovereigns.

"And there's a new poker wanted, Sir William, and the tongs is broke, and you'll have to have

a new bracket in your bedroom, Sir William, as the gas escapes somethin' dreadful. It's not 'ealthy to sleep there, and there's window-curtains wanted, too."

Sir Billy took up the six-and-threepence, and put down a sovereign in place of that sum. Mrs. Pix pocketed the coins.

"Thank you, Sir William; I shall manage nicely with this. And as to wages, Sir William — Mr. 'Aselaw gave me five shillings a week, Sir William, but I find it 'ard to manage on that."

"But you do other chambers as well as these, don't you, Mrs. Pix?" demanded the new Templar.

"I *did*, Sir William, until my 'usban' sprained 'is ankle. 'E's a 'ouse-breaker——"

"*Eh?*" demanded Sir Billy.

"Employed by a firm wot pulls down 'ouses," explained Mrs. Pix, with a greasy smile. "It's a funny name for honest men to call theirselves by, and orkard. It ain't nice to tell people your 'usban's a 'ouse-breaker when they don't understand there's two sorts of folks goes by that name, but so it is. An' when pullin' down a 'ouse the other day to make room for this 'ere noo road to 'Olborn, 'e fell an' sprained 'is ankle; an' there 'e is at 'ome, an' me waitin' on 'im 'and an' foot, 'ardly time to sleep or *heat*, and certainly not time to do another set of chambers—not likely!"

"Oh, well," said Sir Billy, "I'll give you—let me see—five shillings is the usual amount paid, isn't it?"

"Yes, Sir William."

"I'll give you seven then."

Mrs. Pix poured out her thanks in a torrent of Drury Lane English—she lived in a court off that salubrious thoroughfare, she informed her young master, and would have proceeded to dilate on her misfortunes, and perhaps to draw yet another sovereign for "things wanted," had not Sir Billy cut her short rather abruptly.

"That will do, Mrs. Pix. You may go now."

"Thank you kindly, Sir William. An' I 'ope I shall be a good an' faithful servant to you, as I was to Mr. 'Aselaw, an' many a gent'lem afore 'im. There was a Mr. 'Orseley—oh, 'e was a caution! *Drink!* 'E started afore breakfiss, an' kep' it up till bed-time, an' 'ad a bottle by 'is bed in case 'e woke up in the night——"

"That will do, Mrs. Pix."

"And there was an old gent'lem wot kep' snakes——"

"You may go, Mrs. Pix; I shall not want you any more."

"Kep' snakes, 'e did; nat'ralist, 'e wos, and used to let 'em run about wild. And before 'im there was a poet gent'lem—used to write po'try all night and sleep all day—'e was a queer one. And before 'im there was a gent'lem with a cork leg—used to unscrew it when 'e went to bed and lay it

"OH, IF YOU PLEASE, SIR WILLIAM——" SHE BEGAN, DROPPING A COURTESY.

on the chair by 'is bedside—gave me such a turn it did, first time I saw it——"

Mrs. Pix would have continued to describe former tenants of these rooms for a limitless period, had not a sharp rat-a-tat summoned her to the front door. She came toddling back with the information that "a gent'lem named Mr. Carew wished to see Sir William."

"Parsnip!" exclaimed Sir Billy, gladly, adding, with great dignity, "Er—ask him to come in, Mrs. Pix."

So in came Mr. Charles Henry Carew—*alias* "Parsnip"—and as the two old Greyhouse boys cordially clasped hands, Mrs. Pix retired to make her purchases.

But she did not set forth on her shopping expedition until she had paid a visit to a public-house in Mitre Court, where, over a glass of porter, she described her new "master" to a lady friend of hers, Mrs. Vavasour by name, also a laundress in the Temple.

"An' 'e's a real live bar'net," explained Mrs. Pix. "Don't look it, but 'e is. Quiet gent'lem, an' paid up wot I arst him for like a angel!"

The two ladies looked at each other.

"Two pound it was you drew?" inquired Mrs. Vavasour.

"Two pound, an' not a penny less!" replied Mrs. Pix.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Mrs. Vavasour. "You are a artful one, Mrs. P."

"Mrs. V.," retorted Mrs. Pix, "I'm a 'onest woman."

"I didn't say you wasn't a honest woman," hastily exclaimed Mrs. Vavasour. "I simply observed you was a artful one."

"Not bein' in a mood to be called names," cried Mrs. Pix, all in a heat, "I will beg you not to haddress yourself to me till you can be more risspeckful, Mrs. V. It is not insults I want at my age, and I know some as might be a deal more honest and not be the worse for it, but I mention *no* names."

And with this haughty speech Mrs. Pix finished her porter, drew her shawl round her, and departed to do her shopping.

What need to dwell on the meeting of the two old school chums? Though grown men now, their friendship was still as firm as it had been in class-room and dormitory and playing-field days. Heartily did they laugh and chat over the feuds and rivalries of that past period—telling again old tales of Greyhouse adventure, of times when the school was stormed by strikers, struck down by epidemic, set fire to, buffeted by tempests and memorable snow-storms. Such memories as these while away long hours very pleasantly, for a man cannot but enjoy harking back to events of his boyhood if his school record was an honourable one. So the two talked, and, when night fell, donned hats and coats, and went off to dine *tête-à-tête*, with fine appetites and light hearts.

Parsnip was now a loosely-built but powerful-looking fellow of 6ft. The tow-coloured hair which had earned him his nickname still declined to lie smoothly upon his head, no matter how assiduously he courted those obstinate locks with comb and brush. Parsnip's sisters had often found him ruefully surveying himself in the glass, for Parsnip was distinctly a ladies' man; and as it behoved him to study his appearance with a view to standing well in the estimation of the fair sex, his unruly crop gave him no little trouble.

On leaving Cambridge, Parsnip had elected to enter a stockbroker's office, so that, when the time was ripe, he might become a duly qualified member of the Stock Exchange. The stir and excitement of this calling attracted him. General Carew was a wealthy man, and could therefore afford to make his son a substantial allowance, and so Parsnip had decided that for some years he would be able to take it easy, and have a good time—not bothering to put in too many hours at the office if he wished to be elsewhere.

Sir Billy was not nearly so strongly put together as his friend, but he was straight-limbed and wiry, loved his bath and his dumb-bells—as every decent fellow should—and could hold his own with Parsnip either with gloves or foils.

When the Michaelmas law term started Sir Billy went to work with a will, and Mr. Portsmouth speedily recognized the fact that he had a promising young pupil in the outer room. Indeed, so enthusiastic did Sir Billy become in the execution of his legal duties that, ere twelve months had passed, Mr. Portsmouth was beginning to entrust him with missions which, under other circumstances, he would have handed over to far older and more experienced men.

"If you go on at this rate, Travers," said the old barrister, with a laugh, "you'll be a judge before your hair turns grey. Still, I've known many a man start off with a gallop, like you, and then decline to a crawl before finally retiring from the Bar in disgust. Keep it up, sir, keep it up—and go to bed before twelve. A lot of men in the Temple don't turn in till two or three in the morning—those sort of hours don't win silk, take *my* word."

Sir Billy didn't turn in before twelve every night, however, but he struck a very fair average

in early-to-bedding and early-to-rising. You see, he knew the people of a host of Greyhouse fellows living in or near London, and received more invitations to dinners and dances and theatre parties than he could conveniently accept. However, he manfully availed himself of most of them—especially when pretty girls lived where the invitations came from—but however late he got home, he was always at Mr. Portsmouth's chambers by ten, with a wholesome look of cold tub and razor about him.

For professional purposes he had dropped his title, and was known by Mr. Portsmouth's clerks and others simply as "Mr. Travers."

"Just as well," quoth the Q.C., "until you take silk. Then your 'Sir William' won't keep briefs off, especially if your solicitors have daughters to dispose of."

Sir Billy laughed. Daughters! Time enough to think of marrying a solicitor's daughter twenty years hence! Love! Pooh! he didn't intend to go in for any of *that* rot. He had only been at the Bar a year. Time enough to fall in love, well—say in ten years' time. That would do nicely.

Of course old Parsnip was always falling in love—Parsnip was built that way. Besides, Parsnip hadn't much else to do—except dress himself, and try to make his hair lie down.

"I'm only twenty-three," thought Sir Billy; "beastly young I feel, too, especially when I'm in court. A man who falls in love when he's twenty-three ought to be——well," decided this youthful Solomon, "he deserves all he gets, hanged if he doesn't!"

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CHAPTER II.

THE SLEEPERS.

It was the annual "Mop" at Petershall—the Southshire city in which Mr. Soames practised as a solicitor.

And what a Mop! The market place was one great blaze of naptha; rival merry-go-rounds flung brazen challenges at each other from the hoarse throats of their steam-played organs; the swing-boats swung up and down until bilious folk could not bear to watch them longer. The crack of the rifles in the "Aunt Sally" saloons mingled with the raucous shouts of the cocoanut-shy men, strenuously urging the country bumpkins on to fresh endeavours; gaudy and revolting pictures of fat women, in the crudest of oil colours, fascinated the gaze of milkmaids and heavily booted men, whose gait betokened them to be daily trudgers in meadow and farmyard.

Earlier in the day employers of labour had sauntered up and down the ranks of lads and lasses who had come to the Mop to be hired for the next quarter, half-year, or year, as the case might be; by tea-time most of the farmers and other payers of wages had filled up their vacancies, and the newly-engaged "hands," with shillings in their pockets and ribbons in their hats, were making high frolic on the whirligigs—gnawing rock, cracking nuts, and celebrating their new appointments with other rough junketings, beloved of the rural mind.

A dirty, sallow-faced gentleman in a green frock-coat and a musty top hat was telling fortunes with a greasy pack of cards; while, in a booth hard by, thimble-rigging and "finding the Knave" were progressing under the very noses of the stolid Southshire constabulary. The police were wise enough to refrain from interference, except when a brawl between visitors and showmen threatened to assume serious dimensions.

The citizens had turned out in no small numbers to see the tail-end of their hiring-fair, but the bulk of the crowd was of the soil-tilling order, beside which the mechanics and shopmen did not, physically, show to advantage. It was a night on which the young woman clung tightly to the arm of her young man, and when little girls kept timidly close to the maternal skirts.

Funny little undersized children ran in and out among the shows. These were the offspring of the fair-people, born on the road, destined to be bred on the road, destined to reach a stunted manhood or womanhood on the road, and grow old on the road, and die on the road. After all, 'twas their life. These brats of the caravan had hardly any clothes, and looked as if they were never washed, and hardly ever fed—yet they seemed happy enough. It was the only life they had ever known—it was all the life they had, and life is sweet even to Children of the Fair.

Altogether it was a scene of no little interest, for as the night advanced the roar of the fair grew in volume, the saloon-rifles seemed to crack never-ceasingly, the booth-holders attained the greatest heights of their persuasive eloquence, the dancing-bear was prodded into his most energetic waltz steps, and the publicans wiped wet brows in frantic endeavours to serve ale as quickly as it was bellowed for.

Presently, moving slowly through the throng on the pavement, came a bath-chair, in which sat Mrs. Soames, whose health was declining even when Sir Billy was a school-boy, and who was now a confirmed invalid. Mr. Soames, exhibiting more devotion than he had done in former days, was pushing the bath-chair, whilst on either side

of him walked Sir Billy and Parsnip, who had run down from town for a few days.

Petershall was a dull enough place in all conscience; so dull at ordinary times that even the invalided Mrs. Soames complained of its stagnancy in the matter of excitement. Indeed, she had welcomed the Mop as a relief to the monotony of her existence, and had begged her husband to take her out to witness the revelry at its most boisterous epoch.

The little *cortége*, having passed along the line of gleaming lights and black knots of sightseers, crossed the road at a point well above the last booth, and commenced its return journey down the other side of the street, which was almost in darkness, owing to the fact that here one was practically behind the scenes, the booths and caravans facing in the opposite direction.

"Somebody very tired, to all appearance!" observed Parsnip, pointing to two forms, recumbent and silent on some sacks which had been slung down by the wheels of one of the vans.

Mrs. Soames and the others looked attentively at the people indicated. Though they were lying in the gloom it was easy to tell that they were not show-people. One was a man of large frame, gaunt, and ragged; the other a female, also ragged, whose face was hidden in the arm which encircled it.

"Tramps," said Mr. Soames, "stealing a short nap while the showman isn't looking."

"Poor things!" sighed Mrs. Soames, touched by the pathetic spectacle of these homeless wayfarers slumbering soundly amid the rude noise of the fair. "How utterly destitute they look! Could not we do something for them, Joseph?"

"If one starts that sort of thing, one is soon overwhelmed with callers," returned Mr. Soames. "They tell each other where the soft-hearted folk live, and one's back-door is besieged in consequence."

"But they will not know where we live, or who we are," remonstrated the invalid.

"Better let them sleep while they can," said the solicitor, who, as a practical ratepayer and supporter of the workhouses, did not believe in anything but organized charity.

"They do not seem to be ordinary tramps," continued Mrs. Soames, who, with the irritability of feeble health, did not like to be gainsaid in this manner. "Look at the woman's neck and arms—how white they are! She is quite young, poor thing. Please, dear, see if you can't do something for them."

The conversation had reached this point when the sleepers were awakened by a person whose mission was by no means of a charitable nature. This was a showman, big and red-faced, wearing a shiny pot hat, a huge fawn coat, and round his neck a blue scarf. In his hand he carried a horse-whip. By his side skulked the sallow-faced fortune-teller, from whose gestures it was evident that he had played the part of informer on the waifs of the highway.

"Hey!" shouted the showman, as he rounded the corner of his caravan. "Come off them sacks, you dirty vagabonds! Come off, you vermin, and quick!"

He smacked his whip menacingly. The male tramp raised his head, gazed only in a half-understanding manner at the showman, and then resumed his former attitude. The girl—one could see that she was a girl, and quite a young girl—clutched the other's shoulder as she heard the command.

"Father, get up. The gentleman says we must move from here."

"Ay, and jolly soon!" thundered the showman "Come, now, quick, off them sacks! 'Oo gev you leave to lie there? Quick, off I say!"

Still the man did not move.

"Father—father!" entreated the girl, "do get up. We mustn't lie here—do get up."

And with her poor thin arms she tried to raise the huge form by her side.

"Stand away, girl!" shouted the showman. "I'll give him a taste of summut that'll wake 'im better'n any callin'. Now," as the girl affrightedly shrank out of range, "*will* you get up, you thief?"

As he spoke he brought the heavy lash of his whip smartly across the tramp's back. That one blow was all-sufficient. With the howl of a maddened animal the tramp sprang to his feet, glared wolfishly at the onlookers, and then flew straight at the throat of his oppressor. As he did so, the showman struck at him with the butt-end of his whip, but the tramp was too quick. In a moment he had got his hungry fingers round the showman's neck, and the two fell to the ground with a crash.

"I'll kill you!" howled the tramp hoarsely. "You shan't strike me again!"

But he was weak with want of sleep and food, while the showman, powerfully-built and well fed, was no stranger to such personal encounters as this, thanks to the rough-and-ready groove in which he earned his daily bread. Finding the tramp's hands on his neck as they rolled over in the mud, he caught his assailant by the hips, and, with a wonderful output of strength, flung the other clean off him. They rose to their feet simultaneously, and the showman, who had dropped his whip, stooped to pick it up.

The tramp hesitated ere he went in again, for

the first tussle had exhausted him sadly. But there was murder in his eye, though his breath was coming in deep sobs.

The girl rushed to the little group by the bath-chair.

"Oh, gentlemen—stop them, for pity's sake! My father will kill him. He's like a wild beast when he's touched. Stop them—for pity's sake, stop them, gentlemen!"

At that moment the tramp again rushed at the showman, who, stepping back a pace, held the thick end of his whip in readiness to strike. But before the tramp had taken half-a-dozen steps, Sir Billy jumped forward and seized his ragged collar

"'Old 'im," bawled the showman, who was by no means averse to a little assistance, "'old 'im while I leather 'im."

He grasped his whip by the handle once more.

"Fair play, man, fair play!" cried Sir Billy.

"Fair play!" echoed Parsnip, interposing his tall form between the combatants.

The showman spat out a volley of oaths.

"'Oo are you interferin' with?" he demanded of Parsnip. "Per'aps you'd like some of the same quality?" brandishing the whip aloft as he spoke.

"Perhaps *you* would!" returned Parsnip, making a jump for the whip, which he dexterously twisted out of the showman's hand, and cast on the ground.

By this time the row had attracted quite a mob.

"I must get you out of this," said Mr. Soames, hastily, to his wife. "Things are looking bad. I think William and Carew can take care of themselves."

"No, no," cried the invalid. "Let us give these poor creatures protection. All the fair-people will take the side of their man."

The girl, glancing now at Mr. Soames and now at her father, who was struggling to free himself from Sir Billy's athletic grasp, overheard Mrs. Soames' speech.

"Oh, they will, madame, they will—they're fearful with their knives! Do help us, if you can!"

"Look after this lady for a moment," said Mr. Soames to a bystander, as he dived into the crowd.

He emerged, a few seconds later, with Sir Billy and Parsnip, who were keeping the tramp from the fair-people, a crowd of whom, with the belligerent showman at their head, were hurling execrations at the three gentlemen.

In the nick of time a police-sergeant and two of his men hurried up. They recognized Mr. Soames on the instant, and touched their helmets respectfully. The solicitor said a few words to the sergeant, who touched his helmet again, and turned to the red-faced showman.

"Now you—get back to your work—you've been too free with that whip of yours. Get back, I say," as the showman seemed inclined to argue, "if you don't want to be locked up."

This threat effectually cowed the disturber of sleep, who sulkily returned to his booth.

The tramp, worn out by the struggle, suffered himself to be led off by Sir Billy and Parsnip, the girl following by Mrs. Soames' side.

Fair-people and holiday-makers, the incident over, went back to the swings and saloons; only one man followed the Soames party. This was the sallow-faced fortune-teller who had drawn the showman's attention to the wayfarers sleeping on his sacks. He sneaked after the tramp's rescuers, noted the position of the house, and then returned to the fair—apparently to tell the showman where his late antagonist had been given shelter.

CHAPTER III.

WHILE THE STORM RAGED.

Mr. Soames' house, "The Yews," was situated some fifty yards from the market-place of Petershall. It was a quaint old dwelling, with a Henry VIII. fireplace in the hall, and other relics of bygone ages in the shape of curiously carved panellings and mantelpieces. It was the only house in Petershall that possessed an alarm-bell, but the bell had not been rung in the memory of any of the inhabitants. Still, there it hung, hard by the tallest chimney, grim and weather-beaten, ready for use now just as it had been a hundred years ago.

Petershall church was Mr. Soames' next-door neighbour, but between the church and "The Yews" ran a narrow lane. The left wall of the church faced flush on to this lane, the right of Mr. Soames' house forming a wall to the lane on the opposite side.

Instead of entering his house—on getting clear of the fair—Mr. Soames led his little procession down the lane and stopped by a door which led into a yard. Here was an old stable, now disused, Mr. Soames having erected new stables and a new coach-house lower down the lane, at the end of his fairly extensive grounds.

The yard here had been a favourite playground of Sir Billy's in his schoolboy days: he knew every corner of the stable and the loft above it, reached by a rickety old ladder, which was still remaining.

"Now, my man," said Mr. Soames, turning to the tramp, "if you want a night's lodging, I'll give you one. You'll be quite undisturbed in my stable with the yard doors safely locked."

The Petershall local authorities, in view of the fact that Mr. Soames was a person to be considered, had placed a lamp-post in the lane. This dimly illuminated the yard and the narrow road without. The feeble flame fell on the tramp's bony, emaciated form and face. At one time, it was evident to the young athletes surveying him, he must have been a very awkward customer to tackle, owing to his stalwart frame and finely formed limbs. Now, roadside sleeping and famine had reduced him to a shadow of his former self. He was the wreck of a Hercules.

"Who are you? What are you?" Mr. Soames suddenly demanded, fixing his sharp, lawyer glance on the tramp. "Where are you going? Where have you come from? Tell me all about yourself!"

"There's nothing to tell," said the man, "except this: I have never been inside a prison or a workhouse in my life."

"What were you originally?" asked Mr. Soames.

The tramp glanced sullenly at his questioner and at the others. For a moment he hesitated; then he said:—

"I won't tell you. You won't believe me."

"I do not see why I should not believe you," said Mr. Soames.

"No matter," said the man gruffly. "You see what I am now—a beggar and an outcast. Let me lie down in your stable—and my daughter."

Hitherto the girl had half hidden herself behind him, for the young men had gazed curiously at her as they walked from the market-place, and she was shy in the presence of these seeming friends. Little of her face was visible, for the ragged shawl she wore over her head and shoulders almost concealed her features, but Mrs. Soames had been quick to notice that the girl walked easily and uprightly. Even in her dreadfully old boots Mrs. Soames saw (looking over the edge of the bath-chair) this female tramp's feet were well shaped and trod the ground daintily.

Of course, like the man, she was haggard and lean—odd crusts not forming the most nourishing diet in the world—but, as Mrs. Soames told herself, youth recuperates quickly—young bones speedily put on flesh—a month's regular meals would do wonders for the good figure this tramp girl evidently possessed.

As to her looks—once or twice Sir Billy caught sight of a mass of coal-black hair under the shawl, and two coal-black eyes that shot a glance, half-defiant, half-timid, at him as he sought them with his own.

This tramp girl was foot-sore, heart-sore, hungry, and ever so weary; yet even in this her sad plight there was a touch of hauteur in the poise of her head, concealed, as it was, by a wrap worthy of little else but burning.

Such was the couple Mr. Soames had rescued from the showman's whip—doubting the wisdom of his action even as he bade the wanderers follow him.

"Well, well," said he to the man, "it's no business of mine who you are or whence you come. I have offered you a night's shelter, and, such as it is, you shall have it. William, you might run and get the key of the yard door; it is hanging on a nail by the mantelshelf in my study. Then open the door from the inside. Get the stable-key, too," added the solicitor.

This order was quickly executed by Sir Billy. The yard, now little used save for the hanging out of washing, was weed-grown and damp. It lay rather below the level of the lane, as did the disused stable likewise.

"Here we are," said Mr. Soames, unlocking the stable-door. "Plenty of dry hay in the loft above—you might get some down, William. I'll send you a blanket or two," went on the solicitor, turning to the tramp's daughter, "and I daresay you and your father could do with a bit of supper—eh, girl?"

"Thank you, sir," said she, in a low tone.

The tramp girl had a peculiar voice, and her manner of speaking corresponded curiously with the way she walked and held her head.

Sir Billy heard her speak, and involuntarily looked over his shoulder at her as he ascended the ladder which led to the loft. And in the course of that one hasty glance he saw that her black eyes were following his movements.

A lamp was lit, hay and blankets were spread out in the two stalls the stable contained, hot food was brought, with beer for the man and tea for his daughter, and so the two poor waifs of the Southshire highway were housed for the night.

Meanwhile the fun of the fair was waxing furious; the naptha lights flared upon the darkness like lurid demons; up, up, up went the swing-boats, and then down, the tousle-haired farm-girls and sleepy-faced plough-boys grinning from ear to ear with the unwonted excitement of their aërial adventure.

The brazen-throated whirligig organs rasped out their most popular melodies; the saloon rifles *crack-cracked* faster than ever; "Buy! Buy! Buy!" screeched the stall-women: "Roll, bowl, or pitch!" bawled the cocoanut men; "It's a chance of a life-time!" cried the exhibitor of the fat lady. The proprietor of a variety entertainment

harangued the crowd from the platform in front of his tent, dealing a dingy big drum monstrous blows at intervals of fifteen seconds. So men shouted, and women yelped, and rifles *crack - cracked*, and the painted horses went solemnly round and round and round, just as they went round yesterday, just as they would go round to-morrow, year in, year out, eternally cantering to the songs of the brazen-throated organs.

The moon was clouding over—more need for the naptha to shine brightly; the wind was beginning to blow stiffly against the canvas coverings of the stalls. One or two of the fair-people looked skywards a little anxiously, but the greater number were far too busy to notice these ominous threats of the weather-fiend.

Suddenly—with appalling unexpectedness—the deluge came. The skies seemed to open, so overwhelming was the downpour that emptied the streets, and, descending with such stern purpose, even drove the fair-people from their stalls, leaving their goods exposed to the storm.

And then, with rumble and reverberating crash, heaven's artillery opened fire. The lightning shot zig-zagwise across the firmament; thunder and lightning—roar and flash—and the rain, all the time, coming down in sheets.

And now the Petershall townsfolk began to look at one another. They knew what generally followed a downpour of this sort—but the fair-people had not been warned!

Petershall, when rain fell heavily, lived in constant apprehension of floods, for the town lay low in a valley, and there was a river running down one side of it which would overflow its banks on slight provocation. Inefficient drainage assisted the illegal stream, which generally found its way down this very main thoroughfare in which the annual Mop was in course of celebration.

The fair-people in the public-houses were told of the impending danger.

"We're agoin' to barricade our doors," said the Petershall publicans. "Be you agoin' to stop here, or be you agoin' to get into yer vans?—'cos you must make yer minds up sharp!"

"Barricade the doors ag'in what?"

"The flood—when it rains 'eavy it comes down the street yonder like a mill-race; it's like a runaway 'orse, is the flood. Do you go and pull your vans on to the high ground t'other side of the street, near the police-station. Then you'll only have your wheels wetted; if you lets 'em stay where they are you'll be flooded out, sure as death."

The fair folk took the timely hint; with marvellous energy they began to pack up their booths, and stow them away in and under the vans. Others put the horses in, and the heavy lashing and cracking of whips in the darkness told that desperate efforts were being made to get the vans and their inmates over to the high side of the main street.

It was wet work—terrible, drenching work—when men fought against time, side by side, with tightly-clenched teeth and set eyes.

The flood came on them in the middle of their labours—down the main street, as the townspeople had prophesied, like a runaway horse. It came in an erratic, swirling stream, which looked as if it were determined to drown every breathing thing it could embrace with its irresistible arms. Men shouted; horses plunged and screamed; in an instant the wide market-place of Petershall, but a brief hour or so ago a scene of careless jollity, was overwhelmed by that double terror, a flood in darkness.

As minute succeeded minute the water increased in volume and velocity; men on horseback, with lanterns swinging, were plunging through the stream; it was to be an all-night fight this—man against a river turned out of its lawful bed, an angry, vexed river—an unforgiving, voracious river. Woe betide the weak human thing that crossed its path, for this river would suck up a man's breath as easily as a cat, with one bite, kills a mouse.

Everyone in Petershall living in the lower-lying portion of the town, was fighting the flood to the best of his ability. Mats, boards, cinders, flock pillows and mattresses, old carpets, floor-cloths, blankets—everything of a water-arresting nature was pressed into service and placed by doors and windows to resist the torrent without. Sir Billy and Parsnip, when news of the flood came, welcomed the report in a distinctly lively manner—it simply meant to them a very good bit of fun.

They worked like demons to dam up the front door of "The Yews," and then flew to the back on hearing that the water was coming in there.

Of a sudden, while they were brooming and mopping in the scullery, who should appear before them but Mrs. Soames.

"*Mater!*" cried Sir Billy, for it was his custom to address her thus.

Mr. Soames hastened in at that moment.

"My dear," he cried, seeing that the water was rippling over his wife's feet, "you will catch your death of cold. Why did you leave your room——"

"*Why!*" Mrs. Soames looked from one man to another with blazing eyes. "*Why*—to remind you of those two poor people in the stable—the

flood is knee-deep in the lane already, and the stable lies a foot lower than the lane——"

Without a word Sir Billy dropped his broom and dashed out into the garden, where the water was already ankle-deep.

He splashed through it and reached the yard, where he experienced some difficulty in keeping his feet, so strongly was the flood coming through from the lane.

THE GIRL HAD CLAMBERED INTO THE MANGER, AND WAS CLINGING TO THE RACK ABOVE AS THE WATER SEEMED TO MAKE LITTLE LEAPS AT HER.

He reached the stable. Hurrah! He perceived a light shining through the open door. Yes, there was the light—a lantern—and there was the girl—but where was the man?

The girl had clambered into the manger, and was clinging to the rack above as the water seemed to make little leaps at her barely a foot below the level of the manger.

"Where is he?" cried Sir Billy, clinging to the door—for now the flood threatened to carry him off his feet.

"Gone!" said the girl.

"Where's the ladder?"

"He took it—to get over the wall!"

"And left you?"

"Yes; but he went before it began to rain."

"Before—why?"

She shook her head, and then her expression changed.

"Look!" she cried. "It's getting higher! Will it reach me?"

"You must climb up into the loft," shouted Sir Billy; for the torrent, roaring down the lane, almost drowned their voices. "Loft!" he added, she seeming not to comprehend. "There! (pointing). Into the LOFT!"

She nodded.

He struggled through the water to the manger.

"I must carry you. Sit on my shoulder. Keep steady! Hold on to my head. Carry the lantern in your hand—we shall want that. Now—steady!"

She obeyed him implicitly—as trustingly as a child would have done. When he felt that she was firmly settled upon his shoulder, he crept cautiously down the side of the stall, and across to the corner where was situated the trap-door leading to the loft.

"Push the trap up. So! Now seize the edge and pull yourself up. That's the way! Lamp safe? Good! Mind the hay. I can get up all right. There are ledges on the wall. Give me a hand. Steady—now pull—steady—another pull—RIGHT!"

And Sir Billy found himself in the loft with the tramp girl. He knew that it would be next to impossible to get back to the house until the

flood began to subside. Here, however, was a safe refuge. There was a minute's silence, and then :—

"Where's your father?" he demanded.

"He—he went back to the fair."

"Went back! Why?"

"I may not tell you," she said.

"I think you had better tell me. Why did your father go back?"

"I will not tell you."

"Was it to meet that showman again?"

She did not answer.

"Come, now," said Sir Billy, "you had better be frank. I may be able to do something. Did your father go back to find the man who struck him?"

The young barrister's strong, resolute tones invited confidence. The girl looked steadily at him as she replied :—

"He did—but I pray God he was drowned before he reached that man."

"*What!*"

The dim light of the stable lantern fell curiously on this couple—on the beggar-maid, handsome as a queen even in her rags; and on the young man, with his clear-cut, aristocratic features and air of high breeding. They gazed at each other, and at length she said :—

"Yes, better that he were drowned, for I know his temper. The man struck him—and it will go very hard with him if my father finds him!"

R S Warren Bell

(To be continued.)

ADVICE TO LITERARY ASPIRANTS.

[In reply to "G. B." (Sydney, Australia), and others.]

WHAT Sir Walter Scott said of literature eighty years ago is doubly true to-day—it is a good stick but a bad crutch. I see you want to plunge into a literary life immediately you leave school, and I do not counsel you to do that. I have reason to know what thousands of people are writing nowadays—a few of them well, some indifferently well, and the majority badly. The bookstalls are loaded with the scribbled trash of incompetent persons; but the splendid fact remains that real merit is very quickly recognized—often spoilt, in fact, by too speedy recognition. A man who makes a tolerable hit is exalted to the position of a genius; but when the people who shower compliments upon him awake to the fact that he is but a moderate person, they drop him like a hot brick. This, however, is hardly an answer to your question. You simply tell me that you wish to embark in journalism, and you say that you have contributed short stories and articles to Australian papers, and that you have edited a school journal. You add that your age is eighteen and a half. Well, my advice is, if you are "set" on entering journalism, try and secure a junior position on one of the papers you have already written for. If you are unsuccessful in getting a berth of this nature, obtain a clerkship of some sort, and devote a few evenings a week to literature. So, my dear "G. B.," the matter rests with yourself. I cannot get you a position on a paper. You must worry editors until one of them gives you a berth. Meanwhile, do as I say: secure a crutch which will bring you in a regular wage, and make literature your stick until you are so fortunate as to secure something definite in the shape of a post on a journal of good standing. Send your stories, articles, and poems to the papers you think they are most suitable for; don't lose heart if they come back. Be sure of your facts, be original in your fancy, study the balance, the flow, the swing, and the music of literary composition; never think that anything is "too much fag," and WORK! Then, if there is stuff of the right sort in you, you will make your way.

O F

ON BOWLING — AND OTHER MATTERS.

(SOME ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.)

No-balled.—Very funny thing, but it is the same with me. When I get no wickets, I never hear anything about throwing; when I do, I do. Just like brothers, that! Don't you listen to them. I am the last person to give advice upon how to bowl without throwing, or, rather, without appearing to throw. Can't do it myself, according to some idiots!

Hilda H.—You seem, I must say, to have the right spirit. I, too, play a lot on a tennis court; it teaches one not to give catches, 'cos the ball goes over the wall if one hits in the air. Failing a coach, read the books on the game—*e.g.*, Mr. Maclaren's first, and then Ranji's. I am afraid twelve balls an over would be too hard on the bowler. Yes, I think test matches should be played out, but there are objections. Would our English wickets last? I, too, hope Australia will be defeated next time. I think the chief losers if I do not bowl (I expect I shall), will be the opposing batsmen. Thank you, though. You will get your bowling back with a little patient practice. Probably the return will be as sudden as the departure.

D. J. A.—All makers make good bats, and they all make bad ones. The thing is to be able to pick a good one. Your maker is as good as any. I have not been stopped bowling; it is all fudge.

Celtic.—The football volume of the Badminton Library is the best book on Association; it contains some good chapters by G. O. Smith and W. J. Oakley. This book, however, is expensive. You can get a good deal of information from a little book (price 1s.) named "Rugby and Association Football," by Budd and Fry, published by Lawrence & Bullen. Most of the new part of the Badminton book is founded almost verbatim on this little pamphlet. Some day, when I have time, I mean to write a really useful book on the game. When that day comes we shall have the entire art of football between two covers; at least, I expect so.

Footer.—(1) Yes, I think a book about football players, on the same lines as the book of cricket, would be a good idea—in fact, it actually occurred to me. But there is such a number of footballers! Glad you liked the other book; I may say I took considerable pains with it. (2) Perhaps Russell, the photographer at the Crystal Palace, has a Corinthian group, but I cannot say for certain. About the individual members, I cannot say. (3) Not that I know of. The *Athletic News*, published by Hulton, of Withy Grove, Manchester, is first-rate on northern and midland football. (4) To join the Casuals you would have to get a member to propose you. (5) Cannot say. (6) You see, I do not know what sort of a player you are; still, I should not bother about having signed papers, but play for any club you can find. I do not know of one.

Tacitus.—(1) You can get the "Book of Cricket," bound, from any bookseller, price, I fancy, 12s. 6d. (2) No doubt dumb-bells, etc., will increase your power of bowling fast, provided you do not over-do the exercises, and provided you do the exercises on the proper system. If you practise one exercise too exclusively, you may make yourself muscle-bound.

One of the Club.—Pads vary in price; I should say from 8s. to 12s.; but consult the

catalogues of good makers, such as advertise cricket goods in this magazine.

P. H. C.—(1) If a goal-keeper runs more than the prescribed number of steps, a free kick should be given, not a penalty. (2) A team kicks a goal, the referee does not know whether before or after time. B team claims no goal. Well, I imagine A team, on the contrary, claims it was a goal. No one can decide but the referee; it is his business to know, and he must decide one way or the other.

F. W. S.—Much obliged for your kind appreciation of my mathematics. Hope you are not pulling my algebraic leg!

T. Lewis.—The captain of the second eleven should be a member of it. Let the second eleven choose him by vote, but reserve to yourself the right of vetoing their choice if it is not a good one.

Gerald S.—The disparity of shoulders is of no moment, as far as I know. It does not seem to impede you, so if I were you I would not bother about it.

R. J. B.—You are the first person I have come across who has had the sense to wish to alter the height of hurdles and the distance between, for small boys. For boys under fourteen and a-half years, get three hurdles, take an average boy, experiment with him both as to height of hurdles and distance apart, altering and adjusting till you find he can, after landing over the first, take three strides and then take the second hurdle in his fourth; one, two, three and over. *Vide* the article on hurdling in the Athletic volume of the "All England Series." The full dimensions are: Ten flights, 3ft. 6ins. high and 10yds. apart. The height and distance should be reduced proportionately to the size and power of the competitors. No one should ever be allowed to hurdle otherwise than properly, *i.e.*, by the three-stride method. You might try for the small boys, 2ft. 8ins., 8yds. apart; for the big boys 3ft. 3ins., 9yds. apart; but it needs experiment, which I am sorry to say I never took the trouble to make. I will, though.

P. Marsh.—Practice, my boy, practice. Just a little four or five times a week. In long-jumping run about forty yards, take off as close to the mark as possible, without any shortening of your stride or hesitation, and jump as high as ever you can, much higher than you feel inclined.

G. A. D.—Sorry I did not answer your other letter. It must have been mislaid. But I fear I do not know enough about anatomy to give a good opinion. You can only try and find out. It is very poor luck for you! Mr. Daniell has, I believe, hurt his knee.

An Old Boy.—The idea is good, but I fear I have not time to work it out. Head-masters, too, are very inclined to object to such meetings. It would be a tremendous thing to arrange, you know.

Euralia.—Or should it be Euralgia? I fear you ought to consult a doctor, and ask him whether your heart is sound. Do this at once or you will regret it. Tell him what you told the O.F. Perhaps you merely suffer from indigestion.

H. Hines.—You would not find me at 12, Burleigh Street. But there *are* people there! It seems to me you can take up cricket, football, and any other game in season. But you must find out clubs near your home, must you not?

Peter.—Ah now, Peter! What was it caused so much trouble to our fair mother, Eve? Besides, I should not like to tell even you, Peter, the names of young ladies who win my sovereign approval. There would be inevitable complications. Still, I am sure your friend is worthy of the title I was good enough to confer on—someone.

S. J. H.—Do not trouble to alter your diet. Have you read my articles on Sports in the back numbers of THE CAPTAIN? Run every other day, not every day. Sometimes run three or four short bursts of about forty yards, grinding and squeezing every ounce of pace out; at others pace through longer distances, varying from 150yds. to 300yds., paying attention to style; running well on your toes and trying to lengthen your stride. Do not spend more than half an hour a day at it. Give yourself two clear months.

A. J. G.—Lock up your cricket gear after use. Oil the bats, and do not drive in stumps with their faces—the bats' faces.

F. C. K.—You ask a few questions, but I don't expect you want answers. Do you? Glad to hear from you, though. It was a poor day for football, that.

Conservancy.—I recommend dumb-bells of 11lb. each. Your weight is all right. You can improve your wind by running moderate distances now and then. I am glad to hear you are such a good bowler.

G. R. N.—Thank you very much; I am sure I am very glad. You certainly have the advantage of a high delivery. In order to pull a short ball step across your wicket with your right foot, so as to be well on the off side of

the line of the ball, and you will find the stroke quite easy. If a ball is not to-leg, you can make it so by putting yourself across to the off. I expect you have outgrown your strength a bit. Your heart may be a little weak owing to this. Have you asked a doctor? You ought to.

L. M. O. F.—Sorry to say I do not know what protene biscuits are. I know Spratt's! Send a sample, and I will report.

A Vice-Captain.—Use light dumb-bells (1lb. each) and light Indian clubs. *Vide* last month's answers. About a quarter of an hour is long enough. You should walk as much as you can. In fact, take as much exercise as you can without tiring yourself. You will grow up all right if you live a healthy life. I do not know much about diet, I fear.

Milanion.—You do not specify the events you intend going in for. Running cannot be improved save by practice at running. See above.

W. J., jun.—It seems to me you take enough exercise as it is. I cannot make you out a time-table. The size of your arms will not affect your running powers. If you run a mile or so once a week, in addition to your games, etc., you will be quite fit enough. Yes; do not run for two or three days before the race, but take a couple of sound walks.

C. B. Fry.

HOW "THE CAPTAIN" WAS REGISTERED.

We reproduce herewith a *fac-simile* of the very first number of THE CAPTAIN ever printed, published, and paid for. This was our "registration" copy—the copy which it is necessary to print, register, publish, and sell "over the counter" in order to protect the name of the periodical you are proposing to bring out. Registration of a paper or magazine is a very simple process. Having decided upon the name and character of your journal, you get a printer to print you what is called a "dummy." A dummy should be the exact size and style of the "real article," and should give some idea of the nature of the articles, etc., it will contain. On the outer leaf of this dummy must be stated the name of the periodical, together with the price it is to be sold at, and a statement as to whether it is to appear daily, weekly, or monthly. The dummy copy of THE CAPTAIN was filled with jokes from the current issue of *Tit-Bits*—and then, when the paper is ready, you take it up to Stationers' Hall, precisely as you would take a bit of jewellery that you wish to have "hall"-marked to Goldsmiths' Hall, and have it registered. The fee is 5s. You must solemnly declare that you have sold a copy before applying for registration. The intrinsic value of the first copy of THE CAPTAIN was about ½d., but somebody had to pay sixpence for it. Well, then, your paper is "registered," and nobody else may take your title. It is yours, and the only thing you have to do is to get the real article out as quickly as possible, because every month your publisher has to solemnly sell a copy of your "dummy" to your friend by way of keeping the magazine "alive" until the aforesaid "real article" doth appear.

"THE CAPTAIN."

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

GEORGE NEWNES, LIMITED,
7–12, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, AND EXETER STREET,
STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

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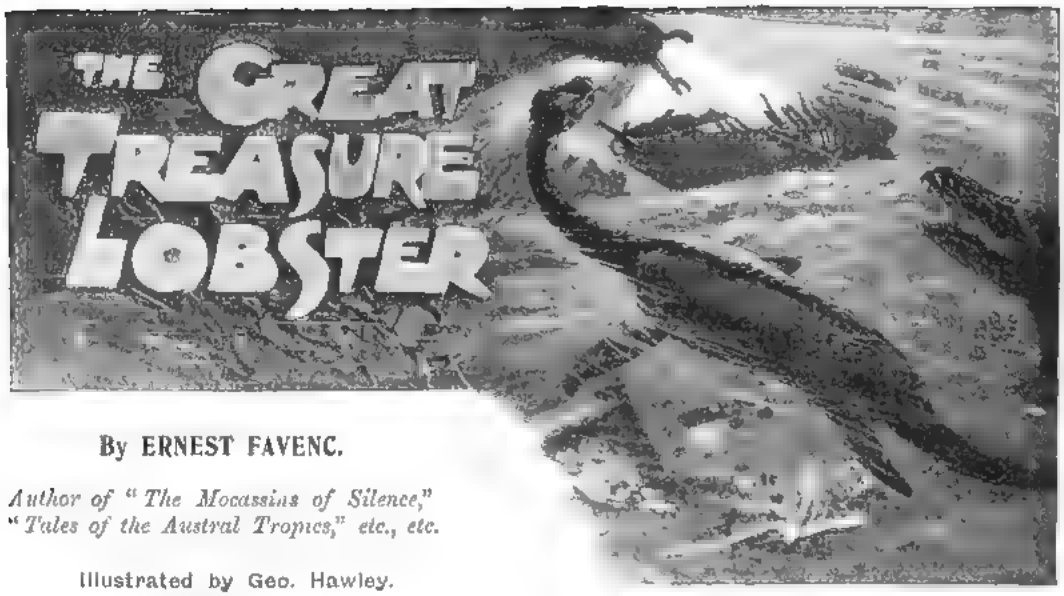


By ERNEST FAVENC.

Author of "The Mocassins of Silence," "Tales of the Austral Tropics," etc., etc.

Illustrated by Geo. Hawley.

I.

LIFE on a trepang fishing station is not by any means a round of delirious excitement; the weeks follow one another in a certain monotonous manner, your only relaxation being quarrelling with your mate. My partner was a man named Campbell, whom you could not quarrel with, for the simple reason that he was so dogmatically sure of everything that he could not conceive the possibility of anybody differing from him. Our station was on the inner edge of the Great Barrier Reef, in the neighbourhood of what is known on the chart as "No. X. Island." Campbell, myself, two South Sea Island boys, and half a dozen mainland blacks constituted the inhabitants of our little world of sand and coral. Collecting the slugs, drying and smoking them, was our occupation, varied by an occasional trip into Cooktown with our stuff for shipment to China. At low water we had leagues of shallow reefs around us, and at high water we lived in the midst of a pale green sea. Things had been exceptionally dull for some time, and I was seriously thinking of telling Campbell that Bobbie Burns was inferior to Shakespeare, in order to arouse him into argument, when a strange event happened.

A little to the south of us was a break in the reef, one known as the "Pandora Passage," and at low water you could go to the inlet and watch the tide racing out to the Pacific. One morning I saw Campbell coming from the direction of this inlet in company with one of the kanaka boys, carrying a good-sized piece of timber. He put it down on the sand with a slightly defiant air, and said, "What do you make of that?"

I examined the piece of wood, and remarked that it was a very old portion of a ship.

"And you see nothing else?" said Campbell, in a superior tone.

I looked again, but had to confess that I saw nothing but a commonplace piece of timber. Campbell snorted, and made an insulting remark about blockheads, and then drew my attention to the way in which the timber had been severed, or cut in two. It certainly was strange. The wood, and very old seasoned wood it was, had been torn asunder as though by some terrific force, far beyond what I could just then comprehend. If a giant had taken the baulk up and snapped it, it would have explained the way in which the timber had been treated.

"It is very remarkable," I said, rather feebly.

"Remarkable!" echoed Campbell. "Can you explain how it was done, and what sort of creature did it? Why, man, the force used in severing that piece of timber would have built the Pyramids!"

We stood contemplating the wood without saying anything; it certainly was a very curious sort of thing to be cast up on the Barrier Reef.

"This is not the first piece that has been stranded," remarked Campbell, "and they have all got the same queer mark upon them."

"What wood is it?"

"Oak, to all appearance, but it has been a long time in the sea."

It was some time afterwards that Campbell, whom this derelict seemed to trouble, proposed

that we should take a trip to the outer edge of the Great Barrier; we could follow the Pandora Passage in our dinghy, and there was a bit of a sand-bank there that we could camp on for the night. I agreed, for we had nothing very much to do just then, and accordingly we started. The trip did not promise to be an interesting one to men who spent their time on an island of about ten acres, but it was full of interest before we came back. On the outer edge of the reef was the island I mentioned—a long, narrow strip of sand, with some low bushes growing on the highest part of it. Right alongside this island, on the northern side, ran a passage, deep and abrupt—just a gap in a wall of coral.

We had been taking things leisurely, and it was evening when we reached the island. I took the boat round into a quiet pool, and amused myself fixing camp, while Campbell went strolling along the beach. Suddenly he called me. I found him looking at some peculiar marks in the soft coral sand.

"Man!" he exclaimed, "what's that?"

That was more than I could answer. The tracks were deep and dragging, as though, if such a thing were possible, a traction engine had run over the island. But they were not wheel tracks—more as if some ordinary bird had been stalking about with a mammoth tread, and digging his feet in as far as he possibly could.

"Now what sort of a mermaid is that?" said Campbell.

I could not say. If there existed one lonely spot in the world one would have thought it was where we were then standing. The tide was full, and the surf breaking in a long line north and south of us. To the east was the ocean—an ocean that seldom saw a ship. Yet, strange to say, something had been wandering about that island, and something had made tracks different from anything mortal that I had seen before.

"I give it up—unless it's the sea serpent."

"Sea grandmother!" returned Campbell. "Do you know a serpent's tracks when you see them?"

"Well, what is it then? A gigantic seal might make tracks something like that; but it isn't a seal, and I am sure I don't know what it is."

Campbell said nothing, but looked out to sea, and seemed to be troubled in his mind about something.

"Look!" he said suddenly. "There's a log coming ashore."

We went down to the water's edge, and met the castaway. It was like the other one, and of old sodden wood, and had been broken and twisted by the wrenching it had undergone.

"Those are the marks of teeth," he said, "or something very like it."

"I think we had better go back," I replied. "If this island is a place of resort of things of this description, they might pay us a visit to-night."

"The very reason we will stop," replied my mate. "Surely it's possible that there may be beings that no man knows of, who come to the upper air in such lonely out-of-the-way places as this. If so, we shall see it. A thing who can chaw up timber like that would certainly not be an agreeable companion. However, I'll stop."

It was nearly sundown, and I went to the bushes to see if I could get enough dry sticks to make a fire. A couple of birds rose up as I approached, and I found that, like most of the Barrier islets, there was a depression containing brackish water. But there was something more. Campbell, who had followed me, gave a gasp of astonishment, and we looked at one another in amaze. Concealed amongst the bushes, partly in the depression, was a heap of some sort of curious objects—masses of metal, seemingly solidified and fixed into angular blocks. There were also casks and kegs, and the remnants of planks and beams. But what we saw, and what caused us to gasp with wonder, was the fact that these masses of metal were composed of coin—gold and silver so kneaded together that they looked like solid blocks.

The sun set whilst we were examining them, but there was no doubt now about our staying the night.

"How did they come here?" was the question we asked each other, but could not answer. Evidently the treasure had been stored there by somebody, and was not the result of a wreck, for no ship could have been cast up as high as was the little belt of bushes that concealed the treasure. Naturally, we did not sleep very soon, and sat up long discussing our strange find, until it must have been nearly midnight. Then I dropped off to sleep, but only to be awakened a few hours later by Campbell shaking me.

A dying moon had just risen, giving to light the strange scene, the waste of shallow water, the line of tossing foam, and the strip of sand we were resting on.

"Beames," said Campbell, "come here." He led me down to where the deep channel flowed past the island.

"Did you ever see the moon under the sea?" I followed the direction of his finger, and truly there was a strange and wonderful light deep down in the water.

What the marvellous thing was I could not tell, but it was there, fathoms below us, and seemingly full of life. It flashed and twinkled as we watched it, and then suddenly went out.

"What can it be, Campbell?" I asked.

"How can I know? I shall be glad when it is daylight."

"So shall I," I replied; and though it was a fairly sultry night I shivered. "Suppose we start back," I suggested, "and then bring the boys with us to cart that money away."

"Why, if they saw that light down there all the gold in the world wouldn't hold them. No; we will try to find out what it is in the morning. Goodness! Look at it now."

Suddenly the submarine light had blazed out again—blazed out with a far greater brilliancy than it had done before. It seemed to illumine the depths of the sea beneath us, and we saw shooting streaks across its beams, as though shoals of frightened fish were dashing past. We could do nothing but gaze at this wonderful thing, but suddenly there was a new development. A lot of shimmering spots seemed to detach themselves from the main body of light, and rise up towards us. Up they came, growing brighter, brighter as they neared the surface, and then, with a dazzling glow, they burst, and the steady light only remained.

"I think we'll go and sit in the boat till day dawns," said Campbell; and though I did not see how that would improve matters, I followed him across the sand to where our dinghy was moored.

"It must be connected with that treasure," I remarked when we reached the boat, which felt home-like, at any rate. "But how can such a light exist down that depth?"

"I don't know, but we'll find out, please goodness, when daylight comes."

Immediately he spoke the surface of the ocean seemed lit up with a wonderful glow, almost as though it had caught fire. Right at the place where we had been standing watching the strange appearance, rose a brilliant and blinding sun. As we stared at it, dazzled and dazed, it suddenly vanished, and though the moon was shining it seemed as though black darkness had suddenly fallen over everything. When we had recovered our sight, we stepped ashore—to find that we were not alone on the islet!

Out from the sea emerged a long, cylindrical body, dark coloured, and about 20ft. in length. It glistened in the moonlight, and the drops of sea water rained down from it in a shower as it came slowly on to the beach. This object had legs, on which it travelled somewhat clumsily, but steadily. But what made me feel queer, and Campbell the same, was that the being, whatever it was, had a huge pair of formidable nippers, or mandibles, as though a lobster had suddenly shot up into tremendous proportions.

"That's what tore the timber up," chattered Campbell, and I quite sympathized with him, for my heart was banging against my ribs. Fancy the position—a little patch of sand, no shelter or cover, and this monster slowly approaching in the ghostly moonlight. It was bad enough, in all conscience, but suddenly it was worse, for the brilliant light shot out again from in front of the creature, blinding us entirely. I gave myself up for lost, and expected every minute to feel those awful nippers embracing me, for we had to shut our eyes and trust to chance. However, nothing came of it, and then I dared to open my eyes once more. The light was gone, and I could see again.

We were now fairly cornered. Whatever the thing was, it had us completely at its mercy, for there was evidently no good in running away, so perforce we stood our ground. In its jaws, if you can call them so, the creature held a box or case of some sort; it advanced with this towards the bushes, and we heard it crashing through them. Presently came a long wailing noise, like the sigh of a lost nation; and then, I don't know how Campbell felt, but I knew what was blue funk for once in my life, for the monster turned round and came directly towards us, and the blaze and glare of brilliancy it emitted left me powerless and helpless. We had backed into the water, but what was the good of taking to the boat? The monster could catch us in two seconds! Fortunately the thing stopped of its own accord, and again there was the long wailing sigh. I said "Good-bye!" I don't know why, but it seemed the right thing to say on the occasion, and then, thank goodness! that awful, searching light went out.

II.

The bright flare that had blinded us so died out, but there was still a sort of glow hovering about the strange being, enough to show its fantastic outline and the horrible lobster-like claws. A voice came from the interior of it, but what it was we could not exactly determine. At last a beam of light shot up from the monster's back, and we saw a figure come out in the radiance and jump down on the sand.

Campbell grasped my hand, and gave a deep sigh of relief. "It's some sort of submarine boat or diving fake, after all." And we strode forward to meet the figure, who was advancing towards us.

"Who are you fellows, and what do you want on my island?" demanded our visitor, a not very tall but very thick-set man.

"Your island!" I replied. "If it comes to that, what are you doing on 'our' island, for we are on our own fishing ground?"

"Well, we won't argue about it, but I'll just give

THE MONSTER TURNED ROUND AND CAME DIRECTLY TOWARDS US.

you five minutes to clear out, or I'll make mincemeat of you and your boat too."

He turned round, and was taking a step towards the machine, when Campbell, who had grasped the situation, whipped out his revolver and covered him. I followed his example, for I saw at once that if this man got into his machine again he was safe, and we were at his mercy.

"Stop!" cried my mate. "Move a step, and we fire!"

The man stopped with a curse. Evidently he was alone, for he would otherwise have called for assistance.

"Now," said Campbell, "we are two to one, and we'll talk a bit. I suppose we have as much right to that coin as you, when all's said and done."

"There's no chance of any more meddling fellows like you coming knocking around?" he asked.

"Not the slightest."

"Very well, then," he said, in a different tone. "I've enough for you. Put your pistols away."

He advanced with his hand outstretched, and we returned our revolvers to their pouches as we shook hands with him.

"My name is Vowlson—what's yours?" asked the stranger.

"Mine's Beames," I replied, "and this is my partner, Campbell. We have a trepang fishing station on the inner edge of the Barrier."

"So that accounts for your coming here. I thought I had found one spot in the world where no one ever came fooling around, but it seems I made a mistake."

"We probably should not have come but for finding those chawed-up pieces of wood," returned Campbell.

"Well, now you're here, I suppose you can guess what I'm doing?"

"You've found an old wreck, I suppose?"

"Yes, and I'll find a good many more. If you like we'll sit down and I'll spin you the yarn about my doings, and then you can come a trip with me. I had a mate, but he's away at present. Would you like a drink? I suppose you have nothing with you?"

He arose and walked towards his machine. For a moment a suspicion of foul play darted through me, but I dismissed it at once. The man's manner was convincingly honest. No doubt he would have bounced us at first if he could; but, failing that, he now seemed to accept the situation. He ascended his machine, descended through the man-hole, and came back with a bottle of whisky, and we drank each other's health. Then we lit our pipes, and, sitting down on the dry sand, with the dim crescent moon illumining the scene, we listened to the following story, told to the accompaniment of the booming surf breaking on the outer edge.

VOWLSON'S STORY.

"I don't know what first turned my attention so much to submarine navigation, but it was for a long time an interesting study with me. By profession I'm an engineer, and always of an experimental bias. Perhaps things worked unconsciously, but one day there fell into my hands a work upon sunken wrecks containing treasure, with a list of those still known to be lying at the bottom of the sea in water too deep to work in. Then the idea got fast hold of me, and I began my experiments. I had not much difficulty in the construction of my design, but the motive power bothered me completely. Next I came across a chemist, and we worked together at the plans. He had money, and I had a little, and we kept at it until we succeeded in most of our purpose, but the motive power still baffled us. Suddenly Descrants came to me, and for the first time I saw him excited.

"'I have got the germ of the thing, and time will give me the remainder,' he said.

"He explained to me that the whole discovery had flashed across him when witnessing some blasting experiments with dynamite. What we wanted was a force or power that would be carried in a small compass, and yet be capable of generating an immense degree of strength. Now here was a cartridge of comparatively insignificant size, capable of rending and shattering the hardest rock. Could not that power be modified and made continuous, as it were? Descrants believed that it could, and persevered until he succeeded. That success was the final triumph of our invention.

"While Descrants had been pursuing his chemical work, I had been devoting myself to other things, and studying the history of the world of the last few centuries. I was getting on the track of lost treasure ships. I got on them too; a fresh lot altogether. I found out that there was, at one time, a good deal of traffic between the west coast of America and the Philippines in plate and treasure ships. Accident threw in my way some Spanish records on the subject, and I then found that quite a number of vessels had never reached Manila. What had become of them? I traced their tracks out over and over again on the map, and at last hit upon an idea that seemed to offer me a solution of their fate. If so many ships had been lost among the Pacific Islands, some traces of them had surely been found, often times. If they had been driven far south of their courses, where would they have come? Naturally on the

unknown east coast of the great Southland, or, to speak plainly, Australia. But the very part of the coast which they would have reached was guarded by the Great Barrier Reef. On this unseen and dangerous reef they would strike and founder, and under the Pacific waves at the bottom of the outer wall of reef there rested, I had no doubt, the remains of many a stout ship, and, what was more to the purpose, the treasures they had carried. I became entirely enamoured of the notion, and the more I thought of it the more I was convinced that this part of the world was the right one wherein to try our experiments.

"Now came the selection of an island—some seldom visited island—on which to build our machine, or rather, put it together. We found to the north-east of here one that suited our purpose admirably, being sparsely inhabited by only a few families of natives, as we afterwards found, who served us well as labourers. The machine was made in small sections, packed in cases, and conveyed to Thursday Island per steamer. Thence we chartered a schooner to the island in question, and then commenced to put it together. This work was not hard, for so many models had been made over and over again, that I was quite expert in all the details. It took us three or four months before our treasure-finder was finished."

The morn had dawned while Vowlson was speaking, and he invited us to come over and inspect the "lobster," as Campbell called it. The great marine monster stood on six legs, and had a cylindrical body 20ft. long, and 5ft. in diameter, made of corrugated aluminium bronze. There were two thicknesses of this, and between them was a space which formed the ballast tank for rising and falling. The thick glass bull's-eye port-holes, placed at intervals, glared like the eyes of some dead beast. At the top was another tank for air, which could be used for various purposes, but what attracted our attention most were the gigantic and formidable claws.

"With the power I possess," said Vowlson, "I can exert a pressure of hundreds of tons with these little nippers. I suppose you know what they are there for?"

"For tearing down the wrecks, I suppose."

"Yes. Once inside I cannot, of course, come out, but I can manipulate these claws as if they were my own hands; I can tear down and destroy anything, and crush it into powder." He patted the terrible claws affectionately, and then led us round the machine. "It is as strong as a mountain," he continued, for he was evidently quite in love with his invention. "Do you know what the pressure is down below there at the foot of the reef?"

"Pretty strong, I expect," replied Campbell.

"About 350lbs. per square inch. That's why we did not make our little beauty any larger, for it might be more comfortable inside than it is. Isn't it a daisy?" he said, falling back and gazing with delighted eyes at the grotesque-looking monster. It seemed to him a great relief to get somebody to talk to, and no wonder. It must have been pretty lonely down at the bottom of the reef.

"We'll have breakfast, and I'll finish my story. Then you can inspect the interior."

He seemed to have grown quite chatty and sociable by this time, and, climbing into his "daisy," soon got out a respectable meal of tinned stuff, and we made some coffee, and sat down and enjoyed it heartily, for Campbell and I had been faring pretty hard on the station.

"Where did I leave off?" said Vowlson, when he had finished. "Oh, just when we had completed the machine on the island. Well, we set to work experimenting, going down deeper and deeper each time, and found everything went like clockwork. So, being quite satisfied with the capabilities of our craft, we concealed the rest of our stores and things, and, making the natives understand that they were not to tell any white men who called about us or our belongings, we started for the Great Barrier Reef. I may as well tell you that, though the natives of that island worked well for us, as soon as the affair was finished, and they saw it move, deuce a one would come near it! It was calm weather, though that did not matter much, for we could always go down if it was rough, and we paddled along easily and comfortably, sometimes coming to the surface for a look round. Once we came up close to a steamer, and I bet there's a sea-serpent story going the rounds of the papers at present.

"In good time we sighted the Barrier, and, landing at a little islet, something like this, got our position, and prepared for business. It was a queer feeling for the first time going down alongside the coral wall—down, down, with our lights full on, flashing on all sides. At first we saw many kinds of fish, which were not at all scared by us, and once or twice a strange-looking object, whose nature we could not determine, peered in through the bull's-eyes. But when we got deeper all life seemed to vanish. I tell you it's a cold, dead world down there. The reef does not descend altogether vertically, but there are ledges covered with marine growth and other débris. At the bottom it was, to our astonishment, quite flat and unencumbered—white coral sand like this we're sitting on, smooth and hard, with no sea-growth of any sort. Turn our lights where we would, we saw no life of any kind. The

dead men who sank in doomed ships have a quiet residence there.

"At last we found our first wreck. She had settled down perfectly upright, and was apparently an old Spanish vessel, with the stumps of three masts still standing. Her decks had been swept clear of everything, and her bows were smashed and shattered by the force with which she had been hurled on the Barrier. We inspected her thoroughly, and after consultation determined on our mode of proceeding.

"First we attacked the high-decked poop, and very soon had that laid bare. Our claws, which I will show you at work presently, made short work of everything. It was not long before the inside of the poop was open to our view. There was nothing in it. Ornamentation and decoration, whatever there once had been, had long since disappeared. There was nothing there for us. We now commenced on the main deck, and ripped it up plank by plank until it was exposed to our inspection, and we there found a mass of stuff that had once been cargo of some sort, but now we could make nothing of it. At last we discovered where the plate and other coin were stored, and got out the kegs and barrels, when they were sound enough, for most of them had rotted and crumbled, and put them in a row on the bare sand. The plate, mostly coins and silver ingots, we found to have become firmly welded together, so that even when the kegs and barrels had dropped to pieces from age and decay we were just as well able to handle them. But you have seen those up there among the bushes, and will understand what I mean.

"Our next move, of course, was to come straight up to the surface, and find out if there was a safe place for the deposit of our treasure, for that is the one drawback that I don't see how to remedy just at present; namely, we could only bring to the surface two kegs at a time, holding them between the claws. We took two of the kegs, and ascended with them up and up until we reached the surface, and sprang out into the early morning, and never did I hail the day so gladly as when we extinguished our light and saw the sunbeams glinting on the water. It was calm, so, rising as high out of the water as we could, we opened the man-hole, and I scrambled out and stood on the top. What a blessed feeling it was to be in the upper world after that silent, lifeless one below! We both stood inhaling with pleasure the fresh sea air. The wall, as I told you, slopes outward in ledges, so we had come up some little distance from the Barrier, which was visible by the line of surf. No islet was in

AT LAST WE FOUND OUR FIRST WRECK.

sight, but due west I fancied I saw an opening. If so, that would suit us just as well, as we could deposit the treasure just inside the outer edge in the first shallow water we came to. I descended, and Descrants took my place, and confirmed me in my notion; so we re-covered the man-hole and paddled quietly for the entrance.

"It fully answered our expectations, much resembling this Pandora Passage here, but without any island, only the reef was bare in patches at low water.

"Without going into details, we got all our first lot of treasure up, and deposited it there, where I think it's pretty safe. Now before I go on with my story would you like to come and see the inside of my little daisy?"

We rose and followed him.

"This," said Vowlson, "is our propelling power both by land and sea—these legs. You see, they are spatula-shaped at the end, and on land we walk with them; at sea and under sea, swim with them. There are six, and though we don't attain, or want to attain, any great speed, as they all work independently, we can turn rapidly, or get into any position with ease. Now come inside."

Vowlson climbed in, and we followed. Of course we had to stoop, but otherwise there was room enough. But what astonished us was the smallness of the machinery used. This stood in what might be called the stern recess, and appeared to be simply three short, squat pistons, with a crank to each. From this a few pipes and wires ran round either side of the vessel to the recess forward, where was the machinery for working the enormous claws.

"You see," said Vowlson, "our motive power might be called modified nitro-glycerine. In this vessel is nitric acid; in this, which you see is somewhat larger, is an oily fluid, the nature of which I am not at liberty to mention, as it is the very essence of the discovery made by Descrants. These mingle slowly there at the bottom of the pistons, and explode just as slowly, driving the engine on much the same principle as a gas engine, only with this one, small as it looks, we can, if necessary, work up to 200 horse-power. We use hydraulic power to work the legs and nippers, and that is a small dynamo for our electric light. The breathing apparatus is simple—the one known as the Fleuss apparatus, and is merely caustic soda to absorb the hydrogen, and a cylinder of compressed oxygen. Now come forward, and see how the nippers work. You perhaps noticed, when you were looking at them from the outside, that the points were not alike. One is square, with an angular depression in it, the other pointed. That is to facilitate breaking articles small enough to grasp without troubling to put our full tearing power forth."

The machinery to work these enormous jaws seemed of the simplest—merely a kind of sliding lever. Where the shafts of the jaws came through the front part it was packed with hydraulic packing; so, too, were the legs. The interior was well padded, and furnished with racks instead of shelves.

"Now, will you have a ride round the island?" said Vowlson.

We agreed, and he went aft and started his machinery, which emitted nothing louder than a slight, continuous, crackling noise. The short, squat pistons rose and fell, then the legs began to move, and with a jolting sort of gait we made the circuit of the island. It was not very rough, and, sitting athwartships, with our backs fitting into the rounded sides, not particularly uncomfortable. When we stopped at our former position, Vowlson opened the man-hole and we got out again.

"Now," said Vowlson, "we'll have dinner. I'll finish my narrative up to date, and we'll have a chat about future proceedings. But first I'll give you a taste of something that many a man in Europe would pay for in gold, measured by drops. Wait for me."

He returned to the lobster, and brought another bottle and a wine-glass.

"Unfortunately I have but one glass; but this liquor must not be drunk out of tin, like common whisky. Once we found a cask in a wreck—a cask that was sound, and had resisted decay. When we brought it to the surface we discovered that it was full of wine. We broached the cask, and, after tasting it, filled some bottles to take with us. Now drink."

He poured out a glassful and handed it to me. Never had I tasted anything like it. The bloom and bouquet of a hundred vineyards was in it, the sunshine of a hundred summers. He refilled the glass, and handed it to Campbell.

"Man!" he said, when he had finished it. "Worth money, did you say? Why, that cask means molten gold once away from the Great Barrier!"

Vowlson laughed, and drank a glass himself. "Now for dinner," he said. "You're nice fishermen for the Great Barrier not to have some *bêche-de-mer* soup ready."

However, with the tinned stuff and some turtle we had with us, we made a very merry dinner party; and then we settled down under the shadow of the grim lobster, which was the only shade on the island, to hear the end of the yarn.

"After placing the proceeds of the first ship on the reef, we agreed that, as all our conclusions had turned out so correct, we must proceed in a more methodical manner. We decided to make a complete submarine survey of the foot of the reef first, and locate all the wrecks we met with, chart them, and then on the surface we could find the nearest point on which to land anything we found. Then, of course, it would be all straight-ahead work, and we could convey the stuff to Tiau Island, where we had put the machine, and call for it at our leisure.

"Down together we went again, and continued our search along the foot of the reef, systematically plotting it as we went. Somehow we never grew accustomed to crawling along the bottom of the sea in that lifeless region—it got on our nerves. With regard to wrecks, I may as well tell you we were working from north to south. We found three more—one, the one I'm working on here. About fifty miles south of this we sighted a fine ship, perfectly upright, with all her masts standing. We threw all the force of the dynamo into our light, and the great hulk of the ship stood out clear and distinct, the tall masts being lost aloft in the diminished glow. She had been a ship of the first class, high decks fore and aft, with port-holes, with the mouths of cannons still peering out, and bore no injury save the ragged rent in her bows that showed that, strong ship as she was, the rocks were stronger. It must have been fine weather when she dashed on to the unknown reef of the south, and sank immediately. We rose and alighted on the main deck, and turned the prow of the machine towards the entrance doors of the stately poop cabin. They were wide open, and as we stopped at the doorway and looked through the bull's-eyes our intense light lit up the whole of the interior, as though the lamps in the lofty cabin were all aglow.

THEY SAT AROUND THE TABLE IN THE STILLNESS OF THAT STAGNANT, SILENT SEA.

"As yet we had met no horrors; not a vestige of humanity had we seen in any of the foundered ships till now. There had been a gay party assembled at the table when that tall vessel suddenly sank to the bottom, and they sat there still. But their smiles had changed to grins, their fleshless bones alone (how held together I know not) remained of their once brave forms. There they sat around the table in the stillness of that

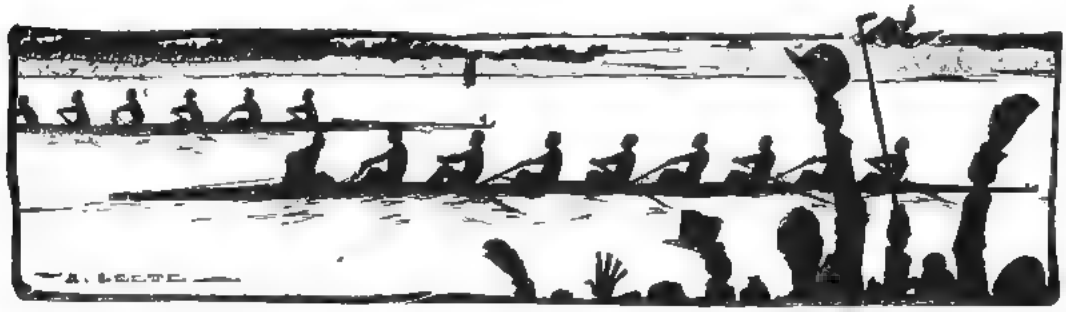
stagnant, silent sea, holding a high carousal that had lasted centuries. Fair women might have been once amongst them for aught we could tell; for all had gone but the grim white skeletons, some of which still wore slackened belts around their hips, in which were thrust the jewelled hilts of swords. At the head of the table sat one, erect and tall, evidently, in death as in life, the chief of that goodly company.

"We were kneeling side by side gazing intently through the glass bull's-eyes when Descrants gave a harsh, jarring laugh that sounded frightful in that spot. I looked at him, and he at me, and his eyes had a wild light in them. He moved backwards towards the man-hole, but I stopped him, demanding to know what he meant to do.

"'Why, go and join them! Don't you see they have been waiting for us ever so long?' he shouted. 'Come, help me force the man-hole up—it's not civil to keep them waiting any longer.'

"Then I knew what had happened. The long-continued strain of the invention, the weeks of wandering down in the sea without life or movement or sound had done their work on Descrants' high-strung nerves, and this unexpected scene of horror had upset his reason. I was alone in this cylinder, at the bottom of the sea, with an irresponsible madman."

(To be concluded.)



OUR LIBRARY CORNER.

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Love the Laggard. A Novel. By R. S. WARREN BELL. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

The Three Friends: A Story of Rugby in the Forties. By A. G. BUTLER, M.A. 3s. (Henry Froude.)

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Edward Barry. By LOUIS BECKE. 6s. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

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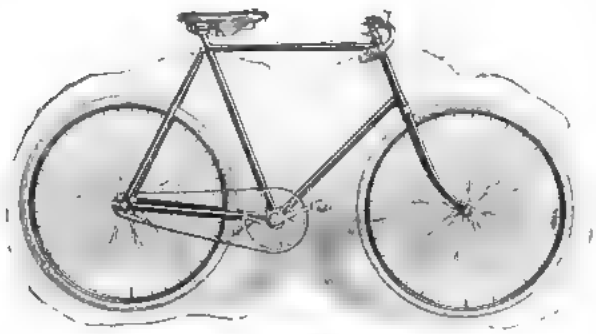
THE CYCLING CORNER

By HAYDON PERRY.

ON BUYING A MACHINE.

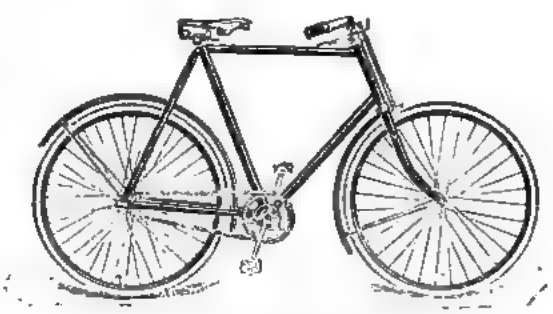
THERE are few matters on which the inexperienced are so likely to go wrong as upon the purchase of a machine. The novice has heard



THE SWIFT.

somewhere that a set of "parts" only costs £3, that So-and-so's tyres can be had for a sovereign, that the "Ride-hard" saddle can be bought for half-a-crown, and there you are! He argues to himself: Why give £20 for something that ought to be procurable at round-about £5? Put in this way there seems to be but one answer. He accordingly makes a purchase of something cheap and attractive looking, and guaranteed by a persuasive vendor to be "equal to a Beeston Humber." The machine is taken home bright and shining, is shown to admiring friends, and is then left to the quiet but searching ordeal of actual work upon the road. This kind of story, often as it is told, has usually the same sad ending. People will not learn by anyone's experience save their own, and so it comes about that the new mount, so affectionately regarded at first, soon becomes a cause of irritation, loss of temper, and waste of money in constant but futile repairs. It is only a fellow with a lot of money who can afford a cheap machine. That sounds like a paradox, but it is strictly true. It may be said of a bicycle, as of many other things, that the cheapest is the dearest in the end.

And yet it is equally true that there is no absolute need to spend £20 or more upon the purchase of a bicycle. If you can afford it, it is well to do so; but if your funds are more restricted you may still provide yourself with the means of following the freest and most glorious of pastimes. Some of the best firms have adapted themselves to the requirements of those who must have cheap machines or none at all. One of the pioneers in this matter was the company manufacturing the Swift Bicycle. The firm marketed the "Popular Swift" at about ten guineas, and now quite a number of other firms of the highest repute make similar cheap mounts for such of



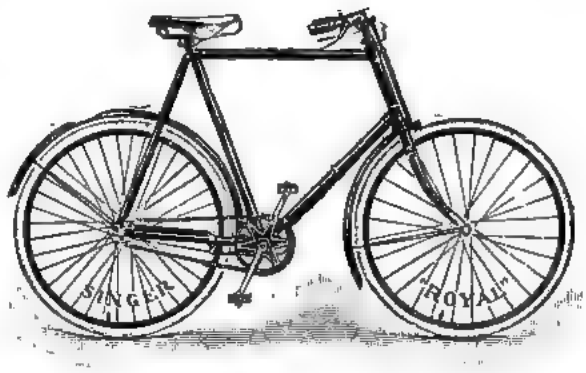
NEW PREMIER POPULAR.

their clients as need them. It is not to be imagined that these machines are equal to the better-class mounts made by the respective

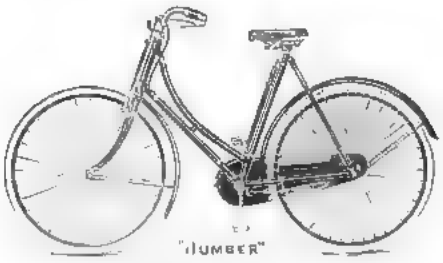
manufacturers, but they are good all the same, and in buying them the purchaser not only gets something that he may rely upon, but he gets something with a name as well. That is a point which I cannot pass by without emphasising it. A great reputation is the most valuable asset that a cycle builder can have, and it is to be presumed that he will spare no pains to guard it from any possible injury. It is true that you "pay for the name," as the saying goes, but as one who has ridden machines at all sorts of prices, and by makers great and small, I hold that a name is worth paying for, and I always buy a name now along with my machine.

The name is of use and of value in more ways than one. First of all it is a guarantee that good materials and good workmanship are both embodied in the machine. If anything goes wrong, which with fair usage ought not to go wrong, your maker of repute will in most cases be only too glad to set it right again at his own cost, and this, of course, for his credit's sake. The smaller his reputation the less inducement has he to go out of his way to protect it; the greater it is the greater the inducement. Then, again, when the mount has to be parted with to make room for a new one, the second-hand price it will bring will be sure to be much higher if the machine bears a good name. From all this you will gather that if you have £20 or upwards to spend upon a bicycle you will do well to have the very best. If, on the other hand, you are not so fortunate, it is better to go to a really good maker and buy something second grade than to buy the best that is offered you by a maker of cheap goods who is little known. Outward appearance is usually a very imperfect guide, for the bad maker often follows the best designs as regards mere form, and he sometimes spends a good deal upon external finish. It is the working parts, which are out of sight, that are of real consequence. If these are good, and properly adjusted, the machine will do its work; if not, there will be disaster.

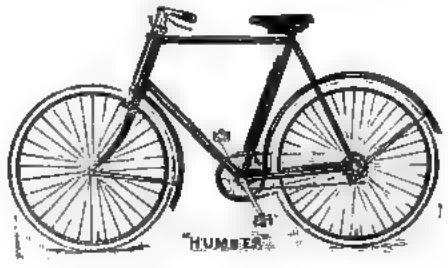
I lay it down, therefore, as a general principle that the world-renowned maker is the one who will serve you best. There is a favourite argument in use by those who differ from this view which runs somewhat in this way: The small maker has no costly advertising to keep up; and not being hampered



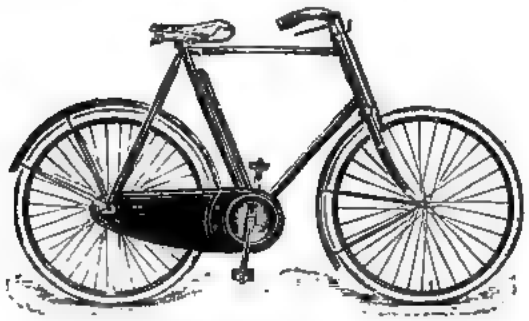
ROYAL SINGER.



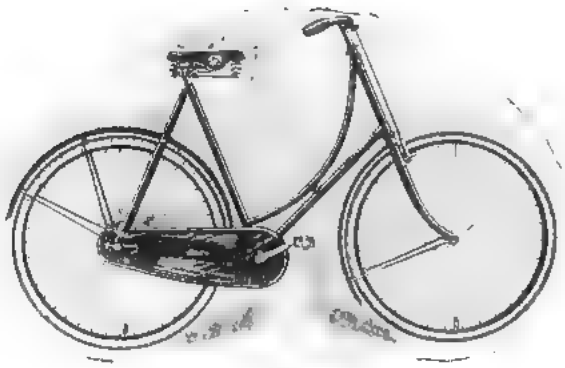
A LADY'S MOUNT.—HUMBER.



THE HUMBER.



NEW PREMIER ROYAL.



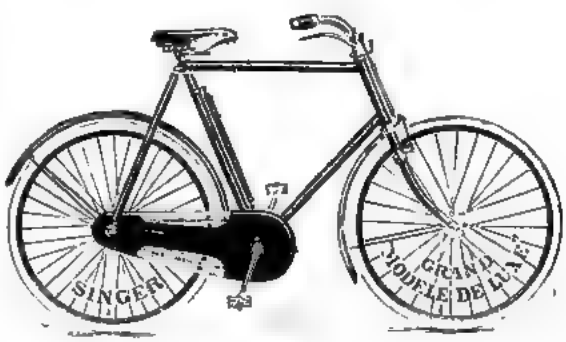
A GIRL'S SWIFT.

by this constant and heavy drain upon his resources he has no need to put a "loading" upon the price of his machines in order to compensate himself. That is true as far as it goes, but of all the machines I have ever known hardly any have been really high class, and yet unadvertised and unknown save to the little circle of customers of the men who made them. All the great firms are extensive advertisers, and this, if you come to consider it, is a real protection to the public, because, having spent so much money merely upon a name, it is not worth any firm's while to take advantage of you by treating you in such a way as to jeopardize what I have already described as its most precious asset. The difference between their wares and those of the firms without a reputation to lose is sometimes as great as that

ENLARGEMENT SHOWING THE TUBING EMPLOYED IN MAKING PREMIER FRAMES.

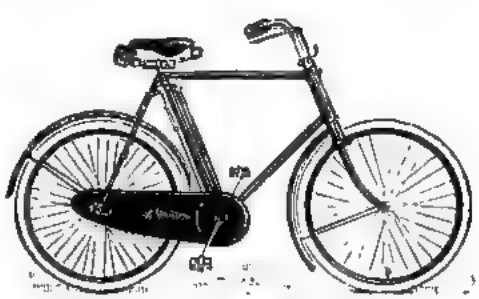
between an Enfield rifle and a popgun. That this should be so is due to the fact that almost every one of the hundreds of parts of which a bicycle is constructed may be bought or made at widely varying costs, the best being worth, in some cases, several hundreds per cent. more than the worst. The builder of high-class machines will see that his materials are of the best; but the maker with no reputation to maintain may be tempted to depart from this course

The makers of the "Swift" were, as I have said, a pioneer firm in producing a good mount at a comparatively low price. At first everybody wondered how it was possible to turn out a really trustworthy bicycle at ten guineas or thereabouts; but the thing was done, and done successfully. I watched the behaviour of one of the first "Popular Swifts," as they were called, and kept a note of its history through three long summers. It was ridden by a friend of mine, a keen sportsman, and an old contributor to our contemporary, the *Field*, and all I can say is that we could both give it a good character at the end of that time. There are plenty of other firms about whom similar praise could truthfully be written. It is the general thing in these days for a great firm to catalogue second-grade as well as first-grade mounts. If, on the one hand, there is less profit on them, the popularity of the price, on the other, tends to greatly widen the circle of customers, and so the makers benefit by



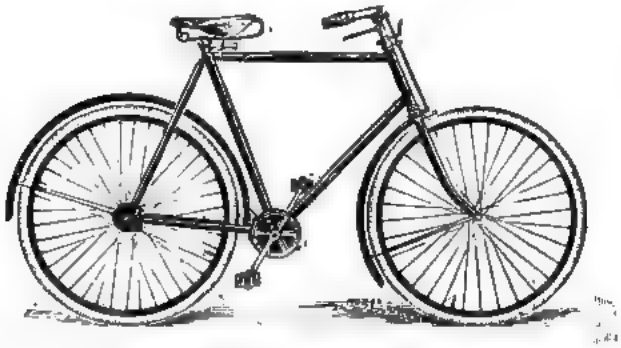
SINGER GRAND "MODELE DE LUXE."

an increased turnover. In naming firms whose wares may be relied on, it must not be supposed that I in any way exhaust the list, nor must it be presumed that there is anything in the order in which I name them; but for the guidance of those who are contemplating the purchase of a summer mount, I



A SUNBEAM WITH THE LITTLE OIL-BATH.

may say that, so far as my experience goes, the words Raleigh, Rover, Rudge-Whitworth, Referee, Premier, Elswick, Excelsior, Triumph, Singer, Centaur, Bradbury, Lea-Francis, and Royal Enfield are all hall-marks. Then there



QUADRANT LIGHT ROADSTER.—QUADRANT CYCLE COMPANY.

is the Humber Company, to whose predecessors we are all indebted for having led the way in perfecting the early bicycle. The "First-grade" Humber and the Coventry Humber will prove serviceable mounts to such as cannot afford to order one of the famous Beestons. The Quadrant Company deserve special mention as having been not only bicycle makers, but as having kept a foremost place as builders of tricycles for a long series of years. Finally, a rough list, however imperfect, should not omit mention of the Sunbeam, a machine which not only embodies the most careful work and the best of materials, but to whose builders we owe the development of the art of gear-case fitting. Of course all my recommendations apply with at least equal force to second-hand as to new machines. If the sum at disposal is less than £10 or £12, it is unwise to buy a new machine at all, unless, of course, it is a juvenile mount. With this proviso, the better plan is to spend the money in buying an old machine that, chipped and battered though it be, bears a great name, and has been a good thing in its day. My first three machines were all of this description, for I was never overburdened with pocket-money. But I toured with the greatest enjoyment, all through a long summer holiday, from one end of England to the other on an old crock in which I had invested my all—which I happen to remember amounted to £6 10s. Nowadays better mounts can be picked up for less money, and, roundly speaking, the joys of cycling may be said to be within the reach of all.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. C. A. (Newport, Mon.).—There is no best make. The foregoing article will serve to guide you. Any of the firms named will deal straightforwardly with you, and amongst them you will be readily able to suit yourself as regards price. **"P. K."** (Evesham).—You also are practically answered on most points by the above. Cornish roads are certainly very different from those in your own locality, and I shouldn't hesitate to take a new machine over them if I happened to have one. I think it better to buy a new one if you have money enough, but if not, a good strong second-hand one should easily be found at something between £5 and £8. Prices vary very much in different districts according to all sorts of local circumstances. I don't think I should try to buy through the paper you name. It is best to actually see the machine, and if you know little about bicycles take a friend who is better skilled with you. Unless you are of extremely light weight you should have a full roadster for such an expedition. **"Tourist"** (Oswaldtwistle).—Write to the secretary at 47, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W. He will forward you an application form to fill up. If you have any friend who is a member you should get him or her to propose you. If not, I dare say the secretary, when the circumstance is explained to him, will propose you himself. Your name will be printed in the list of candidates in the club's official organ for the ensuing month, and in the ordinary course you will become a member the month following. You must send 6s. with your application, and after that the fee for renewal will be 5s. per annum. You can spend as much more with the club as you like, by buying any of the numerous useful books and other articles with which they are prepared to supply you, but all it need really cost you is that 5s. a year.

MODEL D—ENFIELD CYCLE COMPANY.

THE TIGER-TREE

BY E COCKBURN REYNOLDS

Illustrated by the Author.

In telling you of the wonderful powers possessed by Jungly the bird-catcher, and his faculty for understanding the language of bird and beast in the jungle, I mentioned that he could at times feel the presence of living things that were entirely hidden from his sight. In the following narrative he exercised this extraordinary gift of his, and by its means frustrated, over and over again, the diabolical cunning of a revengeful tiger, which hunted my friend night after night, and he thus prevented for a long time the tragic ending which came to this strange hunt.

I was spending a month with Gorman, a timber contractor, who was out in the jungles felling trees for railway sleepers. The forest, which had never been shot over, teemed with animal life in great variety. With the assistance of Jungly I was making a splendid collection of rare skins of bird and beast.

We breakfasted daily in the open air outside the mud hut, which was called by courtesy a bungalow, and after that strolled through the forest in the direction Gorman thought he would find suitable timber. My friend was usually accompanied by the jemadar, or head gangsman, and a coolie with a pot of red paint, with which he made a large red cross on the bark of the trees he wanted cut down. He marked off half a dozen such trees in a morning's walk, and these the gangs of coolies felled during the day. The timber was then floated down the river to a railway station some sixty miles away, from whence it was taken to the timber yards to be sawn into sleepers.

One morning Gorman had put his red cross on an unusually fine teak tree, and was still contemplating with much satisfaction this magnificent piece of timber, when Jungly, coming up, said:—

"Do not touch that tree, sahib, on any account, else you will rue it."

"Why not?" asked my friend, in some surprise.

"The man who cuts that tree down has but a few days to live," answered Jungly, sententiously.

Gorman, to whom Jungly had always been something of a mystery, was rather annoyed, especially as, at this juncture, several of the wood-cutters came up, and were listening eagerly to what Jungly was saying.

"Now don't you put any of your superstitious nonsense into the heads of my coolies," he said hotly. "It would be a fine thing if they wanted to know whether every tree was lucky or unlucky before they would touch it. I might just as well shut up shop and disband my gangs as let this sort of thing creep in."

"It is not a matter of luck this time, sahib," answered Jungly, quietly. "This tree belongs to a tiger, and it will never fail to kill the man who cuts it down."

Gorman laughed scornfully to hide the passion he was struggling with.

"How do you know it belongs to a tiger?" I asked, rather amused at the notion of tigers possessing property.

"Come nearer and you will see," he replied.

We approached within a few feet of the trunk, and Jungly pointed out some long ripping cuts on the bark.

"These are the scars made by the tiger's claws," he said. "This is the one tree of the forest on which he sharpens his talons. Look close, and you will see that he has used it for years."

We now examined the bark, and found it was raked over with a network of scratches extending some 9ft. up the trunk, some but a few days old, while others were almost obliterated by age. I was much interested in this strange discovery, but Gorman was not so impressionable.

"I don't care whether it belongs to a tiger, monkey or blue-jay," he said. "I intend to cut it down anyhow. Here, jemadar," he added, "let me see you start this job before I go on." And he proceeded to fill and light his pipe.

But the jemadar, deferential and ready to please as he always was, remained silent and hung back.

"What! Are you also afraid the spirit of the tiger is watching to see which man damages his property?" said Gorman in a bantering tone, "so that he may put down his name for future punishment. And you know there is not a man-eater anywhere in the district, or we should have heard of him long ago!"

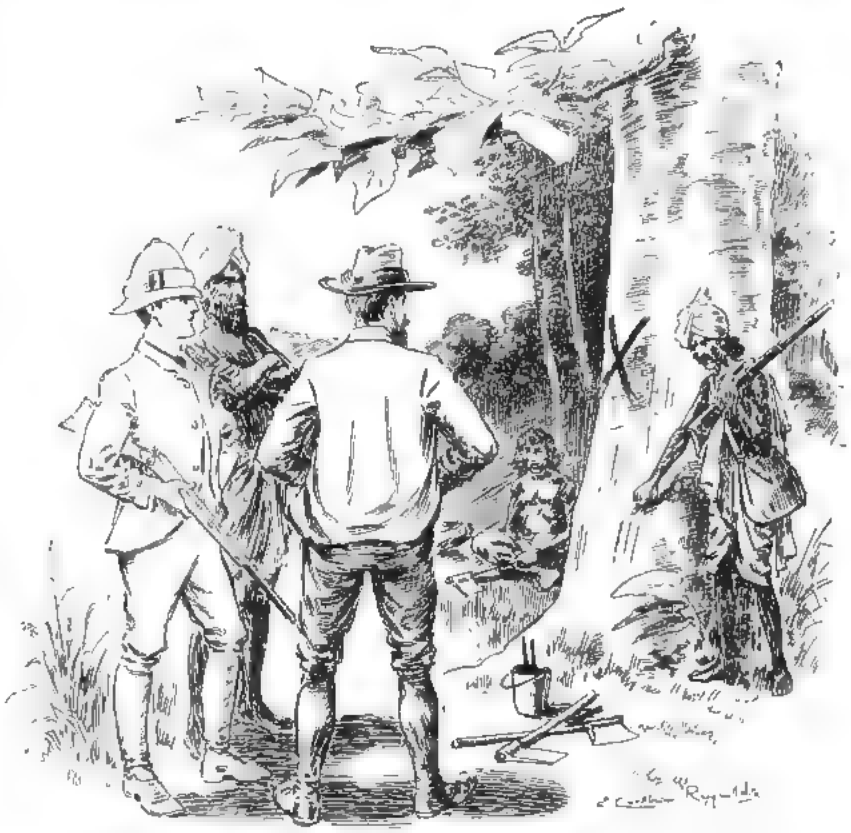
The jemadar came forward with joined palms. "I, too, protector of the poor, have heard bad talk of the tiger-trees, and none of my wood-cutters will touch them, for such tigers are not animals, but evil spirits in disguise—and who can war with devils?"

"What!" stormed Gorman, "am I to allow a childish superstition to deprive me of a tree containing double the usual number of sleepers, when good teak is getting scarce in this jungle? I'll give five rupees to the man who starts cutting the tree down."

But even this tempting bribe had no effect on the coolies, who huddled together and cast timid glances up into the thick foliage of the tree, as if its broad leaves might possibly conceal a tiger.

But if the coolies were obstinate my friend was even more so, and taking up an axe he advanced to the tree saying:—

"Very good! I'll take the responsibility of destroying the tiger's tree; you fools and cowards may look on."



"THIS TREE BELONGS TO A TIGER, AND IT WILL NEVER FAIL TO KILL THE MAN WHO CUTS IT DOWN."

And turning up his shirt-sleeves he set to work with tremendous energy to cut the tree down. The jungle rang with the sound of his blows, and the chips flew in an incessant shower. But the unaccustomed exertion soon fagged him out, and he was obliged to pause for breath. Then the jemadar (his foreman) came forward and said:—

"The sahib has put us all to shame; I, at least, will not let him work like a coolie."

And taking the axe the jemadar, with swift

skilful strokes, proceeded with the task. After a few moments one of the coolies came to his aid, but the others hung back, and these two eventually felled the tree unaided.

After this little episode Jungly and I strolled off.

"Do all tigers have a tree of this sort?" I asked him

"No, sahib," he answered. "Most tigers are constantly changing their hunting ground, and therefore have not this affection for a particular tree. One like this is very rare, and when found is generally hidden in the deepest part of the jungle. He is very jealous of it, and will often kill an animal he finds resting in its shade which he would ignore on another occasion."

"Do you think the tiger will kill Gorman and the men who cut the tree down?" I asked.

"He will try, sahib, I have no doubt, though he be no man-eater," Jungly answered.

"But how could it know who cut the tree down if it did not see?"

"Sahib, the ways of the jungle are not the ways of the city, and there is sight among the jungle folk which depends not upon eyes. I make no doubt but that the tiger in his cave miles away sees this thing as plainly as if he were on the spot. But why do I talk thus, sahib, when you will not believe without proof?—but wait, and you will see."

After our day's hunt, during which I secured a fine specimen of the fruit bat, or flying fox, and a snow-white specimen of the black gibbon ape—this, of course, being an albino—we turned homewards. On our way we caught up the coolie gangs returning from the day's work.

Gorman had gone on a little way ahead.

"Sahib!" said Jungly to me, "Gorman sahib has no gun with him. Let us hurry on, for he may need our protection shortly."

"Why do you think so?" I asked.

"I can feel danger threatening us," he replied vaguely.

Giving Jungly my shot-gun I took from him the ·450 express he was carrying loaded with Mead's explosive shell. We put on pace, and were soon at Gorman's side.

"We have cut the tiger tree down after all," he said, with a laugh, "and up to the present there have been no casualties."

"Don't you think you were needlessly obstinate about it?" I ventured. "Why not respect the prejudices of your people in such matters?"

"My dear fellow," he replied, "it was a matter of principle. How do you think I, a solitary white, a hundred miles from the nearest civilized station, dare to place my life in the hands of these natives, many of whom are professional thieves, were it not for the mental impression I create? They could murder me with impunity and no one would hear of it; while the few hundred rupees which they know I carry would prove magnificent loot to them. The first time they see I can be cowed by their ghosts or devils my power over them ceases, and it will be a bad look-out for me."

We now entered a nullah, or ravine, with high precipitous sides clothed with long grass and jungle, along the dried bed of a watercourse, at the bottom of which our road lay. By this time it had grown quite dark.

The Doré-like gorge, gloomy and black, seemed a fit situation for the tragedy which followed.

We had grown silent. A foreboding of coming danger had seized me in some unaccountable way, and was increased when Jungly said:—

"Sahibs! Be prepared! The tiger is waiting for us close by!"

"Can you see it?" I asked.

"No," he answered. "I feel it is there."

Gorman gave a short laugh. But laugh as he might, I had already felt the hidden danger, although I knew not what it was, and I believed Jungly.

Nevertheless Gorman took the smooth-bore from Jungly, into which I had slipped a ball-cartridge, and we walked steadily on. Not a sound was heard save the pattering of naked feet as the coolie gangs followed us through the gloomy ravine.

After a few minutes I ventured to ask Jungly:—

"Have we passed the danger?"

"*We* have," was the reply, "but there are others to follow."

He had scarcely spoken when there was a cry of "*Bagh! Bagh!*" ("Tiger! Tiger!") and the gangs of coolies stampeded past us, mad with terror.

There was also another cry—the cry of a strong man in his death agony.

We hurried back towards the sound, and somewhere in the dark ahead of us we heard the stones roll down the sides of the nullah. And suddenly up against the sky the form of a tiger stood out in black silhouette. His head was held high, and in his jaws he bore the lifeless form of a man. It was but a second's glimpse we had, and before I could throw forward my rifle he had disappeared over the ridge.

We had no torches with us, not even a match; and we were compelled to leave the tiger to its gruesome feast, making our way home sadly, and wondering which of the coolies had met with this awful fate.

Arrived at the bungalow, Gorman called the roll, but all the coolies were present. Then someone exclaimed:—

"The jemadar! Where is he?"

We shouted and called, but there was no

answer; and yet some had spoken to him on entering the nullah.

"Poor fellow!" said Gorman. "I am afraid he is the victim."

"Ah, sahib!" said one of the wood-cutters, "if you had taken Jungly's advice about the tiger tree this would never have happened."

"The tiger tree!" exclaimed Gorman, "I had forgotten all about that—but no, it couldn't have anything to do with this matter."

All doubt that the victim was the jemadar was removed next morning when his dead body was found not far from the spot. The tiger had not eaten a mouthful. Expecting that it would return on the following night to feed on the corpse, we constructed a machan, or platform, in the branches of a tree near by, and sat up with our rifles for two consecutive nights, but the tiger, apparently satisfied with its vengeance, put in no appearance.

Next day we determined to hunt the tiger, and, Jungly having tracked it to a very dense part of the forest, we placed our coolies in a half-moon formation round the place, with instructions to beat towards us. We then took up our position in a tree commanding the path he would most probably take, but the tiger sneaked away through a nullah covered with matted creepers and long sword grass, and disappointed us.

We were having very warm nights just then, and the coolies preferred sleeping outside the sheds erected for them.

About five days after the death of the jemadar we were just retiring to rest when there was a cry of "*Bagh! Bagh!*" from the coolies' quarters. We snatched up our rifles, and ran to the spot to find the coolies in a state of panic. A large tiger had sprung into their midst, and, crossing several of the sleepers, had deliberately singled out one of their number and carried him away. It was hard to say who it was, as there were some fifty or sixty coolies altogether. Gorman went over the list of names, and found that Ram Baksh was the victim.

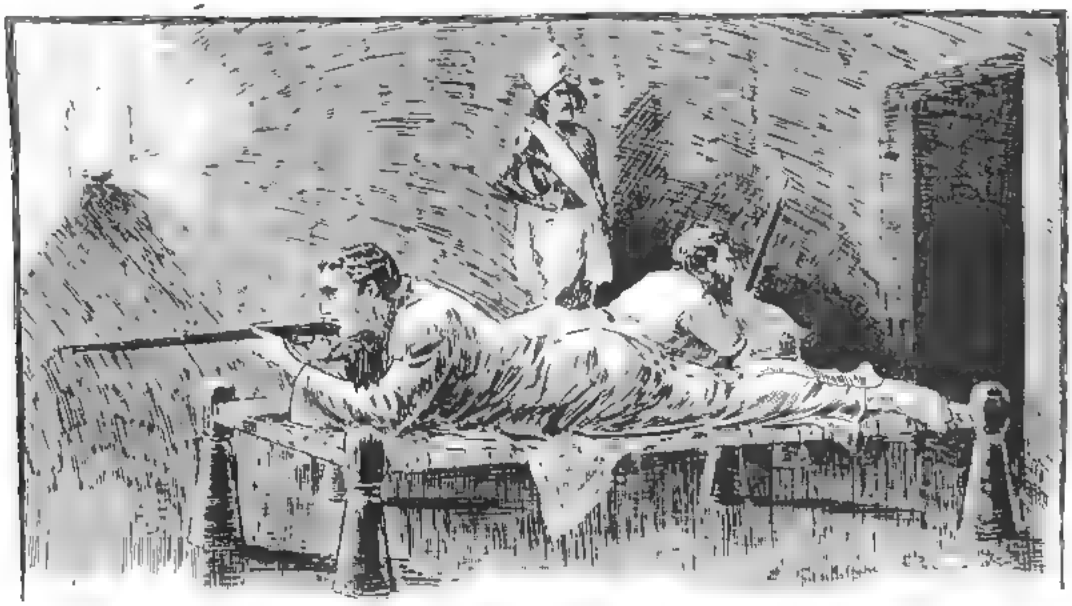
THE TIGER STOOD IN BLACK SILHOUETTE AGAINST THE SKY.

"See, sahib!" cried several in a breath. "Ram Baksh also at your bidding helped to cut the tiger tree down. Now will the sahib believe?"

And Gorman no longer scoffed in the face of such evidence, but in the flickering light of the torch his face looked white and haggard.

After this followed a period of the most painful suspense I have ever experienced. The tiger, having carried off its first two victims successfully, now commenced to hunt the third.

Our bungalow was only a one-roomed hut with a door at each end. Although we slept inside we were obliged to keep the doors open, as otherwise it grew most oppressively hot and close. Our two



I HAD MY RIFLE POINTED AT ONE DOOR, WHILE GORMAN WATCHED THE OTHER.

charpoys, or string beds, were placed side by side, while Jungly slept with his blanket spread on the floor between us. I kept Jungly in the hut with us, as I thought his strange magnetic temperament would enable him to know when the tiger was lurking outside; and I was not wrong.

One night we had hardly lain down on our charpoys when Jungly started up from his blanket and exclaimed:—

"Sahib! He comes! The tiger is outside!"

Immediately sleep forsook our eyelids, and, grasping our rifles, with every nerve on the stretch, we strove to penetrate the veil of darkness round the hut, but we could see nothing. The silence was oppressive, and endured so long that we both thought Jungly was mistaken. Suddenly the snapping of a twig made us start, and a soft crunch, crunch, of dead leaves told us that Jungly was right, and that our implacable foe was stealthily creeping round the hut and watching for an opportunity to seize his next victim.

I lay on my bed with my rifle pointed at one door, while Gorman watched the other. A charag, which is a tiny earthenware saucer filled with oil with a wick of cotton wool, just gave forth enough light to have shown us any animal entering the room. After watching for about an hour, I asked Jungly:—

"Is he still there?"

"Yes, sahib," was his reply.

Slowly the hours dragged on. That night of fear seemed never-ending. The charag flickered and went out, and left us in total darkness. The strain on the nerves was intense. At intervals of an hour or so apart one of us used to ask:—

"Jungly, is he still there?"

"He is still there," was the unvarying answer.

How we longed that either morning or the tiger would make its appearance! But the latter seemed to know its unseen presence was torture enough, for it never showed itself. And just as the black sky above changed to an indigo blue, Jungly said, with a sigh of relief:—

"He is gone, sahib! Now take your rest while you may, for to-morrow night he will return again."

Worn out with the tremendous nervous strain, we slept till the sun was high in the heavens.

The following night I suggested to Gorman that we should light large wood fires outside the hut to scare off the tiger, but he was afraid the dry jungle might catch fire.

The second night was a repetition of the first, except that the tiger varied its monotony by advancing several times close to the doors of the hut and then again retiring to the shelter of the jungle. This was a great deal more trying. Jungly kept us informed of its movements as he felt the tiger coming closer and closer, and he consequently worked us up into a great pitch of excitement, only to be disappointed as the animal again crept away.

On one of these occasions, when Jungly had felt the tiger approach the door, there was suddenly a loud humming purr, a truly ventriloquial sound, which seemed to come from every point of the

compass at once, and Gorman, unable to command himself, had rushed out and banged away at some shadow, without, however, scaring the tiger from our neighbourhood.

And thus the tiger continued to hunt Gorman for nearly a week. There were coolies in plenty sleeping in open sheds not fifty yards from the house, but the tiger had made up its mind as to its next victim.

"If it rushed in among the coolies, why does it not rush into our hut?" I asked Jungly.

"You must know, sahib, that all wild animals think a house is a trap of some sort," he replied, "but it will take confidence yet and come."

This was reassuring for poor Gorman, who had become, through anxiety, quite haggard and nervous, with a haunted look in his eyes.

It was our extreme watchfulness, however, that had chiefly frustrated the aims of the tiger. I need hardly say that we were very grateful to Jungly, for had it not been for the miraculous powers he possessed, the drama would have terminated long before it did.

Words fail entirely to express the weird, uncanny feeling we used to experience as, in the thick darkness, Jungly's voice followed the movements of the invisible animal, thus:—

"Sahib! The tiger has left the cover of the jungle—it is approaching the hut—he comes nearer—and nearer—he has stopped—again he moves—coming closer—closer—closer—he is near the door."

This sort of thing gradually worked me into such a state of excitement that at these times I almost fancied I could feel the invisible presence of the tiger myself, as he drew nearer and nearer.

"Do you feel the presence of all animals alike?" I asked Jungly once.

"No, sahib," he replied, "only those that are dangerous to man. The tiger I feel most, the leopard next, and even the wolf or a snake I am conscious of. Other things do not affect me."

After four or five nights of anxious watchfulness, Gorman consented to have two large fires lit outside the hut, and, taking our watches in turns, we slept for the first time untroubled, as the fires had evidently frightened the tiger away.

I DROPPED ON ONE KNEE AND FIRED.

The second night he had not turned up by one o'clock, by which time my watch was over, and, leaving Gorman to watch, I soon dozed off.

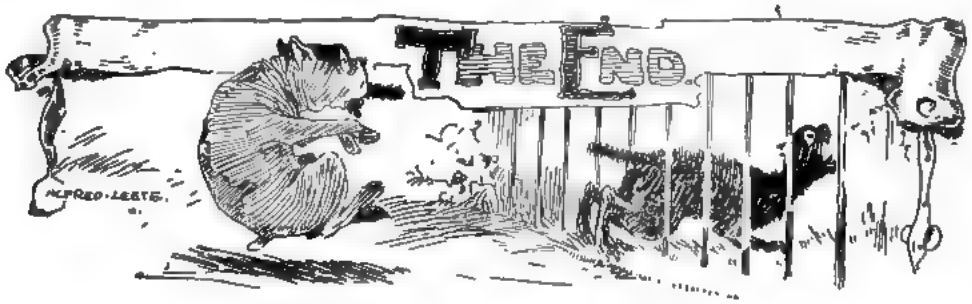
I must have slept pretty soundly when I was awakened by Jungly shouting "*Bagh! Sahib ko mardia!*" ("The tiger has killed the sahib!"), and, springing up, I was just in time to see the tiger dragging away my poor friend, and disappearing out of the circle of light cast by the fire. Snatching up my rifle, I ran after the brute as I was, with bare feet and in my pyjama suit, and Jungly, taking a torch from the fire, followed. The tiger, encumbered with his heavy burden, could not move very fast, and we soon caught him up. Seeing he could not escape us he dropped the body and

turned to fight, and though at that moment my mind was full of fear and anxiety, I could not help admiring the savage brute as he defiantly bestrode the body of poor Gorman: his painted hide and lashing tail looked splendid in the torchlight against the background of gloomy jungle.

Quivering with excitement, I dropped on one knee to steady my aim, and fired. The next instant the tiger sank into a crouching attitude over the body beneath him. A novice might have thought that he had missed his mark, but I knew from previous experience that simultaneous slackening of the joints was produced by a bullet through the brain.

Gorman was not dead, though his arm and shoulder were severely lacerated, but it was many months before he quite recovered from the mauling.

On the walls of his study, among numerous trophies of the chase, hangs the famous tiger-skin, and Gorman, extended all his length on a bamboo lounge, surveys it with satisfaction as, between long cooling sucks at his hookah, comes back to him the memory of that strange hunting and the tiger tree.



A VISIT TO POMPEII.

RUINS of Pompeii are far more interesting than those of Rome; perhaps because they show us more of the home life of the people than of the lives of a few great men, who seem far away and unreal to nineteenth century travellers and readers. The visitor is taken through the streets and forum by an official having so slight a knowledge of English that much fun and blundering arise from the vain attempt at mutual comprehension. The streets were exactly as they looked on that terrible day of destruction; very similar to the side streets of modern Naples. On either side were the shops, easily distinguished by trade-signs, as wine shops, grain shops, etc. In the narrow roadway were the cart-ruts worn by the chariots of two thousand years ago. Here and there was a fountain in a very good state of preservation. In some cases the stairs leading to the second storeys were intact, and one or two upper windows. The decoration of the walls—such a characteristic of Pompeii—was still to be seen, here and there the subjects of paintings being easily discernible. The baths perhaps were most complete, one roof being intact. There were swimming baths with niches for clothes, and the Turkish bath. The plan of the old Roman house was quite plainly seen in many of the homes there; especially interesting was the atrium, or open court, with its fountain and doorways leading to the small apartments beyond. The forum was a fine open place, with several important buildings close by—such as the temples of Apollo, Jupiter, and Mercury. On either side of one street were the tombs of citizens, much as they are to be seen in the Appian Way.

Many valuable and perishable relics have been removed to Naples Museum; but there was a small building on the spot full of interesting and sad treasures. In one glass case was some bread, just the shape of the cakes sold in the side streets of Naples now, and in another were remnants of clothing found during excavation. Saddest of all were bodies in various postures showing the agonies the victims endured. Two thousand are supposed to have perished and to have been buried beneath the lava and ashes.

The work of excavation continues; yet at the present rate another fifty years must elapse before its completion.

E. R. SIMMONS.

THE LADY BURGLAR.

From the "Alperton Hall Magazine."

IT was the head-master's wife who first made the harrowing discovery that a thief had undoubtedly been prowling round her drawing-room. One of the windows was open; a plant on a stand near the window had been knocked over; the flowers in the vase outside were crushed flat; there was mud on the carpet; and the door leading from the drawing-room to the conservatory was wide open. The alarm was given, and a hurried examination revealed the fact that certain ornaments, mostly Indian treasures, were missing. A thrill of real excitement ran through the house, and while a messenger was despatched for the police, the A.H. staff of amateur detectives crept round in an awestruck manner, evidently expecting to find a desperate character armed with a loaded revolver concealed under a table; the muddy footmarks were eagerly examined; and when somebody discovered a *hair-pin* on the carpet, the theory of a "lady burglar" was first mooted—and, of course, scorned, though it afterwards proved to be the right one.

Nothing is so captivating to the average schoolboy's mind as a burglary—unless it be a burglary spiced with murder—and every boy was so excited over this particular one, in his very own school, that he was ready to see a housebreaker in every honest person he met near the house. No small wonder then that, on the day after the event, two of the fellows had their suspicions aroused when they saw an "old woman" (as one of them afterwards informed the magistrates), clothed in uncanonical garments, crouching under a hedge near the football field, and furtively scrutinising a mysterious parcel. News of this reaching the Head, he deputed them to keep the "old woman" under observation, while he himself prepared to take up the chase. The cook, an embryo female Sherlock, in a fever of excitement, asked for, and was accorded, permission to go upon the war-path too. She was shortly seen returning like a point-to-point steeplechaser over the fences, swinging her arms, shouting and gesticulating wildly, giving the Head to understand that they had tracked down the fair and burly robber to her den—a cattle-shed in a field at the rear of the house—gloriously arrayed in the very leopard skin taken from the drawing-room, and but little else.

There the Head discovered her—cold, wet, shivering, dazed, and hungry, for she had lain all night under a hedge in the cold rain, clad in one short petticoat and a shawl, *plus* the stolen skin. The "old woman" turned out to be a stalwart, strongly-built person of twenty-three years. After first providing her with a sack to help to warm her, cook was despatched to the house for a warm skirt and jacket, hot cocoa, and bread and butter, wherewith to comfort and sustain the lady burglar, while the others went for a policeman. Then, having quickly disrobed and rerobed, she was handed over to two constables and marched off to Harrow police-station, where the Head formally charged her before the magistrate. This worthy gentleman caused much ill-suppressed merriment by accusing the prisoner of having stolen, among other things, a "shepherd's skin.'

The next act in the drama was played at the Edgware Sessions, where formal evidence was tendered before the Bench, and the prisoner was remanded to Holloway Gaol, pending her trial at the Old Bailey. The prisoner, on her way back to Holloway, coolly asked the Head for a cigarette, a request that was gallantly granted.

The curtain was next rung up at the Old Bailey, where, after two days hanging about this ghastly place, in draughty corridors, stuffy rooms, amongst thieves' pals, police, and other prosecutors and witnesses, the case was at last brought before Sir Forrest Fulton and twelve good men and true, who did not take long to award the lady burglar three months "hard," with which sentence the fair prisoner seemed highly delighted, as she was expecting just double that amount. The Head was allowed third-class fare for himself and witnesses (they travelled first-class) and the handsome remuneration of 3s. 6d. a day. So the next time a burglary is perpetrated here, and the thief caught, not only will he be regaled and clothed, but a money present will be given him to clear off sharp before the constabulary arrive.

Good old Middlesex police! How they searched the hedge for hidden treasure, and found nothing, while our amateur 'tecs in five minutes discovered all the swag, excepting a gold and topaz seal.

A TERRIBLE NIGHT OFF LABRADOR

By W. Murray Graydon

Illustrated by Geo. Morrow.

AFTER a long and tiresome railway journey from Florida, where he had been knocking about for a couple of months among alligators and panthers, Matthew Quin reached New York one morning in the late autumn. A cab took him straight from the ferry-slip to Hamrach & Company's branch house in Park Row, where he was handed a letter from his employers, dated in London eight days before, instructing him to go to Newfoundland and purchase a cargo of live seals for shipment to England. With the aid of train and steamer time-cards, Farnum, the American manager, promptly settled on the best itinerary.

"There you are—the connections are perfect," he said. "You'll have to start to-morrow morning; which is all the better, for the winter has already set in up there in the north. By-the-bye, keep your eyes open for south-bound whaling-vessels, and don't miss a chance of boarding any of them. It's possible that you can get hold of a polar bear or two, caught in the Arctic regions by the sailors."

"Are they as scarce as they were in the spring?" Quin asked.

"More so—there are none on the market. Look here, Quin, it's just like this. The big Zoological Gardens, over in Philadelphia, want a brace of white bears. I've had the order booked for nine weeks, and so has Rickman, the rival dealer a few doors away. Whichever of us fills it—well, it means all of the Zoo's future commissions for the lucky firm. And heretofore Rickman has had the pull over us. See?"

"Yes, I see," Quin assented. "I'll do what I can, but it's a poor show."

"I'm afraid it is," said Farnum. "But you may strike luck—who knows? And if you succeed it will be a lot of money in Hamrach & Company's pockets."

"You have agents watching the New England whaling-ports?"

"Yes; and so has Rickman. It's hard to get ahead of his crafty beggars. The thing is to intercept the whalers farther north."

A few hours sufficed for Quin to buy a winter outfit, and when, in due course, he arrived at the Green Bay Fishery, Newfoundland, the seals were running strong, and without difficulty he procured as many as he wanted, and arranged for their transportation to England. He encountered no whalers; but a bit of information of another sort, which he picked up by chance, induced him to extend his trip several hundreds of miles towards the Arctic Circle. It was a venturesome undertaking, especially at this season, and would have discouraged most men. But Quin thought nothing of it—he never counted the cost of serving his employers, and, taking advantage of an opportunity that offered, he was landed one afternoon near Hamilton Inlet, on the coast of Labrador. The little steamer that brought him there, and was bound with supplies for the remote settlement of Okkak, was to stop and pick him up a week later.

A bitterly disappointed man was Quin an hour after his arrival, for the collection of wolverines, lynx, and wild cats, which he had come so far to buy, had been recently sold to the skipper of a passing vessel. This he heard from the lips of Johan Danielson, a sturdy, fair-haired Norwegian giant, bold and fearless, who fifteen years ago had sought a home on the Labrador shore, as desolate and dreary a corner

of the world as one could find. Here he and his wife had lived ever since, rearing their two boys, and keeping a cow and a few pigs, cultivating a few sandy acres in summer, and setting traps in the long winter time. Their nearest neighbour was seventy miles away. The little homestead faced the sullen billows of the Atlantic, and behind it the lonely, unknown wilderness stretched without a break to the North-east Territory and the Province of Quebec.

A visitor was a rare windfall indeed, and Quin was made to feel that he was conferring a favour in accepting the hospitality of Danielson and his wife until the vessel should call for him. He had counted on this, as it was the only shelter to be had. There was room to spare, for the two grown-up sons were absent in the forest, on a prolonged expedition in quest of moose and caribou.

Two days slipped by, and snow fell to the depth of half a foot. On the third day the weather grew bitterly cold. Blocks of ice ground against the rocky coast, and out on the grey horizon a couple of huge white floes—strange visitors from the Arctic region—were visible. For hours that night, while Mrs. Danielson silently plied her knitting-needles, her husband and Quin sat smoking and chatting by the blazing fire in the living-room, listening to the crash of the surf and the weird screaming of the wind. It was now blowing from a fresh quarter—landward instead of off shore.

"Few men could endure such a monotonous life as yours," remarked Quin, whose admiration for his host's sterling qualities had grown apace. "Yet it seems to content you."

"I like it," Danielson said, simply. "I love the wilderness and the sea. As for your towns and cities, I could not breathe in them."

"You have had adventures with wild animals?"

"Occasionally, yes. Hark! do you hear the gale howling? That reminds me. It was on just such a night as this, ten years ago, that I killed a great white bear——"

"A polar bear?" Quin cried incredulously.

"Yes, my friend. The beast came from far Greenland, without a doubt, and was blown across to Labrador on a field of ice that grounded on yonder rocks. That happens sometimes. But you shall hear the story."

He told it slowly, with much rude and graphic detail, that thrilled his listener, and at the very moment when he had finished the narrative, and was loading his cracked pipe from a lynx-skin tobacco pouch, a startling uproar broke forth near at hand—the bellowing of a frightened cow, mingled with the shrill squealing of a pig.

"Johan, a beast is in the byre," cried Mrs. Danielson. "It is a panther, maybe; or at least a wild cat. Quick! quick!"

Quin and his host were instantly on their feet, the former seizing a hay-fork that stood by the fireplace, while Danielson grabbed his heavy, muzzle-loading gun from the rack. They dashed from the house, encountering the stinging force of the gale in their faces, and ran toward the little enclosure, where the two domestic animals were sheltered in warm pens.

As they drew near the squealing suddenly ceased, though the cow was bawling more noisily than ever. Then, to the utter bewilderment of the men, a huge white beast scrambled lightly over the six-foot fence. With a threatening growl it made off rapidly into the night, carrying the luckless pig in its jaws. Danielson aimed hastily and fired, and the ancient weapon roared like a small cannon. He dropped an oath of disappointment and anger as he saw that he had missed.

"By heavens, that was never a polar bear?" Quin cried excitedly.

"It was just that, sir," the other answered. "It was blown here from the Arctic—you'll find an ice-floe fast ashore down yonder. I must kill the brute and recover the meat. It's the last pig, and I can't spare it."

Quin was keen for the sport, though he bitterly regretted the impossibility of taking the animal alive. Having made sure that the cow was all right, Danielson and his companion returned to the house, where they hurriedly donned high thick boots and heavy jackets, and gulped down the hot rum and water that Mrs. Danielson insisted on their taking. Then they sallied forth again, and as only the one gun was available, Quin retained the two-pronged fork; in the flurry of preparation he forgot to fetch a brace of revolvers that were in his room.

Fine flakes of snow had now begun to fall, and there was a lull in the wind. At intervals, from the byre, bloodstains caused by the dripping from the slain pig were plainly visible. The trail led obliquely to the shore, and here, sure enough, a great floe had grounded recently. Somewhere out on its rugged, far-reaching surface, the hungry bear had gone with its prize, instinctively returning to the spot that was familiar to it from weeks of drifting over the northern sea.

"There will be little left of the pig," Danielson exclaimed wrathfully. "But the brute shall pay dearly for its supper."

The floe was fast aground, and when it struck large fragments of it had been piled up endwise on the beach. Picking their way over these, the two men gained the solid field. Through the

driving snow and stinging wind, among heaped-up ice-hummocks and miniature bergs, they advanced for a quarter of a mile. Then, the bloodstains being at wider intervals and more difficult to perceive, they presently lost the trail.

They began to search zealously for it, and naturally they became separated. Quin pushed ahead at a good pace, and when, after a time, he discovered that he could no longer see his companion, the fact caused him no uneasiness. But a moment later a rumbling, crackling noise startled him. Then his name was called faintly, and he heard the loud report of the gun.

Now thoroughly alarmed—for he conjectured what the summons meant—Quin hastened back as fast as he could. He felt a swaying motion under foot as he ran, and suddenly out of the white snow mist he saw directly before him a gap of black, heaving water. It was already half a dozen yards wide; it was impossible to leap it. On the farther brink of the chasm stood Danielson, shouting wildly but inarticulately. In the middle of a sentence he turned and ran, barely reaching a place of safety before a strip of the ice on which he had been standing went to pieces.

"Help! help!" Quin called hoarsely.

A faint reply floated back, and then the Norwegian vanished in the night. It was no discredit to him that he should save himself by a rapid flight to the shore, since he could do nothing to help his comrade.

For an instant Quin's stout heart almost failed him as he realized his terrible situation. The wind had shifted, and he was drifting out to sea on the main portion of the ice-field, which had broken away from the narrow arm that was fast on shore. He was within a few feet of the edge, and, fearing lest it should crumble with the gnawing of the waves, he hurriedly widened the distance.

"Heaven help me!" he muttered. "It's an ugly scrape, and ten to one it's all up with me. It is useless to expect aid from Danielson, for he has no boat. If I can hold out till morning, and hoist a signal, I may be picked up by a passing vessel. Otherwise, I must starve, or freeze to death."

It did not improve his spirits to come suddenly upon a dim red blotch. He had found the lost trail of the bear, and it brought home to him the unpleasant fact that he shared his floating prison with the rabid animal, against which he had only the steel-pointed fork to defend himself. Judging that the trail led straight forward, he altered his course, and bore sharply to the left in the direction of a tall ice hummock that was visible a hundred yards away.

"I'll give the brute as wide a berth as possible," he vowed.

DANIELSON AIMED HASTILY AND FIRED.

Meanwhile the fury of snow had spent itself. The air grew clearer, and the wind was bitterly cold. Quin plodded half the stretch to the hummock, where he hoped to climb to a safe perch and spend the night. Then, as he was scrambling over a ridge of loose ice-cakes, little dreaming that danger was at hand, the unexpected happened. He heard a gnawing, rending sound, and saw the bear rise up within a few yards of him. With a sullen growl, leaving the half-devoured carcass of the pig, the gaunt, shaggy beast made swiftly at him.

QUIN GRIPPED THE LONG-HANDLED FORK AND LUNGED DESPERATELY.

There was no time to retreat. Quin gripped the long-handled fork, and lunged desperately. The bear, quick as lightning, lifted a ponderous paw and struck the steel points aside, so that they inflicted only a slight wound in the fore-shoulder. A second blow snapped the weapon in two, and then, dropping the useless fragment that he retained, Quin turned and fled for his life.

The maddened creature was at his heels, and he gave himself up for lost. But at that terrible moment, when it seemed that nothing could save him, a ray of hope intervened. He slipped and fell, and as he rose he saw at his feet a narrow black slit, barely large enough to admit his body. He fancied he recognized the nature of it, and he was not mistaken. In a trice he was inside, and the surprised bear had slid past the spot.

Quin owed his temporary escape to what the fishermen of Newfoundland call a bubble-hole—a hollow, rounded cavity, shaped much like an egg, that frequently forms in ice-floes. This particular one was 3ft. or 4ft. deep, and, fortunately, had a very small aperture. Quin spread himself flat on the bottom, face upward, and waited with an anxious heart. There was a snuffing noise, and then the lean nose and burning eyes of the great bear appeared overhead.

The next ten minutes were fraught with indescribable horror to Quin. With obstinate perseverance the brute tried to reach him, shuffling round and round the hole, and snarling and whining as it repeatedly made vicious jabs and thrusts with its massive paws. Its breath was foul and steamy, and froth from its fangs dripped on Quin's cheeks. He shouted as loudly as he could, but to no effect. Once the sharp talons caught the front of his jacket, and ripped it open. He lacked a knife, but with a pointed fragment of ice that he found in his shelter he stabbed at his enemy, inflicting several cuts.

At length the baffled animal vanished, and for a while it could be heard munching at the pig, splitting open the bones to reach the marrow. It returned to the attack, at short intervals, through half the night, and each time Quin was in an agony of dread lest he should be pulled out of the hole and devoured. Then an hour passed, during which he was not molested, and could hear nothing of the bear. He tried hard to keep awake, but cold and drowsiness overpowered him, and he knew no more until he woke to find the grey light of day shining overhead.

Having rubbed his cramped and stiffened limbs until the blood circulated a little, he ventured to peep above the rim of his shelter. The heaving ocean was close to him—the waves had eaten far into the floe during the night—and to his boundless joy he discovered a vessel under full sail within half a mile; and farther to the left adrift on a large detached

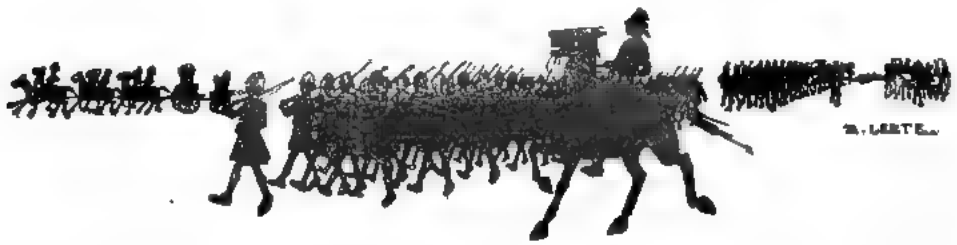
cake of ice, was a moving object that was, without doubt, his late persecutor, the bear.

Quin dragged himself painfully out of the hole, and, having shouted in a cracked and husky voice, and waved his jacket, he presently saw the ship lie to and lower a boat. A few minutes later his rescuers had landed on the floe, and were listening to the castaway's thrilling tale while they plied him with brandy.

"It's lucky you hailed us," said the mate of the whaling vessel. "You've had a close call, but you're all right now. We'll get that bear for you, and it will be company for another one what the skipper brought alive from the north."

Quin was soon on board the *Martha Jane*, bound for New Bedford, Massachusetts. It may be briefly added that with great difficulty, by the help of ropes and nets, the bear was transferred from the ice-cake to the hold of the vessel. The shore was only five miles distant, and for a money consideration the skipper sent a boat in to tell Danielson of his late guest's safety, and to bring off the latter's luggage.

In due course New Bedford was reached, and an agent of Rickman's came aboard the *Martha Jane*. But both bears, as may be supposed, went to Hamrach & Company's branch house in New York, and from there to the Philadelphia Zoological Gardens. As long as Quin lives the sight of a polar bear will recall to him, vividly and sharply, the terrible night he spent on a drifting ice-floe off the coast of Labrador.



GYMNASTICS.

From the "Rolandseck School Magazine."

THE gymnasium is *the* place for the nervous, delicate boy. Shuffling gait, drooping shoulders, rusty ankles, flabby biceps can all be remedied in the gymnasium under qualified tuition.

In the various mass drills boys learn the invaluable lesson of instant obedience and co-operation, and happy is the man who acquires the faculty of obedience early in life—later, it comes very hard. Upon gymnastic apparatus courage, decision, agility, strength of will are fostered and developed; character is formed, which is the chief aim, and in fact the *raison d'être* of all education.

Parents often have a strange idea of the gymnasium. They imagine it is within the Arctic Circle—at least, judging by the way they dress their boys, especially if they are not strong. They ignore the derivation of the word gymnastics, also the fact that our modern gymnasia are covered and warmed buildings. Without desiring to exaggerate I will put down a list of clothes found on a delicate little chap sent to the gym. When he walked across the floor he was a veritable perambulating clothes-peg.

Boy aged ten. Gymnastic attire as follows:—

1 pair flannel knicks,
1 pair flannel Jaegers (underneath),
1 flannel shirt (thick),
1 flannel shirt (thin),
1 thick vest,
1 thin vest,
1 cholera belt,
1 liver pad,
2 stockings, one on each leg,
2 indiarubber pedal coverings,
1 *leather* belt, broad, warranted to interfere with respiration.

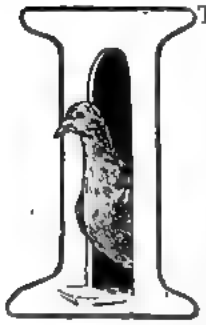
N.B.—The flannel knicks large enough to fit him for the rest of his natural existence on this planet.

My sympathies go out to such a boy. Of course he can't do anything. If he coughs he perspires, running or jumping or drill is simply too much—he collapses. And the mother at home says, "Our Montmorency caught a fearful cold at the gymnasium; he must wrap himself up and keep warm."

A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

THE STAMP COLLECTOR.

CONDUCTED BY EDWARD J. NANKIVELL, *Editor of the "Philatelic Record."*



IT is with genuine pleasure that I assume the conduct of the stamp collectors' pages of THE CAPTAIN during Mr. Gooch's absence, for it will afford me an exceptional opportunity of practically helping to promote the interests of our fascinating hobby. For many years I have been endeavouring to persuade my brother specialists to take a more active, a wider, and deeper interest in the instruction and encouragement of the young collector. But little or nothing has been done. The specialist has the advantage of association in great societies, and of journals devoted exclusively to his needs. But the young collector is left severely alone. He gets no recognition from his philatelic superiors. He has no journal worthy of the name devoted exclusively to his interests, and until Messrs. Whitfield King & Co. published, in 1899, their excellent simplified catalogue, only advanced specialist catalogues were available for the beginner. Those advanced catalogues are enough to smother the stamp collecting enthusiasm of any lad. Some day all this will have to be altered, and I trust the influence of such a journal as THE CAPTAIN will play no unimportant part in the enforcement of the claims of the beginner. Meanwhile, no one can rob stamp collecting of its fascination, of its educational value, or even of its monetary possibilities. The croaker will croak about its decadence into a monetary pursuit, and the ill-conditioned prophet will prophesy, as ever, its downfall; but the hobby that has gone on tightening its grip for over half a century on all the civilized races of the world promises to outlast the "Old Moores" of philately.

THE DEATH OF THE QUEEN.

The death of our beloved Queen overshadows even the engrossing pursuit of stamp collecting. She has been enthroned on our stamps from the first. Her philatelic sway has been Empire-wide. We can turn over the pages of our albums and pick out the numberless portraits that have endeared her to us from the joyous days of her early Queenhood on the stamps of Natal, to the widowed head of the most recent stamps of Newfoundland. On our English stamps we have had but one portrait—an idealised one—from 1840 till now, but our colonies have had several.

What her death and the enthronement of Edward VII. may mean from a philatelic point of view it is early yet to say. Some folks seem to anticipate immediate changes in our coins and stamps. Personally I am inclined to think we shall have no change till after the coronation, which presumably will not take place till after the year's prescribed mourning. When the change does come what a far-reaching one it will be! What a busy time it will be for all of us! What a rush there will be for every new issue with the King's portrait! What a change it will make in our albums! And, of course, there will be new albums galore to celebrate and provide for the event.

THE STAMPS OF CHINA.

China is very much to the fore just now. The great powers of Europe, with the help of Japan and the United States, are vainly endeavouring to reform the ways of its peculiar and gifted people. How far they may be successful no one dares even to speculate.

Till a few years ago China was known to us stamp collectors for the fewness of its stamps. Its people are a conservative people. They hate everything that reminds them of even the existence of the "foreign devils," as they call us all, no matter how good or bad we may be. Railways are an abomination, and postage stamps are practically confined to the Treaty Ports that fringe the coast of the great and ancient empire. The interior is an unknown land to railways, stamps, and all other evil signs of foreign origin. They tolerate the issue of postage stamps as a necessary evil in the collection of revenue, postal and fiscal, from the "foreign devils" who persist in frequenting the Treaty Ports.

1878.—It was not till this year that China issued a postage stamp. Then the issue was confined to three values, 1, 3, and 5 candarins. The design was peculiarly Chinese, the central figure being a hideous representation of a dragon, the fabled enemy of mankind.

If the original, which is said to have watched the garden of the Hesperides, bore any personal resemblance to the creature on the first stamps of China, it is no small wonder that it taxed the strength of Hercules in its destruction.

1878.
NO WATERMARK, PERFORATED.

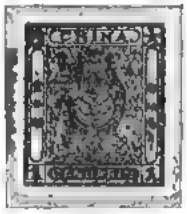
The translation of the Chinese characters on the stamps is as follows: Top corners, right, "ta," and left "ts'ing," or "ching," *i.e.*, "Great Pure," otherwise, the present Manchu dynasty. In the right border, reading downwards, are the words, "Yu cheng chu," *i.e.*, "Post-law shop"; and in the left border, "1 fen yin," *i.e.*, 1 candarin silver. 100 candarins = 1 tael = 6s. 2d. of our money. The word "China" at the top, and "5 candarins" at the foot, are added for the information of the "foreign devil."

This first issue of what was known as an "Imperial Customs Post" lasted till 1886. These first stamps were perforated, but were not watermarked.

NO WATERMARK. PERFORATED.

1 candarin, green.
3 candarins, vermilion.
5 candarins, yellow.

1886.—In this year there was a new issue, of a somewhat similar design, in a smaller size, but with the same Chinese and English inscriptions. There were the same three values as before, and the colours were similar, except in the case of the 3 candarin, which was changed from vermilion to mauve. A watermark, said to represent a shell, was added.



WATERMARK, SHELL, PERFORATED.

WATERMARK, SHELL. PERFORATED.

1 candarin, green.
3 candarins, mauve.
5 candarins, yellow.

1896. — After another long interval, an extended issue of nine values was made in 1896, each of a separate design. The inscriptions remained the same, excepting that the word "kingdom" was added to the Chinese inscription in the right-hand border, thus making the words "Great Pure Kingdom." The stamps were perforated, and watermarked with a shell as before.

WATERMARK, SHELL, PERFORATED.

1 candarin, vermilion.
2 candarins, green.
3 candarins, yellow.
4 candarins, rose.
5 candarins, orange yellow.
6 candarins, brown.
9 candarins, green.
12 candarins, orange.
24 candarins, carmine.

1896.

In 1896 further changes were introduced. Sir Robert Hart had been entrusted with the reorganization of the postal service on the European model, and he introduced many necessary reforms. A change of postal rates and of the currency led to a new issue of stamps. These, strange to say, were ordered in Japan.

WATERMARK, SHELL, PERFORATED.

Meanwhile, for immediate use, the current issue was surcharged in Chinese characters, as per illustration.

This surcharge reads downwards, beginning at the right, "Chan-tso-yang-yin-fen," *i.e.*, literally, "Temporary make, foreign silver—cents." I need not set out this list. It will be sufficient to say that all the stamps of the previous (1896) series were surcharged ½c. on 3 cand., 1c. on 1 cand., 2c. on 2 cand., 4c. on 4 cand., 5c. on 5 cand., 6c. on 6 cand., 8c. on 6 cand., 10c. on 6 cand., 10c. on 9 cand., 10c. on 12 cand., and 30c. on 24 cand. Some of the 1886 issue were similarly surcharged, the 1c. on the 1 cand., 2c. on 3 cand., and 5c. on 5 cand. The 3c. red revenue stamp was also surcharged for 1c., 2c., 4c., and 1dol. values.

1896 ISSUE. SURCHARGED WITH CHINESE CHARACTERS.

Those of us who specialize the stamps of China find varieties in the different settings of the surcharge — such as large figures, small figures, surcharge condensed into smaller space with smaller Chinese characters, and so on; but the general collector will wisely confine himself to one copy of each value. In the matter of rarity there is not much to choose between the different settings.

1896.—JAPANESE PRINTS. WATERMARK, SHELL, PERFORATED.

At the end of 1897 the stamps of the new series arrived from Japan, and were at once put into circulation, all surcharged stamps being withdrawn from sale. Each stamp was of a different design: the lower values, from ½c. to 10c., were of the dragon type; the 20c., 30c., and 50c. had a carp as the central design; and the dol. values a wild goose on the wing. The paper used for the stamps was of a peculiar, thin, crisp, semi-transparent, Japanese make. It was watermarked with the well-known shell watermark, and the stamps were perorated. A curious error occurred in the printing of a small supply of the pale green 50c. in the very dark green of the 10c.

WATERMARK SHELL. PERFORATED.

½c., brown purple.	20c., brown lake.
1c., yellow.	30c., carmine.
2c., deep orange.	50c., yellow green.
4c., brown.	1dol., carmine and rose.
5c., rose.	2dols., orange.
10c., deep green.	5dols., yellow, green and rose.

The life of this series was a very short one, for the Chinese are said to have raised objections to the use of stamps printed by their late foes, the Japanese. Consequently, in the following year, a similar set of stamps was ordered, post haste, from Messrs. Waterlow's, the eminent engravers of London, whose exquisite designs and matchless engraving have done so much to popularize the art of steel engraving in stamp production.

Early in 1898 the first of the Waterlow stamps began to dribble out, one by one, and the year was well advanced before the series was completed. The new stamps now forming the current series are similar in design to the Japanese set. There are sundry modifications which, however, scarcely necessitate separate illustration in this article. The design is more pronounced, the engraving more clearly defined, and the colours are slightly different. There is no watermark, and the perforations are much smaller.

NO WATERMARK. PERFORATED.

½c., brown.	5c., rose.
1c., yellow bistre.	10c., deep green.
2c., scarlet.	20c., brown lake.
4c., red brown.	50c., green.
5c., salmon.	1dol., carmine and salmon.
5c., orange.	2dols., carmine and yellow.
	5dols., green and salmon.

Now a few words as to prices. China is a cheap country to collect. There are no great rarities that run into pounds, and the first issue can be had for a few shillings. Of the later years, the majority may be had for a few pence each. But a demand is springing up that may stiffen prices in the next catalogue, especially as American collectors are making a feature of the celestials. The first issue in fine unused condition is getting scarce, and should be secured early. They range from 5s. to 1s. 6d. each. The Japanese prints, *i.e.*, the 1897 issue, should also be collected while they are to be had at a low price, together with the remarkable shades in the 5c. of the Waterlow series, salmon, orange, and rose. Used Chinese are, to my mind, of far more interest than unused, because of the peculiar Chinese cancellations. In the matter of price, unused and used average about the same.

SOME INTERESTING NEW ISSUES.

The Stamp Editor of THE CAPTAIN *will be glad to receive early information of New Issues for chronicle in these pages. Full acknowledgment will be given for any information which can be used, and specimens will be promptly returned.*

Books or articles for review should be accompanied by particulars of price, etc.

FRANCE.—The stamps of the long-talked-of new designs have been received. They are disappointing in every respect. They were to have been marvels of French art. Here they are, with the values allotted to each design —

1c., grey.
2c., claret.
3c., orange.
4c., brown.
5c., green.

10c., carmine-red
15c., orange.
20c., claret.
25c., blue.
30c., lilac.

40c., red sky in pale blue.
50c., brown ,, lavender.
1fr., lake ,, yellow-green.
2fr., slate ,, dull yellow.
5fr., deep blue ,, buff.

MALTA.—This little European Colony of ours is going in for a picture series. A farthing stamp, here illustrated, is the fifth in that direction. In this farthing stamp we have a view of the harbour of Valetta, with an ironclad at anchor and the fortifications in the distance.

MALTA.

PARAGUAY.—Here is an illustration of the new series just coming out for this country. Up to date the values issued are—2c. olive grey, 3c. brown, 5c. deep green, 8c. marone, and 10c carmine.

PARAGUAY.

TURKS AND CAICOS ISLANDS.—This colony, hitherto known simply as "Turks Islands," is in future to be known as "Turks and Caicos Islands," at least, that is the name on the new series of stamps just received. It will be noted on the illustrations that the stamps bear two dates, 1848 and 1900. 1848 was the year in which the islands, previously included in the Bahamas, were granted a government of their own and made into a separate colony, eventually becoming a dependency of Jamaica. The new stamps have been designed and engraved by De la Rue, but they mark a notable departure from the monotonous sameness of the usual De la Rue type. The ship and the man on the shore represent the staple industry of the colony—salt raking. The stamps are watermarked, the ½d. to 1s., small size, "C.A.," and the 2s. and 3s. in the large size, "C.C." The values are:—½d. green, 1d. rose, 2d. black-brown, 2½d. blue, 4d. orange, 6d. violet, 1s. purple brown, 2s. violet, 3s. brown lake.

TURKS AND CAICOS ISLANDS.

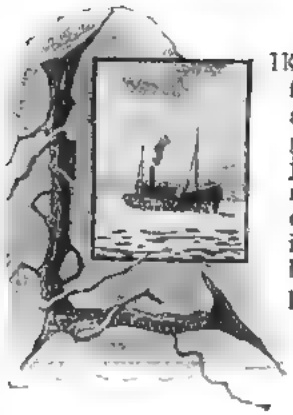
TURKS AND CAICOS ISLANDS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. K. F.—Cheap countries to specialise are: German Empire, Sweden, Norway, Kingdom of Italy, Belgium, and France. The latter country has very few high-priced or unattainable stamps, and its range of issues is full of historic stamps. Some British colonies also are fairly cheap, such as Jamaica, India, Cook Islands, Malta, Leeward Islands, or Sarawak. German colonies are getting rather numerous. Don't take fashionable countries if you wish to be economical. **G. H. L.**—Thanks for information. **R. B. G.**—Yes; if reasonably-priced, Transvaal, Orange Free State, or Fiji, but scarcely Tonga. Dealers mentioned are, I believe, reliable. Common issues of all countries are dealt in wholesale. **R. M. S.**—"Cave" on Ceylon must be protecting stamp of business firm. **O. C. W.**—The overprint "O. E. F." on Indian stamps sent is for use of British troops in India, *i.e.*, "China Expeditionary Force." **One of the Club.**—Gibbon's Imperial. North Borneo? Not worth collecting, even as gifts. **Solitaire.**—Opinions will differ about Mafekings; but there can be no doubt about their having been in genuine use. I have seen numbers that came through on business letters to non-philatelists in London. On the other hand, there has unquestionably been wild speculation. The shrewdest have left them severely alone from the collecting point of view.

HINTS ON HIGH JUMPING.

By an Oxford "Blue."



LIKE the poet in the familiar sentence of a certain Latin grammar, the high jumper is "born, not made." In other words, if he is to *excel*, he must have certain physical gifts to start with, which cannot be acquired merely by practice, development of muscle, or training. On the other hand, almost anyone with an averagely well-made and healthy body, who takes plenty of exercise, can, with practice, become a tolerable jumper. But to *excel*, it is necessary to combine a freedom of play in the joints, springiness and elasticity of limb, and a certain degree of actual lifting-power in the leg muscles—quality being more important in this than quantity. To these requisites must be added a natural instinct or inbred knack of

GATHERING UP AND STOWING AWAY THE LEGS

during the actual process of jumping. Observation and experience prove these to be necessary in the case of a really good jumper. If we take a large school, we find that the great majority of the boys are athletic; they play every sort of game calculated to develop them physically. Yet, although most of them will be able to jump to some extent, and some of them creditably, only one or two will stand out prominently as really good jumpers. These have the necessary gifts and instincts.

It must not be thought from these remarks that it is no good anyone seriously going in for the high jump except a boy likely to excel. Far from it. Let everyone do his best. After all, a high standard is not generally required; and there are plenty of prizes and medals to be won by boys and men of only moderate jumping capacity.

What has been just said about *excelling* in the high jump, and the necessity for certain gifts and instincts, may further be illustrated from our Universities. Out of the 6,000 men, more or less, at Oxford and Cambridge, there are, as a rule,

ONLY SOME HALF DOZEN MEN WHO ARE ABLE TO GET ABOVE 5FT. 6INS.

From these the "Blues" are selected. Below them comes the crowd of mediocre men, whose height is about 5ft. 2ins.; and below these again, that "lower-middle" class, who stick somewhere between 4ft. 10ins. and 5ft.

Turning to boy jumpers, it is difficult to fix any regulation height as a test of proficiency at any given age. The *ideal*, of course, is to be able to jump one's own height; and what more glorious than for boy or man to walk back under the bar without having to incline the head!

But although this is occasionally done in the case of "mature" jumpers, it is too much to expect from a *boy*, who is still growing, and whose frame has not yet become compact and rigid, although he may have plenty of springiness. Perhaps, speaking generally, we may say that a boy, to be any real good, should at least be able, with practice,

TO CLEAR THE HEIGHT OF HIS OWN SHOULDER.

If he can do that, the other necessary inches will probably come without much trouble—in time. However, as in everything else, circumstances alter cases, and it sometimes happens that a promising boy will fall off, and an unpromising one come on. If, however, a jumper is to be included in the first class, he should certainly be able to clear about 5ft. 6ins. by the time he is eighteen or nineteen.

High jumping does not require *much* practice—that is, regular, short spells, with plenty of walking and general exercise are better than long spells at the bar with little else. If *overdone*, the legs get stiff and their springiness seems to depart. Especially is it important not to overdo things on the eve of sports, as staleness is fatal. Indeed, sometimes the best jumps are made, so to speak, "off-hand," without any special practice—provided, of course, that the general condition be good and the muscles not flabby.

The necessary appliances for the high jump are now so well known that it is needless to describe them minutely. A few words for novices, or the uninitiated may, however, be

useful. The jumping-posts should be substantial, and stand on firm, square bases, and

NOT BE FIXED INTO THE GROUND.

In this way they can be moved, which is very desirable when the "take-off" becomes at all worn; and can be placed nearer or further apart at the wish of the jumper. The bar should be at least an inch deep (an inch and a half is better), and should be painted white. The ends, which may be cut away, where they rest on the supports (to a depth of half an inch) should slide readily on specially-made bracket-supports. Feet and inches should be clearly marked on both posts, although all measurements should be made with a proper stick-measure, from the centre of the bar to the ground, the depth of the bar, of course, being included.

The jumping track should, if possible, be properly laid and drained, and should be a dead-level. The surface should be of some fine material well rolled in.

If the track be grass, let it be kept firm and flat. The jumper should have a heel-spike, as well as toe-spikes for grass. On a properly prepared track, light canvas shoes with rubber soles (if permitted) are good.

As regards costume—let it be as light as possible, so that there may be no drag either on arms or legs. A zepher and shorts (cut above the knee) of light material are best.

STOCKINGS SHOULD BE ESCHEWED.

In cold weather, sweater and overcoat should be handy, as nothing spoils the chances of a good jump so much as that shivery sensation which is only too ready to seize its victim, especially if at all nervous. Flesh-brushes are excellent, and really have great effect in producing a thorough circulation of the blood.

Everyone knows that hardly two men or boys jump alike. There are, however, two chief styles, called the "straight-shoot" and the "side-stride"—which terms sufficiently explain themselves.

For elegance, the former is certainly to be preferred; but the style which comes most naturally and is most effectual is the one to be adopted and kept by a beginner.

No two persons agree about the "run." It is a good deal a matter of instinct, and no universal rule can be laid down. One thing is certain, that the majority of jumpers are inclined to rush much too hard at the bar—as if they were broad jumping. The thing to aim at is a happy combination of sufficient pace to carry one the requisite longitudinal distance, with the greatest amount of upward spring possible. Some of our greatest jumpers have been in the habit of approaching the bar almost at a walk, and only putting in three or four rapid strides just before taking-off. More pace will, however, be required for the "side-stride" than the "straight-shoot."

The place at which to take-off is also largely a matter of instinct. The best way is not to look at the ground at all.

KEEP THE EYE ON THE BAR, AND LET THE LEGS LOOK AFTER THEMSELVES.

Nervousness often besets the high-jumper, as it does his brother the broad-jumper. A great deal can be done by mental self-control. Determination has a great deal to do with successful jumping. Imagination also has something to do with it. I have known a man make his record-jump under the impression that he was jumping at a lower height than was really the case! He had mis-read the figures at starting, and was rising inches in happy ignorance!

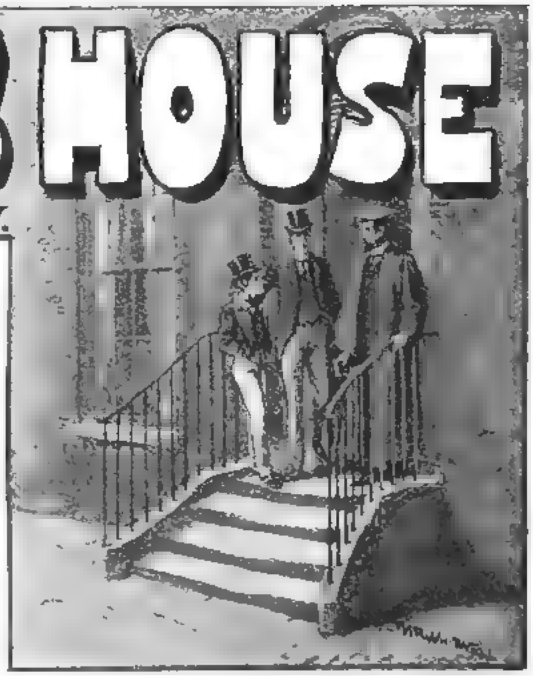
Apart from winning prizes and securing medals, the high-jumper often finds himself at a practical advantage over his fellows. A gate—a stile—a wall—a ditch—come to him indiscriminately—provided he can get a respectable take-off. This, of course, he must be sure of first.

One word in conclusion, to jumpers great and small. Keep the body in tip-top training. Eat and drink in moderation, and take plenty of open-air exercise. And remember that, after all, bodily exercise is a means to an end, and not simply an end in itself. It is meant to make the body sound, healthy and pure, and so capable of doing its duty and discharging its functions properly towards that human fellowship to which we all belong.

H. J. S.

SMITH'S HOUSE

A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY.



BY FRED SWAINSON,

Author of "Acton's Fiend."

Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.

CHAPTER I.

MASTER ARTHUR GALE, *ætat* XIV., proudly sat enthroned in a corner of the railway carriage, *en route*, at the rate of sixty miles per hour, for the far-famed school of St. Elizabeth. He was proud because he had borne the parting with his dear mamma and his sister Agnes, at the station up in Cumberland, with Spartan fortitude, and because the great Dr. Carver had said that his papers in the Open Scholarship, which he had won, were creditable to him. He was apparently studying the *Graphic* with great earnestness, but in reality visions, misty but gorgeous, floated before his eyes of himself as, in the good days coming, captain of the school, back for St. Elizabeth's against the Reptonians, winner of the School 100yds. in 10secs. dead, and lifting the ball, *à la* Trott, into the pavilion at Lord's.

There were two other passengers in the carriage, one a young fellow of about seventeen, and the other about Gale's own age—obviously brothers. They looked, thought Arthur, as he glanced them over, rather decent fellows.

For the last five minutes the train had been slackening pace, and when it came to a stop at Rugby, the younger said politely to Arthur:—

"You'll have to change here, I fancy. This carriage is slipped at St. Elizabeth's Cross."

"That is where I'm going, thanks," said Gale.

"St. Elizabeth's School?"

"Yes."

"New kid, Fred," said the younger.

"Hullo, young 'un!" said Fred, eyeing Gale over with some amusement; "you aren't *too* shy, really, for a sucking Elizabethan. Waterworks run dry, eh?"

Gale did not quite fathom this last question.

"I mean," said Fred, laughing, "you must have been very sorry to lose mamma, to say nothing of papa?"

"Rather," said Gale. "But my father is dead, you know."

"So sorry, youngster," said Fred, hastily. "I was an ass."

"I won a scholarship," exclaimed Gale proudly.

"Oh!" said Fred, politely. "What's your name?"

"Arthur Gale."

"Any relation to the name in the school chapel?"

"Father," said Arthur, proudly.

"I'd rather have *that* for choice, young 'un, than the scholarship—eh, Dick?"

"Rather!" said Master Dick, looking at Gale with interest. "In memory of Richard Gale, V.C., who——"

"That was my father. I don't remember him, though."

"I should say you'd do, Gale, at Eliza's," said Fred, stepping out upon the platform. "I'm going to see if I can spot any of our fellows, Dick, and," he added, with a smile, "I'd get that youngster on to your Ancient list, if I were you."

"I've thought of that, Fred. And if I were you I'd spot him for fag. I see by the labels that he's in our house."

"Good hunting!" said Fred, as he strolled away. "Just the kid I wanted!"

"My name is Glyn—Dick Glyn, and I'm in Smith's house, as you," explained Dick.

"Good house, isn't it?" asked Gale.

"H'm!" said Dick. "It would thank anybody for a leg up, if anyone would oblige, I daresay. Bet you Fred doesn't pay us a visit till we're at Eliza's Cross; I see he's got Bradfield, Burke, Mac, Allen, and all his set buzzing round him, and they'll find him a perch with them. Let us bag the seats, and let nobody in, except young Jellicoe or Parkhouse turn up."

"All right," said Gale, entering into the fun of the thing. "Not at home, except to Jellicoe and Parkhouse." The pair bagged all the corner seats with unmistakable thoroughness.

The luggage of the Glyns and Gale was artistically distributed over the seats, and the portmanteaux, hat boxes, and empty luncheon baskets made a brave show.

"The seats are bagged, ma'am," said the unblushing Dick to a thin lady with a large, fat, white baby, who offered to get in.

"Oh!" said she disappointed, as she moved away.

"I draw the line at screeching babies, Gale."

"Is it exactly the thing to say there isn't room?"

"Oh, my precious!" hiccoughed Dick, "we don't. We say they're bagged, as they jolly well are."

Dick fluently said "Bagged!" to every would-be entrant to their carriage, and, at that cabalistic word, each moved off sorrowfully to search elsewhere for room. When Dick felt comparatively safe he said to Gale: "You keep 'em out whilst I go to the bookstall, and let no one in bu Jellicoe and Parkhouse."

"All serene," said Gale, who wouldn't have known either of those worthies from Adam.

A young gentleman, hugging closely a few round comfortable parcels, hurried up the platform, and halted before Arthur's citadel.

"Seats bagged," said Gale hardily.

"Your great aunt! Why there's no one in but yourself!"

"There soon will be, though," gently suggested Arthur.

"So there will," said the parcel carrier, grimly, putting down one or two to open the door.

"Look for yourself," urged Arthur.

"Just what I thought," said the indignant youth, looking in at the window. "Initials 'A. G.' on 'em all. All yours, of course."

"Not all," urged Arthur

"I'm coming in, anyhow."

"What's your name?"

"What's that to you?"

"Is it Parkhouse?"

"No, it isn't."

"Is it Jellicoe?"

"No, it isn't. I'm no beastly Ancient, so I tell you. Let me in, or I'll punch your head, so there!"

Threats did not move young Gale, who kept one hand tightly on the door-handle. He felt, perhaps, he was committing some heinous crime in keeping out the boy with the parcels, but he had promised young Glyn to hold the fort.

The guard and Dick arrived at the carriage door together, and the parcel carrier transferred his attentions to Dick on the spot.

"Look here, Glyn. I might have known this was some of your 'Ancient' foolery. That ass in the carriage is a chum of yours, of course. Lem'me in!"

"Seats bagged, guard," said Dick, with a solemn face to the impatient official. "Oceans of room down below, Pod."

The guard made no inquiries, but with a peremptory, "This way, sir," seized one of the parcels, and "Pod," almost speechless with outraged feelings, fled after his property. The guard found him rather an uncomfortable seat near the lady with the fine baby. Master Algernon Podmore felt, when the baby began to tune up, that nothing less than gore—Glyn's and Arthur's—would satisfy him.

Meanwhile Dick was laughing almost down to his boots.

"I say, Arthur, that was Poddy you turned away. First score for the Ancients."

"He said *he* wasn't an Ancient."

"Rather not!" almost screamed young Glyn. "Why he's cock of the Moderns, and he'll simply loathe us two for chasing him into a carriage with that baby. It will sing to him all the way to Eliza's."

"What is an Ancient or a Modern?

"That you shall learn shortly," said Dick, mysteriously, "but, if any of the fellows try to bag you, remember that you are an Ancient. I am. You'll know all about it to-morrow."

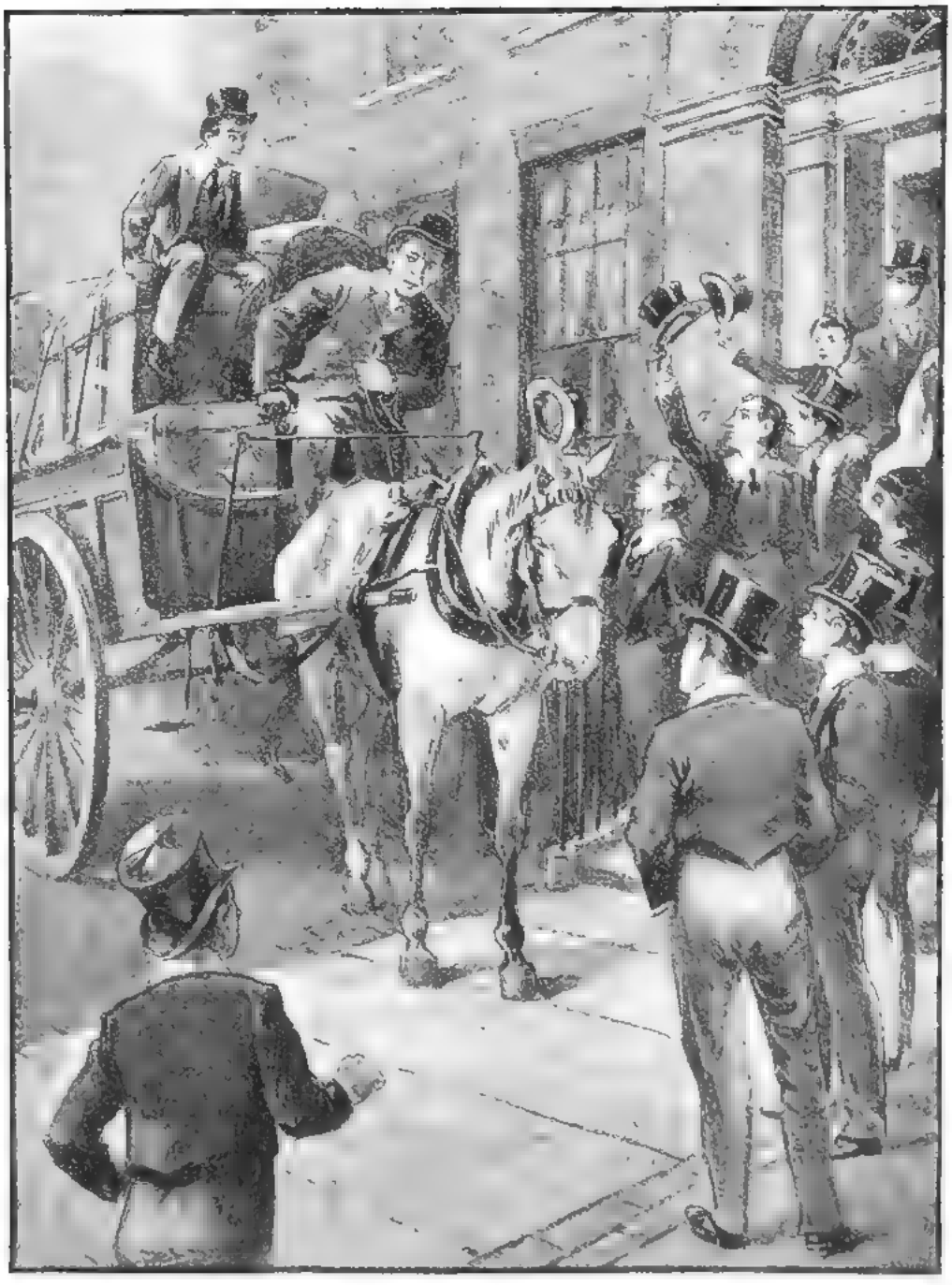
"Right you are! I'll wait."

At length the train slowed up at St. Elizabeth's Cross. The station platform was densely packed with Elizabethans and their belongings. A youth with a jolly face pounced upon Dick Glyn forthwith. "Hullo, Dick! All serene?"

"Hullo, Jelly, old man! Rather!"

"I say, Dick, do hurry up. There's Ponking, that shocking Modern ass, sporting the weirdest tile you ever saw. You must see it before the fellows jump on it."

"Jellicoe—Gale," said Glyn, hurriedly introducing young Gale, "an out-and-out Ancient. See to the luggage old man, will you?" and Dick



ARTHUR GOT AN IRONICAL CHEER FROM THEM ALL.

Glyn forthwith sped away with Jellicoe to jeer at the 'tile of Master Philip Ponking, the Modern, while Gale found himself with half a cart-load of luggage to look after, forlorn on the platform of Elizabeth's Cross. Fred Glyn came hurrying up.

"Dick's scuttled, of course?" said he, with conviction.

"I'm to see to the luggage," explained Arthur, rather ruefully.

"I wish you would, young 'un. Get a porter to take it across to Smith's cart, but keep your eye on the portmanteaux, though. Fellow—red hair and squint—collared Allen's portmanteau last term, and sneaked off with it, and all Allen's shirts, collars, and fancy waistcoats vanished at one fell swoop. Awfully artful, those London thieves. Here's a florin for your own cab, young 'un. See you later, of course." And Fred Glyn hurried away also.

Arthur bespoke a porter's help, and the luggage was transferred across into a cart, which the porter said he knew was the one Arthur wanted. Young Gale watched the porter pile up the boxes with intense relief, but his blood almost ran cold when he discovered that the driver had red hair and—yes—a decided squint!

"He's come down again to sneak things," thought Gale, with dire conviction; "and he's going to drive off with the whole cart-load this time. What had I better do?"

Arthur waylaid the man with the red hair.

"Is this Smith's cart?"

"Yes."

"Sure?"

"I am, young shaver."

"What's Smith's initials, then?" said Arthur, with a brilliant idea of testing the man's *bona fides*.

"Wot d'yer mean?"

"What are Mr. Smith's initials?"

The man scratched his fiery poll, and looked at Arthur in a puzzled manner.

"Wot's your little game, young feller? Can't you speak English?"

"All I want to know is whether you're going to Smith's house?"

"Of course I am. This is 'is cart."

"Then you ought to know what his name is."

"It's Smith—that's wot it is."

"I'm going to keep an eye on this luggage anyhow," said Arthur, in desperation.

"I'd use 'em both if I was you," said the man. "Think I'm going to steal the lot, you might fancy, from the way you talk."

"Well," said Gale, "Fred Glyn told me that Allen's portmanteau was sneaked last term, and that I'd got to be extra careful about the luggage."

"Ho!" said the driver, almost bursting with injured dignity. "You'd better climb up on the boxes and sit on 'em. I can't very easily sneak 'em if you does that."

"Jolly good idea," said Gale, and without more ado he clambered up and perched himself upon the tightly-corded trunks. "At any rate," he thought, "where the luggage goes, I go too."

Certainly the man's behaviour did not seem quite like what you would expect of the London "professional" who had bagged Allen's shirts, and Arthur thought he really owed the man an apology for his suspicions. So he shouted down from his lofty throne, "I say—I'm sorry for thinking you meant to sneak the things, but Glyn said the fellow who stole Allen's shirts had red hair—like yours, you know."

"Ow!" said the driver blankly, looking up at the youngster with very mingled feelings. "Hanything else?"

"Nothing, except your eyes. *He* was straddled too."

This last allusion to his features—evidently a sore point—made the driver almost waltz with fury. He clutched his whip, and gave the horse a cut to relieve his feelings, and Arthur henceforth was too occupied in holding on to give any more painful reasons for suspicion.

The driver pulled up before a big stone building. Round the doors were knots of young fellows, and amongst them Arthur recognized the Glyns and Jellicoe. Arthur got an ironical cheer from them all. New Elizabethans were not accustomed to arrive in such state; some said Arthur's *entrée* was only "side," and others that it was evidently a smart dodge to save a cab fare. Arthur cheerfully explained the situation, and when the laughing was over, the fellows of Smith's house, especially the younger ones, regarded Gale with considerable curiosity.

Mrs. Tussocks—Mr. Smith's matron—introduced Arthur into a little room furnished with shut-up bed, tables, chairs, etc., and said it was his room, and that he could see Mr. Smith later; also that he would find tea ready in the dining-hall. Dick Glyn, however, came to the rescue of Arthur, and, instead of Mrs. Tussocks' plain tea, there was a snug little feast in Dick's room, with Mr. Roger Jellicoe to complete the trio.

CHAPTER II.

By six o'clock that evening Elizabethans had gathered in from north, south, east and west to the old school. The High Street was alive with the fellows, chums linking arms in the middle of

the road, solitaries hurrying along the pavement, new boys unobtrusively shuffling along, and the shining lights of the Third and Fourth Forms spotting these latter with unerring accuracy, and making terribly sarcastic remarks upon their general deportment.

The heroes of last year's victorious eleven stalked majestically onward; aspirants to fill the vacant places joined in, and listened to the words of wisdom which the oracles uttered; little groups of cricketers filtered down to the grounds in a steady stream, and greeted the "coaches" by their pet names, and criticised the wickets with much point. It was the first week in May, and the elms at the edges of the fields were in their freshest, greenest leaf. The boarding houses grouped round the old school buildings, the chapel muffled with ivy to the eaves, the river Lodden, fringed with polled willows, winding through the fields, made a picture good Elizabethans always loved, couldn't forget, and very, very rarely ever wanted to.

Most of the older fellows of Smith's house had filtered down into their common room after tea. They had come to pick up the threads of school life broken by the holidays, and little knots of chums, astride of chairs or lounging against the walls and tables, rolled the ball of conversation very vigorously.

There was Jack Bradfield, the most particular chum of Glyn Senior, and quite the best fellow of Smith's house in the schools. He was a very decent oar, a good bat, and, though a little reserved, was reckoned a good fellow into the bargain. Fred Glyn was just as decidedly the best athlete of the house as his chum was the best scholar, but he rather shirked book work, and was, in consequence, not quite so high as he ought to have been in the Fifth.

There was James Weedon, a good-looking fellow if you did not object to a rather constant sneer upon his face. He was popular because he rather laid himself out for that. He was looked upon as being rather unfortunate, because, if Bradfield had not been there, he would have been the best scholar, and, if Glyn had been a minus quantity, he would have been the cock athlete of the house.

Between Weedon and Bradfield there was very little love lost, for Jack did not care for Weedon's aggressive sneer, and Glyn also frankly returned the dislike which Weedon was at no pains to conceal. Weedon's chums were two rather heavy-looking fellows of Bultitude's house—Miller and Jenkins—and Isaacs of Carver's. Smith's house generally liked him, as I said, but really they knew very little of him.

"By the way, you fellows," said Glyn *eorum pupulo*. "I've spotted that youngster Gale for fag. Decent little fellow."

"Seem almost enthusiastic, Fred," said Bradfield.

"Yes; I'll speak to Allen about it to night. You fellows needn't poach, for there are loads of youngsters unattached."

"We don't covet your gem, old man. Looks as though you'd have to bring him up by hand—milk and rusks, swing cot, etc.," said Oakman, a Fifth worthy.

"That delicious freshness will wear off when your young brother initiates him into the mysteries of the 'Ancient' brotherhood, Glyn," observed Ford, who graced the Sixth.

"Ford, did you think that I thought he was an Immortal?"

"I did, Fred, when I heard you chant his praises just now," chimed in McGlashan.

"False alarm, Mac. Jack and I are off to bag a tub for to-morrow. Coming?"

"Thanks, but Oak and I are booked at the Sixth nets. Going to row much this year?"

"Think I'll have a shot for the Sculls."

"Hear, hear!"

"I haven't much hope, though, for Allen is an awful handful."

"He sculls like the one and only Nickalls himself. Heavy metal against you, Fred," said Ford thoughtfully.

"I know, old man; but I'll certainly try to bring the Sculls here all the same."

"Smith would fall on your neck if you did," said Bradfield.

"Fearful penalty!" said Glyn, laughing. "I cannot scull Allen, of course, but I might worry through the race better than he."

"Then the tub for to-morrow is explained. Training, eh?"

"That's the true inwardness of it. It is the preliminary grind."

"Good luck!" said McGlashan, as Glyn and Bradfield sauntered out.

Weedon had listened intently to this general conversation, though he had seemed entirely busied in talking to Burke, a Fifth Form fellow. When Glyn had gone, he too strolled away, and retired to his own room. Whilst he was ruminating on certain thoughts, his chums, Miller and Jenkins, came to look up their friend and cheer him with their polite conversation: but Weedon's greetings were rather hurried, to their great surprise.

"You don't seem to be pleased to see us, Jim," said Miller plaintively.

"Going to be a good boy this term, Jim, and turn out your toes very straight?" asked Jenkins, with a horse laugh.

"If you are going to cut us, Jim, you're an

ass. William here has some lovely, bew-ti-ful cigars!"

"Of an aroma!" said Mr. William Jenkins, in apparent ecstasy.

"I'm your man in a quarter of an hour, but I must see Allen first."

"What do you want with that sainted prig? Going to say your prayers, Jim?"

"No, I'm going to put a spoke in Glyn's wheel."

"Shouldn't have thought that Allen would help you there."

"Well, I'm spotting a fag that Glyn is keen on having. If I can see Allen first, he writes me off the youngster as mine, and when Smith's beauty strolls in to do the same, he'll be just too late. Twig?"

"My boy, we do. You're the same old Jim—a-cute and an-gelic as ever. 'Pologise for suspicions," said Miller.

"And after that I'll try one of William's weeds."

"You shall have two, Jim. But why this furious rage against Glyn?"

"I loathe the fellow."

"You does, Ned does, I does—we all do."

"And Bradfield."

"Brother prigs! You must feel lonely, old man, in Smith's house, without a kindred soul like Ned or self to speak to."

The trio moved off, and Weedon saw Allen, the captain of the school, in his room just off the Sixth Form room. How many young Elizabethans hoped to possess that sanctum in the good and golden time coming! For the captain's official room was under the school roof; masters knocked quite respectfully upon its thick oaken door, and the Head himself, the awe-inspiring Dr. Carver, within its sanctuary spoke to the school captain as one in authority to another.

Allen was busy writing many lists and notices. Weedon rather surlily acknowledged the captain's good-natured greetings, and explained the reason for his visit.

"I'll write the youngster off as yours, then. Good-night, Weedon."

"Glyn will love me as I love him, after this," observed Weedon, when he got back.

"Anything special about the kid, Jim?" inquired Jenkins curiously.

"I gather he's greener than the greenest grass."

"He'll wilt and wither in your atmosphere, Jim," said Miller, with an unlovely laugh. "Innocence hasn't an off-chance in your den."

"All right, Ned. Spare your wit, and let me have a cigar."

The trio filtered out of the High into the fields. Under the shelter of a friendly hedge they lit up those precious cigars, and indulged in reminiscences of the holidays. There was nothing very healthy about their conversation generally, and on this particular night less so than usual.

After Glyn and Bradfield had secured their boat for the morrow, Glyn called in upon Allen.

"Too late, Fred. The youngster has been spotted already."

"What! Gale?"

"Gale, Arthur—Smith's house—new kid, you mean?"

"Yes."

"Less than an hour ago Weedon bagged him as his own."

"Weedon!"

"No mistaking Weedon, Fred."

When it finally dawned upon Glyn that Weedon had indeed been before him, the fiery Fred was in a towering rage. "That fellow heard me say I wanted the boy, and, like the beast he is, whips in before me."

"Don't know about his being a beast," said Allen, lifting up his eyebrows at the explosion. "Heaps of youngsters, Fred."

"Why couldn't Weedon take one of them, then?"

"Can't answer riddles."

"Weedon is only behaving as one might expect, for he hates Jack and me like poison."

"I expect it's only a coincidence that he's bagged the same youngster that you had your eye on."

"No fear of that, Allen. You may call this spite, pretty safely."

"Go and see Weedon, and tell him you'd like the youngster; and keep that peppery temper of yours down whilst you're interviewing him."

"Thanks, Allen. I think I will see him."

Fred Glyn felt honestly that he would like to see Gale anybody's fag rather than Weedon's. He was absolutely certain that Weedon had overreached him to gratify private dislike, but this did not affect Fred so much as the thought that Weedon would never do Gale any good.

"There is something about Weedon," said Glyn, with conviction, "that is not fair, square, and above board. Who *could* be a decent fellow and yet be chums with Miller and Jenkins, Bultitude's black sheep? Anyhow, I'll go and see the beauty."

The "beauty" was engaged in busily sorting out his books when Glyn knocked at his door, and when Weedon saw who his visitor was, his lips curled up in a sly, satisfied sneer, which, of course, made the fiery Fred very hot and very happy.

"Hullo, Glyn!" said Weedon, with a decided accession to his sneer. "Don't see you often in my den. Might almost call it a rarity. An honour, of course, all the same."

"All right, Weedon," said Fred, keeping down his anger. "Don't rot more than you can help, please. I wanted to see you about——"

"Anything to oblige. What can I do—sounds rather commercial, doesn't it?—for you?"

"I came about young Gale."

"Oh!" said Weedon, artlessly.

"Have you any particular reason why you want him for fag?"

"Of course," said Weedon, airily, "or else I shouldn't have chosen him, should I?"

"May I know it?"

"Well," said Weedon, adding still more to the sly sneer, "I don't see why you should, really."

"You couldn't waive your call, and let me have the youngster?"

"Couldn't really, Glyn," said Weedon, with an irritating laugh.

"I don't see why you shouldn't."

"No—really!" said Weedon, with an airy whistle of incredulity. "Our point of view is evi lently different."

"You heard me say, of course, that I was going to spot Gale?"

"Anything to oblige, Glyn—if you will have it, I heard. *Après?*"

"Then listen to me."

"'And when he opes his mouth let no dogs bark.' Quotation, Glyn."

"No fellow," said Fred, tingling at the jeer, "who had anything like a decent sense of good form would have crawled behind my back in quite such a fashion."

"Here's a chair, Glyn. Wouldn't you like to sit while your Billingsgate is in full blast?"

"If you come out into the corridor ——" began Fred, at the end of his patience.

"I'm not coming out into any corridor," said Weedon, still as cool as a cucumber, "but don't you think *you'd* better go? I was busy, really, when you came to lecture me on good form. If it's form to stay longer than you're asked——"

Glyn felt at that moment that the sweetest thing in the world would be to knock the sneer off Weedon's face with a good straight left, but he knew and recognised, even in his anger, that Weedon was well within his right in refusing to give Gale up. He wished he had never come into the room, and after looking in undecided fashion at the airy, contemptuous Weedon, Fred finally went out, pretty sore. Weedon delicately wished him good-night, and softly closed the door, but Glyn heard, all the same, the soft sneering laugh—and the sound almost made his hair curl.

Bradfield was waiting—not very hopefully—for his chum. Fred's black face told him the result of the embassy without any doubt.

"I'll have a lively time with that tobacco-scented cad one day, old fellow."

"You seem to have had one now. He was overpoweringly nasty, of course?"

Weedon enjoyed himself very much that night, and he anticipated more enjoyment on the morrow, when he should give Miller and Jenkins a *précis* of his interview with Glyn. He went to bed feeling at peace with all men.

CHAPTER III.

ARTHUR-GALE had a short interview with Dr. Carver after tea, and he also had an invitation to report himself to Mr. Smith, the house-master. Neither interview was very terrifying. The Head referred to his father's name in hall, and Arthur felt very proud, but a lump in his throat troubled him, too, at Dr. Carver's few words. Mr. Smith had a list of books Arthur would require, and gave him a permit to the bookseller to get them. He also personally conducted him to the class-room sacred to the Lower Third, and there pointed out to him a desk scarred with many and weird initials, which was to be his as long as the honourable Third should have the privilege of possessing him. He then told Gale that first school was at 7.30, advised him to be punctual, and then left him to his own diversion. Before using his cupboard bed Arthur compassed a very long letter home.

In the morning Arthur, with commendable enthusiasm, arrived at the Lower Third fully ten minutes before time. There were some other boys there too, and among them Arthur recognized the gentleman who had been compelled to journey to school with a wakeful baby for neighbour. The young gentleman recognized Arthur also.

"Hullo, you little beast! Are you here?"

"Oh, yes! I'm here, thanks. Came last night."

"Have you ever had your shins kicked, young 'un?"

"No," said Arthur. "Why?"

"Well, you jolly well will soon, if you cheek me."

"You mean about the baby yesterday?"

"Never mind what I mean," said Mr. Podmore hurriedly, with a rosy blush, "you attend to what I say"

Arthur did not seem too impressed with the hint of Mr. A. Podmore, and strolled leisurely towards his desk.

"Look here, you little animal, what do you mean by collaring my desk?" said the irate Podmore, observing Arthur's destination.

"Didn't know it was yours"

"That's very likely," exclaimed Podmore. "I say, you fellows"—anger and astonishment gave quite a pathetic touch to his voice—"I'm hanged if he hasn't got a cartload of books in my desk!"

"Cheeky kid," said one of the audience, eyeing

the protesting Podmore with sympathy. "That's rough on you, Pod. Heave 'em out."

Without more ado Podmore seized hold of the offending books, and a brand new Latin dictionary hurtled into the middle of the room. Now, if there is one thing that the average boy will not stand it is the sight of his own private personal property treated lightly, and consequently, before the Ovid was heaved out, Arthur gripped Podmore vigorously by the collar. This was simply delightful to the quickly assembling Third, and they crowed joyously at the prospect of a scrimmage

"Let go my collar, you beast!" shouted Podmore."

"Put down my books, and then I will."

The Ovid flew forth to join the dictionary, but before it reached the floor Podmore was also in the dust. He scrambled up, and, thirsting for Gale's blood, joined in battle.

"Go it, Poddy!" shouted many sympathisers. "He cheeked you, so he did!"

"Don't be frightened, Gale," shouted Glyn, who had just come in. "Poddy isn't any good."

There was an ecstatic moment or two for the Lower Third that morning, but when the laughing and cheers were at their height a sharp staccato "Cave!" stilled the clamour like magic. Each of the whooping Third scuttled to his desk like a rabbit bolting to its burrow, and half-choked cheers and gurgles were smothered behind the lids of the desks. But Arthur knew not that magic word "Cave," and, discovering signs of retreat in his opponent, he pressed home the charge. Podmore frankly fled, and Gale, promptly seizing him by the collar, laid him in the dust once more.

Not a sound greeted this victory, and when Gale turned round to find Glyn's opinion on the matter, instead of Dick's speaking countenance, he saw a gowned individual, who surveyed both the prostrate Podmore and himself with anything but approbation. "A master," thought Arthur in despair, "and on my first day to be caught fighting!"

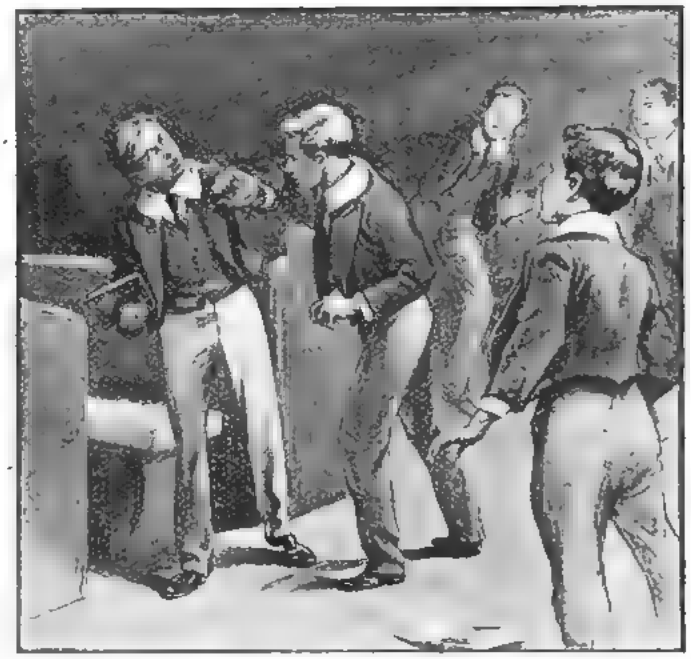
Wishing the floor would swallow him, he blankly retreated to his desk.

"A sensible thing to do, Gale," said Mr. Roberts, the form master, ironically. "Hadn't you better take your dictionary with you too? Arguing with your new friends, Podmore?"

"Gale has taken my desk, sir."

"In error, Podmore. You are promoted to No. 5; a front-bench man henceforth, for your old seat is just a trifle remote for us to overlook your work. Shall we call it *work*, Podmore?"

Podmore hastily shuffled into No. 5 to avoid further remarks from Mr. Roberts, wearily certain that the masters were circumventing him as usual. Arthur, despite his wretched beginning, came out of the ordeal of his first school without a stain upon his scholarship, and Podmore, fuming under Mr. Roberts's nose in



"LET GO MY COLLAR, YOU BEAST!" SHOUTED PODMORE.

No. 5, thought Arthur a more unendurable, beastly prig than ever.

After Mr. Roberts had gathered his books together and hurried away, Weedon strolled leisurely into the Lower Third.

"Any fellow named Gale here?"

"Isn't there just!" said half a dozen ornaments. "All of him, Weedon."

"Trot him out."

Arthur was paraded for inspection, and Weedon said, "I want to see you, Gale, after breakfast in my room. Don't keep me waiting, young 'un."

"What does he want me for, Dick?"

"Dunno! I do hope, though, that Fred has spotted you for fag before Weedon. What a sell for Fred if Weedon's been first!"

"I'd rather fag for your brother than Weedon."

"That counts for nothing. If Weedon's bagged you, to Weedon you go."

After breakfast Arthur learned his fate. Weedon was inexorable, but very pleasant.

"Please, Weedon, I'm sorry, but might I fag for Glyn?"

"Sorry can't oblige you, youngster. I rather like the cut of your jib."

"Oh, thanks, Weedon!" said Arthur, rather flattered.

"I don't see why you should not be as comfortable with me as with Glyn, do you?"

"Oh, no!" said Arthur, quite charmed with Weedon's friendly, easy smile.

"Well, I vote we try the experiment, anyhow. I don't eat small boys as a regular article of diet, and they aren't generally worth the trouble of bullying. All I want you to do is to make my tea, leave notes for other fellows at their houses, and steer if I feel like a grind up the river. Can you make tea?"

"Rather," said Arthur, confidently.

"Steer?"

"Not much," said Arthur with great exaggeration.

"Well, you'll soon learn. Of course you wouldn't read any notes I sent to Miller or the other fellows?" said Weedon with a very pleasant lift of the eyebrows.

"Oh, I say, Weedon!" began Arthur, with a blush.

"You wouldn't? Now I thought you wouldn't, really, Gale, the minute I saw you."

James Weedon, for some purpose of his own, used his charming smile and pleasant conversation to capture Arthur's good opinion, and he did so to the last gun. At the end of a quarter of an hour that young gentleman emerged from Weedon's den considerably brighter than he expected.

Young Glyn had marked time outside while the interview lasted. "Has Weedon bagged you?"

"Rather!" said Arthur, cheerfully.

"You don't seem to mind."

"I'd have liked to have been Glyn Senior's fag, of course," explained Arthur, "but, since Weedon's bagged me, it can't be helped. Awfully nice fellow, Dick."

"Is he?" said Dick, with some doubt. "Fred doesn't like him, I fancy, and I'm sure Bradfield doesn't."

"Must be some mistake, Dick. He is awfully jolly."

"Wait until you over-boil his eggs," said Dick, grimly, "and then chant me his praises. By the way, Smith's Junior Ancients are holding a meeting, and I'm proposing you, of course. The fellows are awfully conceited with your turn up with Podmore, and you'll romp in when they vote—so come along."

In St. Elizabeth's every fellow was either an Ancient or Modern. If his later studies were to be of sciences, etc., he was forthwith dubbed a "Modern," but if his education was to be of a classical nature he was a classic, or an "Ancient." The Lower School was distracted (to its own great enjoyment, however) by the feud which existed 'twixt the two camps. No quarter was given a "Modern" by a troop of "Ancients," and, if any gentle "Ancient" walked on the pavement in solitary grandeur, he was incontinently bustled into the roadway by a knot of high-souled "Moderns."

The "Ancients" of Smith's house were assembled in solemn glory in their own quarters, Mr. Frank Parkhouse, a particular friend of Glyn, being enthroned in awful state as chairman in an armchair without the arms.

"I say, you fellows," began Glyn, "I'm going to propose——"

"Order! order!" said Mr. Parkhouse. "You know jolly well you ought to address the chair. 'You fellows' isn't parliamentary, either."

"Sorry, Parky, but you are so beastly strict. Mr. Chairman, I propose young Gale here as an Ancient. You all know how he walked into Podmore this morning in first school, and yesterday, I may tell you, he chased him out of our carriage and shut him up with a baby. (Deafening cheers.) I know that was the first Ancient score this term. He is fag to Weedon, and is going to over-boil his eggs the first time he can do it safely. (Renewed cheers.) He promises faithfully that he'll never turn his back on any single Modern, and he's going to make Podmore apologise for chucking his books about this morning. (Cheers.)

"He is quite ready to pay the half-crown for 'Smith's Ancients' General Purposes Fund,' and a shilling extra to the 'Damaged Tile Fund,' and he's the same Gale as that up in Hall (deafening cheers); so I think that he'll do, you chaps—I mean, Mr. Chairman."

"When Gale is seconded," said the chair with judicious gravity, "I'll put it to the meeting.

"You second him, Jelly," said Dick.

Roger Jellicoe said obligingly, "All right. I second him, Parky."

Thus was Gale elected an Ancient *nem. con.* He shook hands with all due gravity with his brother Ancients, beginning at Parkhouse; and created a good impression by depositing all his legal subscriptions on the spot. That done, Parkhouse, Jellicoe, Glyn, and Gale trooped off to the river for the first swim, and Arthur felt persuaded that he should never learn to swim as became a good Ancient.

"The water's awfully c-c-cold, Jellicoe, isn't it?"

Jellicoe, struggling into his shirt, and coming desperately near chattering himself, said:—

"Cold! You wait, my dear, until you break the ice as you take your header."

"I will," said Arthur. "A long time, too!"

CHAPTER IV.

Two days after that most irritating interview with Weedon, Glyn Senior and Bradfield strolled gloomily to the school boat-house. *En route* they had met Jenkins and Isaacs, who gave them a sly look as they passed, and Glyn and his friend had the privilege of hearing a sneering chuckle, expressly meant for them.

"Weedon's been retailing the cream of the joke to 'em," said Fred bitterly.

"Beautiful quartette, I must say. Did you bag young Podmore for cox, Fred?"

"Yes. . Pounced on the youngster as he and his brother Moderna were preparing some gory ambush for Dick, Jellicoe, and company. He'll be waiting for us at the boat-house."

"Perhaps," said Jack, who knew the elastic nature of the average fag's memory.

However, Mr. Podmore was there, sitting disconsolately on the cushions of the old tub which Glyn had chartered. The sculls were ready shipped, and Podmore had the lines in his hand. As a matter of fact, Glyn, baulked of Gale's services as fag, had annexed Podmore's, greatly to that young gentleman's disgust. Podmore's dream was, in case he couldn't escape fagging altogether, to be annexed by some scholarly Elizabethan whose demands would not be more exacting than an occasional tea; but to fall into the clutches of an energetic athlete like Glyn sent his hopes down to zero. There would be endless calls upon his services as cox, scout and tea-maker, and, in consequence, Podmore felt very depressed. "This is going to be a rotten term for me, that's certain."

"Hullo, youngster!" said Bradfield. "In time for once!"

"Been here ten minutes," said Podmore morosely, "but *you're* late, Bradfield."

"We'll apologise another time," said Glyn, throwing off his coat. "We're going to grind up to the bend, Podmore. Hug the shore and don't give way to any other pair."

The two chums settled themselves into the old heavy tub, and prepared to grind up the three miles to the bend.

"This is going to be the first gruelling for your lordship," said Bradfield over his shoulder, as he set the stroke, "and, if the old tub doesn't relieve you of some of your superfluous flesh, she ought to."

The fat old craft barely dipped her nose into the steady stream, but the pair got all out of her that could be got, and she snored away through the water. Other lighter craft travelling towards the bend overhauled her, the Elizabethans therein, as they shot ahead, shouting encouraging remarks to Glyn and Bradfield. Allen himself, sculling beautifully down stream, his body moving with easy rhythmic grace, flew past, his long powerful stroke making the water whistle under the ribs of his racer. He called out cheerfully about Fred's "too too solid flesh," and was gone in a moment, leaving a slender silver furrow in his wake.

"Allen sculls like an angel," said Fred.

"Rather!" said Jack. "You'll have to put in all you know, old man, to beat him."

The boats coming down stream made way for them as they toiled up, for Podmore hugged the bank as per directions, and everyone seemed anxious to avoid the possible bump of their heavy craft. However, on rounding one of the twists of the Lodden, Podmore saw, moving swiftly towards them, a school boat sculled by a couple of fellows. They were putting any amount of strength into their exertions, and Podmore rather chuckled when he saw the down-coming boat was in their water. "That flier will have to move into the middle, or we'll run 'em down."

The down-coming cox, however, did not seem to realise what might happen, for he hugged the bank without moving an inch into the stream, and Podmore also held grimly on, feeling that he was in his proper water. When he saw that the cox was Arthur Gale, Podmore would not have given a yard for the world, so he steered right forward, serenely comfortable that, anyhow, his boat wouldn't take any harm.

"Get out of our water, you silly cuckoo!" shouted Podmore, when he saw a collision was inevitable.

Gale, who knew rather less about steering than Mr. Winkle did of skating, pulled the lines frantically, and his boat swung across the path of the old tub. The next moment the craft smashed into each other, and Arthur, with his cargo, Weedon and Miller, rolled out into the cold waters of the Lodden.

The tub had sheered off into mid-stream, and, before either Glyn or Bradfield really quite knew what was the matter, Weedon and Miller had swum to the bank. But Gale had disappeared, and the two dripping Elizabethans looked into the stream with horror when they found the boy was not beside them. The next instant Arthur appeared, struggling desperately, but the risk of rescuing him, fighting desperately against the cold water as he was, unnerved them both, and they stood rooted to the bank with fear.

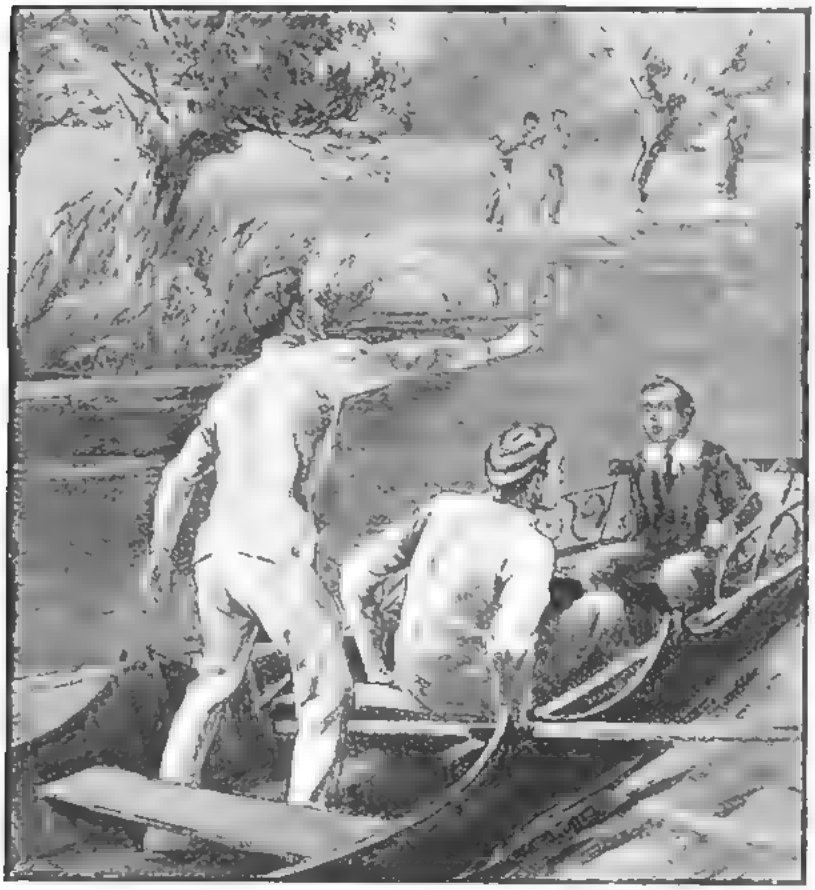
"Who is that?" asked Fred Glyn.

"Young Gale, Glyn!" said Podmore, his face deadly white.

Glyn sprang up in the boat as though he had been stung. "Weedon, man, go for the boy!" he yelled frantically.

Weedon made a half-involuntary move forward at Glyn's shout, but instinctively drew back when he looked at the frantic struggles of young Gale.

"He won't!" shouted Fred in agony. Before he himself could dive, Bradfield was overboard,



"WEEDON, MAN, GO FOR THE BOY!" HE YELLED FRANTICALLY.

bearing down with mighty strokes upon a patch of troubled water thirty yards away. When he dived, four pairs of eyes watched for his reappearance with agony; but he quickly rose again, and headed straight for the bank, his right arm thrust out well forward, grasping the faintly-struggling boy.

Glyn arrived at the bank as soon as Bradfield, and he thrust away, his eyes blazing with rage, the offered help of Weedon and Miller.

"Get out of the way, you cads!" was all he said.

Weedon bit his lip at the insult, but drew off, glancing at Miller with hesitation.

Gale had not been in the water long enough for his recovery to be of long duration. He coughed up some water, and professed himself all right.

"Take him home, Jack, as quick as you can go. I'll be with you in a twinkling."

Bradfield thereupon hoisted up the boy on his back, and for the second time Gale arrived at Smith's house in considerable state.

Glyn turned his attention forthwith upon Weedon and his chum. "You're a pair for whom kicking's too good. You would have let the lad drown if——"

"Look here, Glyn," said Weedon, with an angry flush, "we're not going to stand your jaw. Why didn't *you* fish him out?"

This retort goaded the fiery Glyn into a fury.

"*You* hadn't a dozen yards to go, either of you. He was your cox., and you had no business to have him in your boat, since he knows nothing of either steering or swimming."

"You would naturally show him how it's done on the lawn, I suppose?" said Weedon with a sneer.

"Does Glyn think we're going to stand a sermon while we dry? Let's move, Jim," said Miller.

"He imagines that we weren't going to go for the kid," said Weedon, with cool effrontery, "and that all the virtue in the world's divided between himself and Bradfield. Modest pair—eh, Ned?"

Miller laughed elaborately.

"You funked the lad because he struggled," said Glyn with a contempt that literally made Weedon curl with anger.

"You're a liar, Glyn."

"Fairly good for a sainted prig. Let's get out of this, Jim—I'm cold."

"Not before I'm ready, Miller, thanks," said Glyn, desperately controlling his anger. "No one says I lie, without explanation." He took a step towards Weedon, and the latter, dropping his sneering laugh, and showing all his smouldering hate, struck Glyn on the face.

Glyn, even while he felt Weedon's hand on his cheek, had an inspiration which only intense contempt could give. Instead of felling him to the ground, he took him up and threw him into the river. Then he turned on his heel, and followed after Bradfield.

Weedon, his soul black with hatred, scrambled out of the water mouthing inarticulate oaths. He was for running after Glyn, but Miller laid a heavy hand on his arm and said:—

"No, you don't, Jim. Glyn would make one mouthful of you . . . now. Better wait, and get our own back in our own way. It would pay us better."

Weedon parted from his friend at Bultitude's door. "Ned, you're right. I'll make that fellow wish he'd never given me a cold bath, pretty soon. But in our own way, Ned, in our own way."

Miller nodded intelligently as he hurried in.

Podmore, sulkily salvaging sculls, and towing the upturned boat slowly back to the boat-house, had missed the ending to the incident. When he heard of it, months after, he remarked with a sigh, "I never had any luck."

CHAPTER V.

WEEDON, Miller, and Jenkins, about a month after the upset in the river, were strolling along the towing path discussing several matters in which they evidently took great interest.

"I tell you, Jim," said Miller, "that half the school think Glyn will pull the Sculls off, after all."

"He works like a demon, Jim," said Jenkins. "Come down to-morrow night and watch him do a trial, and you'll open your eyes."

"Oh, I know all about that!" said Weedon impatiently. "Don't I get it dinned into my ears morning, noon, and night? I tell you Smith's fellows are simply mad on his chances. The house goes to bed punctually at 9.30 for fear their racket might prevent the brute from having his beauty sleep."

"And he is trained to a hair all the same, Jim."

Weedon said acidly: "I grant you that he can extend Allen to anything you like to mention, but he won't win!"

"I'm blest if I understand you, Jim! He can't scull like Allen, of course, but he'll dog him all the way, and two hundred yards from home he'll come with a wet sail."

"Allen can scull the beggar to a standstill, anyhow."

"Oh, scull!" said Jenkins impatiently. "We know all about that. The one has the style, the finish, the last word in doing the thing beautifully, but our beloved friend has the sinews!"

"I'm betting on Glyn, anyhow," said Miller.

"Ditto. If the bounder earns me a sov. I'll overlook his affability," said Jenkins.

"Well," said Weedon, with more meaning in his tone than his words seemed to convey, "I'd advise you both to make a book on Allen. He's going to win the Sculls!"

Miller whistled a solo before he spoke again.

"You're a funny fellow, Jim! But is that a tip for us?"

"That's as you like; but it is about the best one you've ever had."

Jenkins looked at Weedon and Miller alternately.

"This seems like the riddles at the Christmas parties; but are *you* putting your cash on Allen, Jim?"

"Hardly," said Weedon. "You see, I'm one of Smith's flock, and can't very well bet against my own house. But you, either of you, can do the little operation for me as often as you please."

"My opinion is that Allen does not stand a chance, Jim, and I may as well say so straight out; but, all the same, I'm to back Allen to my last sixpence. Is that it, Jim?"

"That's it, William."

"Good!" said Mr. Jenkins with a comprehensive wink. "It's gr-r-rand to have friends at court."

"Especially when they know the winner before the gun fires."

For a week after this little conversation Messrs. Miller and Jenkins wagered many amounts upon the chance of Allen carrying off the Sculls, and they, with Isaacs, had no difficulty in finding customers for their tempting offers.

As a matter of fact, the whole school, from at first regarding Glyn's chance of beating Allen for the Silver Sculls as a very slender one, had come to regard it as a very rosy one indeed. Fred had come on wonderfully. His power was more developed than ever, and his sculling left little to cavil at.

Allen was indeed a beautiful oar, lifting his ship through the water with the very perfection of easy grace, but he could not, it was thought, quite stay the course. His friends trusted him to show Glyn a clean pair of heels at the start, and to stall off by desperate spurts the dogged chase

of his opponent. Could Glyn ever catch him? Smith's house to a man believed he could.

The race for the Sculls was the river event in the term, and when the day arrived, after tea, the school, *en bloc*, trooped off to the boat-house. The banks of the Lodden were lined with desperate partisans, Carver's house sending out an ovation as Allen stepped on to the boat-house raft, and

HE TURNED HIS HEAD AND MADE A DESPERATE EFFORT TO AVOID THE PUNT.

Smith's doing their best to drown it as their man followed. The two friends tossed for banks amid the uproar.

"There's not a breath of wind, old fellow," said Glyn, "so we're going to have a fair set-to."

"You look horribly fit," said Allen, looking at Fred. "My chance is a rocky one."

"Hope to goodness it is," said Fred laughing.

Allen knew his own capabilities to a hair, and almost before the sound of the pistol had died away he had forged ahead. A roar from Carver's crowd, as it surged forward on his bank, greeted his achievement, and, as he continued to gain, the roar became louder, and when he finally got clear of his opponent the shouts became yells. Yard by yard did he gain; his beautiful sculling seemed inevitable, and, as the distance widened between the boats, there seemed but one result possible. Glyn stuck doggedly to his work, but Allen gave him no chance. Smith's house cheered him desperately, and, above the din of his own devoted crowd, he heard Bradfield shouting undauntedly that he would win yet. It seemed hours to Glyn before he heard that hoped-for yell from his chum.

"You're holding him, Fred. Well pulled pull-ed!"

In fact, by the time half the course had been covered, Allen had ceased to gain, and the question was—could Glyn make up the leeway before they rounded the bend? Smith's house had noticed that the boats kept their distance, and their yells grew frantic.

"Well pulled, Glyn! You're gaining. Oh! pulled, sir!"

Bradfield's voice reached Glyn, and brought out the uttermost ounce of strength in him. "Now, Fred; you're going up! You have him!"

Allen indeed, had shot his bolt, but he sculled still powerfully, and beautifully. His house yelled encouragement, and he toiled like a galley-slave at the oar. But Glyn was overhauling him. Yard by yard he regained that precious distance which he had lost at the beginning; his dogged pluck and lusty strength reduced the lead every stroke. At the bend Allen was a beaten man. He was still a length ahead, but there was half a mile

to go, and Glyn was coming up hand over hand. The yells of Carver's were anxious, those of Smith's bellowed of victory. Glyn, indeed, had the race at his mercy.

At this critical moment the triumphant shouts of Smith's house changed to yells of rage and despair. Shooting gently and calmly out from under the little bridge spanning the solitary tributary of the Lodden was a weed-cutter's empty punt, and it floated easily and leisurely into the Lodden, into the very path of Glyn's boat. Roused by the yells of his house, he turned his head, made a desperate effort to avoid the punt, but failed. His scull struck the dingy sides and snapped cleanly off by the blade.

Allen, utterly exhausted, drifted in an easy winner.

The most unhappy fellow that night in St. Elizabeth's was Fred Glyn. To have lost the race when he had his man beaten! He had flung himself into his chair, and refused to be comforted. Dick Allen had come to say how sorry he was and all that, and Fred was grateful to the captain for his genuine sympathy, but still he felt the Fates had used him ill.

Jack Bradfield came in almost as soon as Allen had gone, and, from his face, Fred saw that his chum had got something to say.

"Look here, Fred, that punt business was no accident."

"What do you mean, Jack?" returned Fred wearily.

"That punt was deliberately loosened from its post and shoved out into your water. The fellow who did it could not be seen for the willows."

"Who would——"

"The place is trampled about no end, and the cad who is responsible has dropped something which he'll wish he never had, or my name isn't Bradfield. Here it is."

Bradfield flung down on the table a little silver match-box, as though it burned his hand.

"Whose match-box is it, Jack?" said Glyn, half bewildered.

"Look at the monogram, Fred."

Glyn took up the little silver box and turned it over. Neatly engraved upon it was a "J. W."

Glyn dropped it as though he had been stung.

"*Weedon!*" he exclaimed.

(To be continued.) Fred K. Swanson

THE BELL.

(From Two Points of View.)

When you've been for hours imprisoned in a class-room
Hypothetically writing "Latin Prose,"
And you find it hard to stick it,
With the weather grand for cricket,
And the atmosphere conducive to repose;
When some innocent, amusing little pastime—
Such as "Nibs," or "Noughts and Crosses"—can't dispel
The monotony of waiting
For the tintinnabulating
Of the tardy but inevitable bell;
Then sweeter than the sweetest of confections,
More refreshing than the luscious lemonade;
More melodious than the masterly selections
By a Borwick or a Paderewski played;
More inspiring than the skylark's wildest trilling,
When "Sweet Echo" nearly splits her "aërial shell"—
Such to any living boy, I'll bet a shilling,
Is the liberating signal of The Bell.

O, much physical and mental recreation
An enthusiastic juvenile derives
From the practice of contesting,
In a combat interesting,
At the fascinating pastime known as "Fives";
But how oft his youthful energy is wasted,
When he's doomed to be the victim of a sell,
Doomed to leave the game unfinished,
(Though his zeal is undiminished)
Through the cruel but inevitable bell.
There is murder in the Maxim's distant growling;
There is danger in the dirges of the deep;
There is horror in the felines' eerie howling,
When they emulate Macbeth and "murder sleep."
But more fearsome than that dreadful detonation—
More discordant than that wild nocturnal yell—
Is the unexpected tintinnabulation
Of that utterly abominable Bell.

Arthur Stanley.

A LETTER FROM GENERAL BADEN-POWELL.

RUSTENBURG,

July 22nd, 1900.

H. J. Dixon
as the last of the boys
Cottesmore School
Brighton

FAC-SIMILE OF THE ENVELOPE SENT BY GEN. BADEN-POWELL

MY DEAR BOYS,

I am very grateful indeed to you all for your very kind message of congratulation which I received yesterday.

I should very much like to see you all if I can get to Brighton in the near future—because I should like to tell you that while we are doing hard work here week after week, losing lives, and having very few pleasures, we do it because it is our duty; but at the same time it is very pleasing, and encouraging to us to go on, when we know that our efforts are being appreciated by those at home — and more especially when we know that the boys of England are watching and learning from us so that when their turn comes to do their duty for their country they will know how to do it.

And while you are yet boys is the time to learn to do your duty — that is, to act as your conscience tells you is right, and not according to what seems the most comfortable or pleasant way for yourself.

At football you do your duty not by playing to show yourself off to the onlookers, but to obey the orders of the captain of the team and to buck up so that your side wins the game. And you do your duty in carrying out the orders of your masters, though it would often be jollier to carry out your own ideas.

THE BIG HALL, COTTESMORE SCHOOL.
Photograph from the "Cottesmorian."

But if you get into the way of thinking only of doing your duty while you are still boys at school, it will come quite naturally to you, when you grow up, to continue to do it for your Sovereign and country, and you will never dream of trying to save your own life if your duty requires you to risk it.

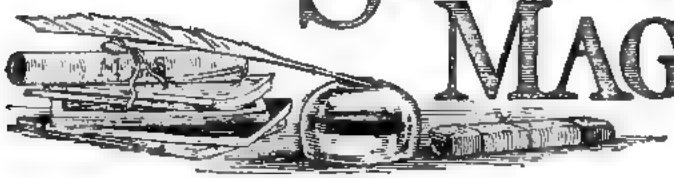
And in thus doing your duty, whether it be to the captain of your team, to your masters, or to your Queen — remember that at the same time you are carrying out a higher work, because you are doing your duty also to God.

I hope I shall in the future see several of you grow into good soldiers; but whatever line of life you take up after leaving school, the same idea should guide you—namely, to do your duty, that is, to do what your inner conscience tells you is right and honourable.

Yours very truly
R. S. S. Baden-Powell

From the "Cottesmorian."

SCHOOL MAGAZINES



"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

WE wish it to be understood that we are always willing, when space permits, to review magazines run in connection with schools, colleges, institutes, and universities. As we hope to form a complete directory of such magazines, which will be printed and sent to the editor, or editors, of every periodical therein mentioned, we trust that efforts will be made by our readers to assist us in the formation of this list.

It should be noted that we only intend to include magazines which are conducted solely by present or past members of schools, colleges, etc. This remark is called forth by reason of the fact that in several magazines sent to us for review this month there are contributions—pictorial and literary—palpably supplied by professional writers and artists not in any way connected with the schools in question. Such a proceeding is altogether at variance with the idea of what a school paper should be. Any magazine containing such contributions will neither be reviewed in THE CAPTAIN nor included in the directory referred to above.

Alperton Hall Magazine (Wembley, Middlesex).—This is a private school periodical that takes a lot of beating. The notes are written in a way that thoroughly interested us even when, jaded and worn, we reached the top of our pile of magazines, having started at the tail-end of the alphabet by way of a change. The (true) story of how a "lady-burglar" broke into the head-master's drawing-room is told in a most spirited fashion, and we hope to reproduce the account in THE CAPTAIN.

Bowdonian (Bowdon College).—"A Pedagogue" contributes an amusing paper on "The Diversions of Examining." Here is a specimen culled from an essay: "Men's amusements differ so vastly from children's, though in the end they both pass the time pleasantly or otherwise, which is often the case."

Bradford Girls' Grammar School Chronicle.—We are pleased to note that this periodical improves with each number. More space might be devoted to games, literature, and so forth. The list of "Old Girls'" marriages is a commendable feature.

Bramptonian (Brampton Park).—We observe in a contemporary a somewhat disparaging reference to the colour of the *Bramptonian's* pages. Well, sir, we must confess you look a little bilious. Why not experiment with *white* paper?

Breconian (Christ College, Brecon).—The junior editors are in great feather because their "chief" has won a scholarship of £80 a year for four years at Keble College, Oxford. "We congratulate ourselves on our success. The firm rejoices, and will make merry on his return."

Brighton College Magazine.—"Nothing," according to Lord Rosebery, "affords such lessons for national success as Association football." The Brighton bard therefore breaks into song:—

Yes, gone at last the days of cram,
The wasted weeks of swotting.
We hail with joy the new exam.
In dribbling, backing, potting.
Fair prey, henceforth, the brain's proud boasts
For every brainless mocker,
And all the empire's highest posts
Annexed by skill at Soccer!

Carthusian.—A correspondent refers to his schoolfellows as "Hooligans," because they like to ease their lungs somewhat boisterously after the Saturday evening entertainments. If this correspondent were acquainted with the methods of the real Hooligans, he would not apply the epithet so carelessly to the honest-fighting men of Old Charterhouse.

Clongownian (Clongowes College, Kildare) appears twice a year, at Midsummer and Christmas. The issue before us announces that the one cavalry commission offered to Irish schools has been assigned by the Lord Lieutenant to Mr. Isidore D'Arcy, who was at Clowgowes up to last summer.

The Colfeian (the chronicle of the Old Boys of Colfe's Grammar School, Lewisham), Vol. I., No. 1.—It seems to me that I am overwhelmed with good things this month. Never before has my batch of magazines behaved itself so well. Our newcomer hath no crime—paper, printing, contents, all please me.

Copyists' Own Journal.—This little monthly, run by boy copyists of the Civil Service, thoroughly deserves the support of those for whom it is intended. "Notes" should come first. There is really no room for a serial in a paper of this size.

Cottesmorian (Cottesmore School, Brighton) contains a *fac-simile* of a letter addressed to the school by General Baden-Powell. The letter is full of sterling sense and manly advice.

Diocesan College and School Magazine (Natal, S.A.)—Again Baden-Powell! In this, the very next magazine we take off the file, we find a further reference to this good-natured soldier. On visiting the school, General Baden-Powell, looking at the arms at the top of its shield, remarked that they reminded him of the arms of Charterhouse, his old school, "where everybody was expected to, and made to, play football." "Football," added the gallant defender of Mafeking, "taught the boys how to keep their places, help one another on, and *obey*."

Droghedan (Drogheda Grammar School) has celebrated its twenty-first birthday. We present our hearty congratulations to this magazine, and trust we shall be privileged to review its jubilee number.

Elizabethan (Westminster School) in reviewing a book on "Association Football," by Ernest Needham, the famous professional, quotes the following passage: "The overtrained men will be distressed before half-time, while those just a little undertrained will have matters in their own hands in the last half, and show increasingly better form up to the last sound of the whistle."

Elysian (Ellis School) is another journalistic baby which bids fair, judging by the way it has started, to have a very prosperous career.

Erasmian (High School, Dublin) wisely prints plenty of Notes. Its Cambridge correspondent is struck by the flatness of the district in which he is now spending a certain portion of each year. "The most striking feature of the landscape is the total absence of the veriest trace of what honest people call a mountain or hill. In spite of this," continues he, "the authorities provide mountains for Cambridge by affixing the title 'Hill' to certain places in the town whose aggregate height could be reckoned in inches." He adds that "some of the Dublin streets are mountains in comparison with the hills of Cambridge."

Framlinghamian.—The Editor issues a strong appeal to Old Boys to rally round and join the O.F. Society. We trust it will take due effect. Framlingham sent up 123 boys to the Cambridge locals—a fine total.

Giggleswick Chronicle.—A very handy publication, illustrated with good photographs. The number before us is capitally edited.

Grammar School Magazine: Why not indicate in your title, Sir Editor, that your paper emanates from *Aberdeen* Grammar School? Your notes are bright. Your criticisms of the fifteen should not be signed by the writer. Avoid the personal in criticism.

Haileyburian is still, as one of its contemporaries remarks, "without a wedding garment." Surely, sir, you would be better for a cover—say, a chocolate one. We observe that the weights of the fifteen are published—a good idea. The heaviest man in the Haileybury pack scales 12st. 12lbs., and the lightest 9st. 6lbs. Nine members of the fifteen are over 11st., five of these weighing over 12st.

Harrow View Magazine is presented in a very neat and readable style. Harrow View being a preparatory school, a decidedly good feature in its magazine is a page of letters from boys who have proceeded to public schools or entered the Services.

Haversham School Chronicle would be better if it extended its feature entitled "Jottings," and made other attempts to liven up its columns by the insertion of personal chat. In the number before us a good deal of space in the shape of half pages seems to be wasted, and the poetry is not of a very high order. Tell your 'Varsity correspondents to buck up and send a little more news.

Higher Grade School Magazine (Cardiff) sold 750 copies of its first number, but as we did not receive a copy we are unable to express an opinion about it. No. 2, which lies before us, has many virtues and some faults. The list of names of contributors to "School Chat" is quite unnecessary; such items should always be anonymous. *H. G. S. M.* evidently has a number of vigorous pens at its command. To continue successfully on its way the magazine should be controlled by a level-headed editor and a couple of sub-editors, and all three should use their blue pencils freely and never accept any contribution merely with the object of obliging the writer.

Hurst Johnian (Hurstpierpoint) is a bright and bustling paper, keeping well up to its motto, "Manhood, learning, gentleness."

Ipswich School Journal.—The editor admits that he doesn't quite know what to say in his editorial, but thinks that "an editorial is necessary surely to keep up and preserve the time-honoured custom, and give the magazine a certain air of importance." There, sir, we disagree. We observe that your school notes occupy exactly nine lines. In your next number leave out your editorial, make your school notes three times as long, and lead off with them on the first page.

Irish Blue (King's Hospital, Dublin), Vol. I., No. 1, is the latest recruit to scholastic journalism. The editor's notes are crisp and good, and the cricketers' characters are smartly done. On the whole, the *Irish Blue* promises well.

Johnian (Leatherhead) possesses four live editors, so it is evident that the staff is not overworked. The concert programme printed in the number before us does not appear to contain many comic items. Why did not someone sing, say, "The Polka and the Choir Boy," or "The Four 'Oss Sharrybang"—two of Corney Grain's best? "Widdicombe Fair" and "The Admiral's Broom" were good selections, but surely "Come into the garden, Maud" was a little ancient, and not altogether the kind of thing beloved of the Fourth Form!

Kendalian is one of the few magazines which possesses a home-grown artist. He is not a great artist, but he has what our Art Editor calls "an idea."

Keswick School Magazine is a well-printed and well-edited journal, full of sound and interesting matter.

Lincolnian (enlarged) has an interesting feature headed "*On dit*," but is somewhat lacking in humour. Hasn't Lincoln Grammar School got a cap-and-bells merchant?

Llandovery School Journal.—Solid school notes mostly. The correspondence is dealt with in a most practical manner, letters being severely cut down in this way: "Junior recommends more games for the junior sets." "Indian Famine wants a longer time for his supper." "Delicate makes the usual imbecile suggestion about coming down to breakfast in slippers."

Malvernian.—The most readable feature in the number to hand is "Our Contemporaries." The editor might judiciously cultivate a sense of proportion in these reviews, as he devotes over a column and a half to the *Wykehamist*, and leaves twenty-five other magazines unreviewed. Too much "scissors-and-paste," sir. Malvernians and others may be interested to learn that the extremely clever essay on "Natural History," which appeared in THE CAPTAIN a little time ago, and which was quoted in numerous papers all over the world, as well as in the *Malvernian*, was the work of a young lady of seventeen.

Mill Hill Magazine.—Capital cover, paper and print. Football Reports and 'Varsity Letters excellent. It is recorded that a member of the Upper School recently made a statement to the effect that "Shakespeare got his knowledge of the classics from Macaulay, and wrote, amongst other works, 'Paradise Lost'"; and that another member of the Upper School alleged that "James I. was a glutton and winebiber" *(sic)*.

Peterite (St. Peter's School, York) says: "There has recently been some discussion in the papers as to which really is the oldest school in England, and our title to that honour is now clearly established." We are glad to find that this question is no longer to vex us.

Pilgrim (Reigate Grammar School) is neat and natty. The Editorial in the number before us begins, "It rarely happens that a school has to record the simultaneous disappearance of the whole staff." It certainly was curious that all the masters at this school obtained new appointments at the same time.

Prince Alfred College Chronicle (Adelaide) is a smart paper. Australian schools, by the way, are very energetic in getting out magazines. Among school papers in the Antipodes are: *St. Peter's College Magazine*, *Way College Boomerang*, the *Roseworthy Student*, *Melburnian*, *Otago High School Magazine*, *Prince Albert College Magazine*, *King's School Magazine*, *Newingtonian*, *Geelong Grammar School Quarterly*, *Cooerwull Magazine*, *Patchwork*, and *Hamiltonian*.

Ramseian (Ramsey Grammar School, Isle of Man) is edited with care and discretion. We hope the little boys have got their game of hockey.

The Reptonian.—This magazine is always good to read. The editor appears to have a lively wit, and does not spare his contemporaries in his reviews of other school magazines. He hits hard, 'tis true, but he hits fairly. "An Anti-mud Larkist" is the happy signature of a correspondent who complains of the state of the Hall Orchard football grounds. "Rain," says he, "is good, and I have no doubt it is excellent for the grass. But when it is allowed to remain on the top and form a 2ft. layer of mud, I must confess . . . it is neither good for the ground nor the players."

Rolandseck School Magazine (Ealing), No. 1.—This starts off well, and we shall always be glad to see it. "Gymnastics" is an excellent article; we hope to reproduce a portion of it in THE CAPTAIN.

Salopian (Shrewsbury School) publishes the following protest in its "Editorial"—a protest which should be taken to heart by the school public generally:—

> As usual, nothing in the *Salopian* box but letters and athletic accounts. If we are to preserve school magazines from degenerating into a mere table of results, we might suggest that would-be contributors should devote their energies not to the making of malicious complaints and impracticable suggestions, but to the production of something of real interest and literary merit.

The excellent football reports in this magazine deserve especial mention.

Sedberghian is full of readable notes and news from cover to cover.

Sotoniensis (King Edward VI. School, Southampton) has an interesting feature called "Miscellanea," in which short extracts from a variety of periodicals appear. A handsome cover. By the way, a correspondent informs the editor that it is usual in school magazines to publish the name of the editor. We have been through some hundreds of school magazines, and we have not observed that this *is* usual. It is better to leave out the editor's name, as a personal note in criticisms of doings scholastic and athletic is thus avoided.

St. Thomas' College Magazine comes to us from far Ceylon. An interesting page is "A Statement of Accounts," in connection with the performance of *Julius Cæsar* at the college. Twenty-seven rupees went in "refreshments for actors." Hear, hear!

Taylorian (Merchant Taylors' School) is a neat little periodical. The Cambridge letter begins with the dismal announcement: "It has not left off raining for six weeks."

Touchstone (Campbell College, Belfast) has a delightful satin-paper cover. Good letters from old boys at the "city of spires" and Cambridge are inserted.

Truro College Magazine pleases the eye and touch with excellent printing and paper. The contents are well selected.

The Wasp, the organ of Mackie's House, Sedbergh School, is one of the few "house" magazines in existence. It is an enterprising paper.

The Yellow Dragon (Queen's College, Hong Kong) continues to reach us regularly. The number before us reproduces the first part of our article on "The Chinese Public School Boy."

The X. Magazine (Eton College) is stated on the cover to be "A Magazine for E.'s., O.E.'s, and Everybody Else's Ease." We think the last three words might with advantage be omitted. The "*X.*" is edited by "Exman," and is labelled "a frivolous fortnightly." Most of the editors who favour us with their periodicals appear, judging by their complaints, to be hard up for what we professionally call "copy"; but Mr. Exman has to apologise to 107 gentlemen, of whose contributions he has not yet been able to make use. From the "*X.*" we learn that two Eton masters recently had a narrow escape from being crushed by trees which fell in the playing-fields "on the first Sunday of this Half." Glancing at the various features we find poems and other things which prove that there is literary talent of a high order at Eton. "The Parting of the Ways," a story of five columns in length, by "G. F.," is well written. The hero is introduced as "a tall, dark boy of about eighteen," and further on we read "so the years ebbed away, and Archie became a naval officer." It would seem, then, that Archie was three years over the age limit when he "became a naval officer." We are sorry Olive Arlton "died of failure of the heart's action." When "G. F." is more experienced he will make his stories end happily. The magazine seems to have an energetic advertisement canvasser.

We also beg to acknowledge receipt of *Braintrean*, *Calcestrian*, *Portmuthan*, *Quernmorian*, *Shandonian*

THE MODUS VIVENDI OF SCOTTISH STUDENTS

NOW that so many English boys, especially those who intend to take up medicine, go to Scottish Universities to complete their education, it seems surprising that so little should be known in English schools of the ways of Scottish students. Most public school boys know almost as much of 'varsity life at Oxford or Cambridge as the undergraduates do themselves, but their knowledge of university doings in Scotland is very limited. There are no less than four large universities in Scotland, but, except in matters of detail, they are all carried on on the same lines, so it will be sufficient if I give a short sketch of the life of an average student at Edinburgh.

Probably the first thing that strikes a boy coming fresh from an English public school is the great freedom which Edinburgh students enjoy. Once outside the class-room the student is as free as any man in the town. The idea of wearing a cap and gown between certain hours, or of being pursued by a "Proctor" and his "bulldogs" seems preposterous to him. He wears any clothes he likes—usually a knickerbocker suit—and can roam round the town all night if he likes, without being interfered with in any way. A few of the students, chiefly Englishmen, have tried to start boarding-houses somewhat on the lines of the various colleges at Oxford and Cambridge, but these are quite unofficial, and the majority of the students prefer to live in their own "digs."

Used as a club, and somewhat corresponding to the Oxford "Union."
Photograph by Charles Webb.

In their class-rooms the conduct of Edinburgh students seems, to the stranger, very rough and ready, as they freely applaud their Professor if what he says pleases them, or scuff their feet if he makes a mistake, sometimes preventing him from continuing his lecture till he has corrected a wrong quantity or something. This behaviour is, however, quite natural to the Scottish students, as Scotsmen are always very frank in expressing their disapproval, and do not reverence authority so much as Englishmen do.

In spite of his freedom, or perhaps because of it, the Edinburgh student takes life much more seriously than the average English undergraduate, and devotes himself almost entirely to his work. Edinburgh prides itself on being a great teaching university, and not merely an examining body, so the classes at Edinburgh are no sinecure which can be dispensed with by cramming up during the last year. Some of the students have to attend three classes a day, and, in order to make sure that they know their subject, half way through each session and again near the end of it, "Class Test Examinations" are held in every class. Each student who gets over 20 per cent. at these exams. receives a certificate, without which he is not allowed to enter for his "final" or "first professional," as the case may be. He must also have a certificate showing that he has attended the classes in each subject a certain number of times. The method by which the attendance of students is checked is rather a peculiar one. Each student carries about with him a number of cards with his name on (visiting cards are often used), and out of a course of fifty lectures the professor of a class collects one of these cards from each student on any thirteen days he likes to choose. A record of the students present is made, and unless a student is present on eight out of the thirteen times he does not receive an attendance certificate.

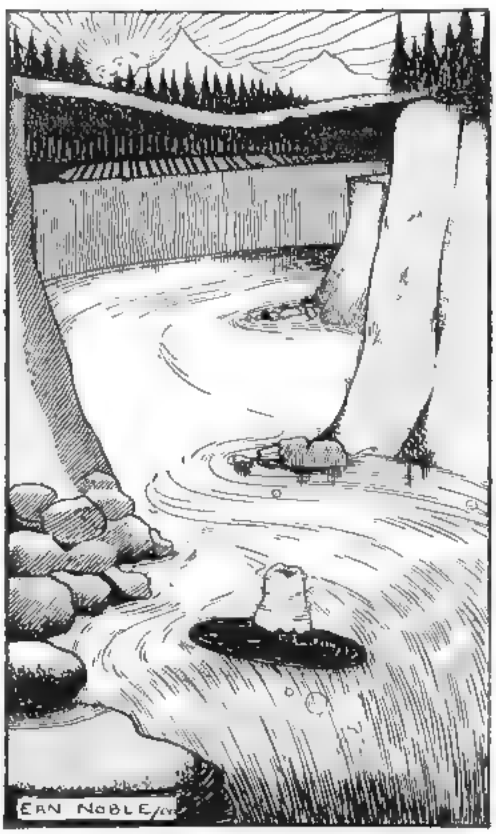
(1) A DEEP, SWIFTLY FLOWING RIVER, AND SMITH MINOR.

An institution in Scottish universities, which is unknown in England, is the "Students' Representative Council." This is a council elected from amongst themselves by the students of the university. The council manages affairs which concern the students as a whole, such as "students' nights," inter-university meetings, torchlight processions, etc. It also extends its influence into the class-rooms, and professors frequently receive and act upon its advice, being in this respect much less autocratic than the English "don." A "students' night," which I mentioned above, is another custom limited to Scottish universities as far as I know. When a specially popular actor or actress comes to one of the local theatres, the students' council buy up the gallery, and re-sell the tickets to the students only. A piano is taken up into the gallery, and during the *entr'actes* the students go through a programme of songs arranged by themselves. As the number of tickets which the council sell is unlimited, the crowd in the gallery is usually pretty big.

In athletic matters the Scottish universities are a good way behind the English, as they do not devote the same amount of time and energy to them; but nevertheless, some very good football and hockey—or, as it is called in Scotland, "shinty"—teams are made up every year. In Scotland cricket is a comparatively recent introduction, the chief summer sports of the students being tennis and golf.

Scottish universities are more progressive than English, in that women are admitted to the full privileges of membership. Edinburgh alone turns out large numbers of fully qualified lady doctors every year, and at the present time there is actually a fear lest the women swamp the students' council.

CHARLES WEBB.



(2) A DEEP, SWIFTLY FLOWING RIVER, AND NO SMITH MINOR.

COMMENTS ON THE FEBRUARY COMPETITIONS.

No. I.—Judging by the number of entries for this competition, it was distinctly popular. The six most "Favourite Authors" of CAPTAIN readers, decided by vote, would appear to be the following:—

1.—Gordon Stables, M.D., R.N.
2.—G. Manville Fenn.
3.—G. A. Henty.
4.—Jules Verne.
5.—R. S. Warren Bell.
6.—Dr. Conan Doyle.

The next six, in order of votes, were: Fred Swainson, Max Pemberton, Fred Whishaw, Clark Russell, Rudyard Kipling, and David Ker. In each class the prize-winners got the list quite right; the "hon. mens." each had five right, the neatness of their lists being also taken into consideration.

No. II.—Why, O Competitors, when asked to send in your work on post-cards only, should some few of you go to the trouble of procuring paper and envelopes for the same, thereby disqualifying yourselves? "The Twelve Most Flourishing Towns in the United Kingdom," excluding London, Liverpool, Glasgow, Manchester, Birmingham, and Leeds, decided in the same way as Comp. I. appear to be:

1.—Sheffield.
2.—Newcastle.
3. Aberdeen.
4.—Bradford.
5.—Hull.
6.—Bristol.
7.—Nottingham.
8.—Edinburgh.
9.—Cardiff.
10.—Dublin.
11.—Belfast.
12.—Dundee.

A good many competitors had eleven right, but only two got all the twelve.

No. III.—Some splendid "Animal Stories" were sent in. They were so good that the difficulty was to decide on the best. The drawing of "Black Prince" was excellent. His was indeed a tragic end.

No. IV.—By the time I had finished judging the "Abbreviation" Competition, my head was positively spinning round, I having perused some hundreds of hieroglyphics, not only English ones—which were puzzling enough—but French, Latin, and even Chinese. We hope to print some of these brain-worriers.

No. V.—It is only fair to say that all the essays in this competition were written in the most good-humoured spirit possible. Boys are as fond and proud of their sisters as can be, and *vice versâ*; which is just as it should be, don't you think?

No. VI.—The best maps hailed from Scotland.

N.B.—Competitors are particularly requested not to make their applications for membership of THE CAPTAIN Club with competition entries, as these are quite separate departments.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.

A GOOD PRIZE.

"THE CAPTAIN"

A JOLLY PRESENT.

VOLUME IV.

October, 1900—March, 1901.

CONTAINS:—

"THE CRUISE OF THE 'VENGEFUL'" By Dr. Gordon Stables, R.N.
"TALES OF GREYHOUSE" - - - By R. S. Warren Bell.
"KING WATERBOTTLE" - - - By W. W. Mayland.
ARTICLES FOR ATHLETES - - By C. B. Fry.

AND HUNDREDS OF OTHER FEATURES.

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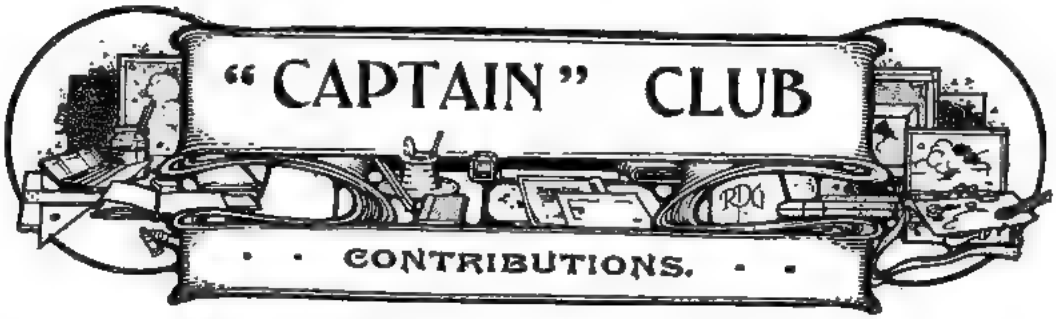


THE Prize of One Year's Subscription to THE CAPTAIN is this month awarded to FRANK HARPER, 10, Springbank Terrace, Aberdeen, for his contribution entitled, "Shakespeare and THE CAPTAIN." MISS MAUDE HORNER is highly commended for "A Prehistoric Euclid Class."

Shakespeare and "The Captain."

The following conversation is composed of quotations from different plays of Shakespeare. The dialogue clearly manifests how Shakespeare anticipated THE CAPTAIN.

OLD FAG (handing copy of THE CAPTAIN to boy): "Read o'er this paper." (*Richard II.*, Act IV., Sc. 1.)

BOY (reading): "Excellent good, i' faith." (*Twelfth Night*, Act II., Sc. 3.)

O. F.: "Have you with heed perused what I have written?" (*Coriolanus*, Act V., Sc. 5.)

BOY: "That I have." (*Julius Cæsar*, Act II., Sc. 4.) "There are some shrewd contents in yon same paper." (*Merchant of Venice*, Act III., Sc. 2.)

O. F.: "What think you of it?" (*Measure for Measure*, Act I., Sc. 1.)

BOY: "A good matter surely. Comes there any more of it?" (*Taming of Shrew*, Act I., Sc. 1.)

O. F.: "'Tis but begun." (*Taming of Shrew*, Act I., Sc. 1.) "His years are young, but his experience old." (*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act II., Sc. 4.) "Everyone knows us." (*Comedy of Errors*, Act III., Sc. 2.)

BOY: "'Tis a very excellent piece of work. *Taming of Shrew*, Act I., Sc. 1.)

O. F.: "Commend the paper." (*All's Well*, Act V., Sc. 1.)

BOY: "Notable cause to work." (*Twelfth Night*, Act II., Sc. 3.)

O. F.: "Stick to your journal." (*Cymbeline*, Act IV., Sc. 2.)

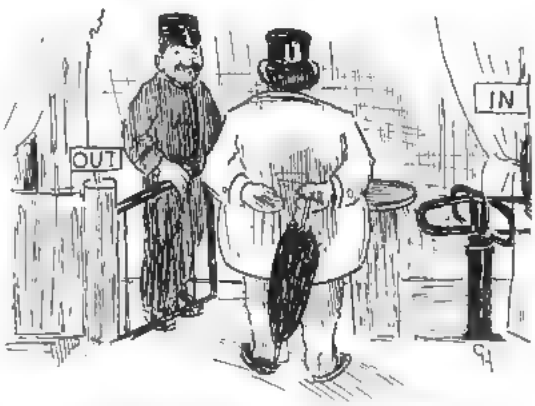
BOY: "I like thy counsel; well hast thou advised. And that thou mayest perceive how well I like it, the execution of it shall make known." (*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act I., Sc. 3.) "I'll go buy." (*Merry Wives of Windsor* Act IV., Sc. 4.)

O. F.: "Come on; there is sixpence for you." (*Twelfth Night*, Act II., Sc. 3.)

FRANK HARPER.

This Is Funny!

I read in a paper about a boy who was catching fish in a private pond. Suddenly the gardener turned up and seized the boy just when he had made his bait. "What are you doing, you young rascal? Do not you see what is written on



POLITE OFFICIAL (*at the turnstile*): "It's no use, sir—you'll have to come in by the way out."

(Drawn by Gerald Harper.)

the board? You were just going to put your bait in to catch fish!" cried the gardener. "I am not fishing," said the boy, "but only teaching this poor, harmless worm how to swim!"

IVAN CUZLENBURG.

A Prehistoric Euclid Class.

"Is that clear?" roared Bucephologus, the unhappy professor of Euclid in the days of primitive man.

The class wriggled uneasily on the slabs of roughly-hewn stone which formed their prehistoric desks, but none denied the clearness.

for few cared for Bucephologus' individual attention. Taking silence for consent (a custom which has prevailed to the present day), Bucephologus went on with his lesson. "We will now revise," he said, and the class shivered like young aspens in a bleak March wind. "What is a point?" he continued, hurling a broken spear-head at the class, according to the then prevailing idea that the gods, by guiding the implement, would indicate from whom the answer was due. (This custom no longer prevails.) "The point is the part that hurts," sulkily answered Pachyderm Minor, who had vainly attempted to dodge the spear-head, which had struck with hollow reverberation against his skull.

There followed a howl of anguish from the long-suffering professor, which made the ichthyosaurus, idly grazing near, bound four feet into the air. "Have I not taught you that a point has *no* parts?" he yelled, in tortured accents; "how, then, can it be the part that hurts?"

Pachyderm Minor attempted no reply, and the rest of the class were raptly gazing at the sky, wherein the sun showed that it wanted but a few minutes to the end of the Euclid lesson.

"What is a line?" was Bucephologus' next demand, and once more the neolithic instrument went hurtling through the air. This time it alighted with a heavy thud on the cranium of the wily Caputastutus, who immediately dropped senseless, instead of replying. The monitor whose duty it was to collect odd papers, the bodies of the slain, or any other untidiness (a custom that has prevailed to this day), removed him, discovering as he did so that Caputastutus was only shamming. "One must draw a line somewhere," he whispered, with a prehistoric wink, "and I draw one at defining it."

SEEING NOTES.
A sharp tack.
(By H. Holliday.)

Bucephologus explained that his death was due to the anger of the gods on account of their dense ignorance.

"Thus perish all who neglect their definitions!" he proclaimed. His further remarks were drowned by the shuffling of many feet and the sound of rent paper. The class had perceived that the sun had reached the desired position, and with prehistoric manners were preparing for departure, regardless of his final observations (a custom that has prevailed to this day).

MAUDE HORNER.

A NATURAL ERROR.
INTELLIGENT NAVVY: "Phwere moight yer Honour be goin' wid all that liquor?"
ISAAC: "Dot's not liquor. Dose vos mein initials!"
(By Hubert Holliday.)

TWENTY MILES FROM ANYWHERE, AND NO REPAIRING OUTFIT.
(Drawn by J. P. Grandidier.)

What I can See from my "Digs."

By looking out of the back window I can see a very dirty back yard, containing a dust-bin, a bucket, a broom, and a small coal-hole. Further on I can see a very similar back yard, only coal and cinders seem a trifle mixed up, rendering the general effect rather more picturesque. This yard, again, is backed by the rear view of a dingy, grimy house. On left and right the same view is repeated *ad lib.*, with variations, and the whole is surmounted by a magnificent canopy of smoke. Then, by coming to my sitting-room window I see, working from right to left, a squalid grocer's shop, a villainous public-house, another ditto, and then more grimy houses *ad nauseam*. Righ

behind these I can distinguish a large gasometer, and a pit-mound and engine-house—this only on clear days.

Further to the left I can see a chimney-stack, ditto, ditto, ditto. Straight in front of us we see more chimney-stacks and more pit-mounds, never forgetting the ubiquitous smoke. This, I think, ends the list of the attractions to be viewed from my "digs."

CYRUS J. LUNT.

P.S.—I forgot to mention that there is a house next door where a small child plays scales and five-finger exercises every Thursday, and most other days as well. I can't see her, though—only *hear* her.

C. J. L.

ORPHAN SCHOOLS, CHEADLE-HULME.
(Sent by E. H. O.)

How I Climbed a "Chimney-stalk."

A chimney-stalk, 120ft. high, was being built in our neighbourhood. Just before it was finished I was invited to make an ascent.

So, one evening, I went up with two friends and one of the workmen, who acted as guide.

Having gained an entrance to the shaft by a small arch at the foot, which was not yet built up, we found ourselves in comparative darkness. The small circle of sky above us seemed very far away. For the first 20ft. we climbed a ladder fixed to the inside of the stalk, and reached a small platform.

This was made by fixing two beams of wood, called "needles," in opposite sides of the shaft, and then laying a couple of planks across them. The foothold thus obtained was small and shaky, and I own that I felt rather nervous. These "needles" are fixed in the shaft every 5ft., and the builders draw themselves up from one to the other. They say that this is the hardest part of their work. We, however, being amateurs, were provided with a short ladder, the foot of which was placed on one of the "needles," and reached just above the next pair. I went up first, and stepped on to the next platform, and when the others arrived it was a case of "standing room only," and not much of that. In addition to this, it was so dark that we had to move more by touch than sight. Some of us may have wished to go back, but no one had the courage to say so.

The short ladder was again drawn up, and we proceeded as before, except that the one who came up last now went first. We climbed in this way for some time, the chimney always getting narrower, till we thought we ought to be nearing the top. Imagine our feelings on being told that we would soon be *halfway*. However, we were now gaining confidence, and felt more at home, and at last, after a climb of about twenty minutes, we reached the top, where we found a good solid platform to stand on. Then we felt amply repaid for our efforts. The air was crisp and clear, and we could see the country for miles around us.

Fortunately there was no wind, for a tall chimney sways considerably, even when a moderate breeze is blowing. After a short time we began the descent, and we found this rather more difficult than climbing up. But with

A STORY NOT NEEDING WORDS.
(By D. Newill.)

patience and care we slowly worked our way down, and reached the ground once more in safety.

When a chimney is finished, the builders take the "needles" out as they come down for the last time, and fill up the holes, thus leaving the shaft clear.

Our climb greatly increased our respect for the nerve and skill of those employed in this dangerous work of building real "castles in the air."

ALEX. SCOTT, JUN.

"CAPTAIN" CLUB CRITICISMS.

LITERARY.

What-ho!—Too much rhyme and not enough reason. Try again, and keep the next poem shorter. **Effect.**—Verses haven't quite enough in them to merit publication. If you will send your name and address you shall have a copy that is all right. Mention which month it was. **R. Massey.**—All this has been pointed out many times. I commend your energy. **R. A. H. G.**—You'll win it yet if you go on trying. **A. Bailey.**—Hope to use the snapshot. **E. Lang.**—Promising. Try again. **Lancelot.**—No more war poems wanted. **Joan Sterling.**—Too flattering, my dear. **E. Haward.**—You see we are catering for "Old Boys" as well as boys. Read "Sir Billy." **Dyke White.**—Oh, you funny fellow! That typing of yours is remarkably neat. **Maude Horner.**—You deserve to be encouraged. Send in some more. **E. J. Walker.**—Accepted. **Dorinda.**—Of your poetic batch, "Memory" is the best, but I can't accept anything. Take heaps of trouble; polish and polish. Mere rhyme-spinning is not verse-writing. Try to convey *thought* as well as sound. **S. Bishop.**—You are mistaken in thinking that a School Debating Society is a "rather novel institution." There is one in almost every school of any size. **R. W. B.**—Promising. Let me see something else of yours. **Pollywog.**—A bright, pleasant story, but not quite up to CAPTAIN form. However, don't despair; try again, and for goodness' sake watch your spelling! Nuttall's Dictionary can be had at a very moderate price. **C. J. Lunt.**—Accepted. **N. Power, C. P. White, "Maudlin," W. G. Peck, R. B. B., and others.**—It is rather late now to publish "In Memoriam" verses on Her late Majesty. Your poems are feelingly written. **A Scott, jun.**—Accepted. **L. Jones.**—Don't write on both sides of the paper. **Number 6.**—I regard you as an official representative at Southampton. **J. Garratt.**—Next time use ink. **L. M. Snow.**—More descriptive essays are of use to few editors. Try and infuse brightness and humour into your work. "Our Jim" is a very old idea; think out fresh, original plots; be short and crisp. You have a notion how to write, but you must move with the times; study magazines and the kind of tale they print, and you may yet win success.

ARTISTIC.

E. A. Taylor.—Regret I cannot use the photograph of the River Stour flooded. **"Mad Egg."**—Not very much; too careless. **J. H. Parsonage** wants my candid opinion of his drawing. It is good, and well carried out, but nervously drawn. Should prefer an illustrated joke next month, as this sketch is not of sufficient interest to publish. **Gwynedd Hudson.**—The photograph of our late Queen made of snow is splendid, but too dark to reproduce. The pen-drawing is also good. **Arthur E. Olley.**—Your ideas are better than your execution. I congratulate you, "Olley." **W. S. Eardle.**—Sorry no room; but I smiled, and that's some satisfaction, isn't it? **Mary Gilbertson.**—See above. **W. Nettleton.**—You may not be aware that it is against the rules of the General Post Office to send letters with hieroglyphic addresses. The postal officials are hard enough worked as it is. Will five hundred other artistic contributors take this hint? **O. E. Llewellyn.**—Many thanks. Photographs O.K. If I cannot find space, will return. **P. H. Blanshard.**—Sorry, no room. **Norman B. Ashford.**—What a bad time you must have had! We all sympathize with you. Your work is good, but you ought to use black ink. When you win any prize you may do what you like with it. I quite understand. **"Ne Hoc."**—I won't forget. **L. Ryland.**—Photographs of Rossall to hand. Will use when there is space. **C. S. Austin.**—The photograph of Sir Charles Warren is capital. Will return if not used. **P. Khan.**—All photographs too dark excepting that of the "Chapel Schools, Harrow." **L. Jacob, C.C.A.**—Oom Paul very good. Don't mix wash and pen so much. Sketches at foot of your letter are much smarter, and show that you know how to use your pen. **"E. W."**—Sketches good, but heavy. Don't get into the habit of cross-hatching backgrounds—it's bad. **Archie Inglis.**—Outline all right. Study good line artists like Mr. Fred Pegram and Mr. Gordon Browne, and you will see they use their shading to model their figures. Not so much up and down, my boy. **"Geo."**—Not so good as they might be. Try simpler subjects, and don't "niggle." **C. F. Knowles.**—"Shadow of the Election" good; other drawing not up to your standard. **J. Donald Hughes.**—Your "Atrocities" are atrocious. You can do better work. **A. S. Atkinson.**—Drawings wooden. You go the right way about it, but want practice. **S. H. Barlow.**—Your attempt to win is a worthy one. Don't work such fine lines. All drawings are made for reduction, as you say. I have booked your name. **B. H. Wandsworth.**—(1) I regret that the photographs are too dark. They do such a young fellow credit. Thank your "mater" for letter. (2) No; boys in London do not get THE CAPTAIN any sooner than boys in Scotland, as it is published simultaneously all over the country. **E. A. Leigh.**—Mazes to hand; will try to find space in a future number. **Jack Watts.**—Photograph of room too dusky. Try again in the spring. **Nancy Huntly.**—Not good enough.

Contributions also received from: Gordon McVoy, "One of the Club," H. Martin Robinson, A. S. Russell, "Vedo," T. E. B., C. J. Couchman, L. G. H., Gerald H. Lepper, Canuck, F. Tateson, C. Eastbury, J. H. Orchard, N. Atkins, R. H. Lawton, J. H. Rankin, G. H. W. Steel, W. J. C. N., W. H. Thomson, C. Clarkson, F. L. Deane, Norah Tayler, C. Eastbury, Fairlie Dickson, Tim, J. Douglas-Hamilton, H. Barnshaw, Jinkens Primus, W. Parker, E. O. Pearce, C. K. Bird, D. Gordon Barnsley, V. G. Steed, W. O'Daly, Harry Platt, M. D. Hardy, S. G. Dutton, Joseph Johnston, L. Kelsey, W. H. Burne, W. H. Kennedy, and William Knowles.

(A number of accepted contributions are held over.)

12, BURLEIGH STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

"God Save the King!"—At the earliest possible opportunity we hasten to pay homage to our Sovereign Lord, King Edward the Seventh—who, by the lamented death of Queen Victoria, has now come to the English throne. The news of our late beloved Queen's death was flashed to London from Osborne shortly after seven o'clock on the evening of January 22nd. It had been a cold, dispiriting day, and the coming sorrow had already cast its shadow of gloom over the metropolis. The night was in accord with the funereal tidings momentarily expected in London. As, about the hour mentioned, we locked up for the day and walked down Burleigh Street, the shout of a paper-seller was the first intelligence we received of the sad event. Rounding the corner into the Strand we came upon a silent mass of people gazing at a written notice posted up in the window of the *Globe* office, and thus we learned that Queen Victoria had passed away, full of years, held in high honour by the whole world, wealthy beyond measure in the love of her people.

"Nothing but well and fair."—The story of how the Queen died needs no re-telling. She died, and while from her own subjects there arose a whole-hearted chorus of sorrow, the press of the world echoed Great Britain's praise of her lofty character and majestic attributes, worthy to be emulated by all rulers of nations for all time to come. We, of THE CAPTAIN, were on the point of going to press with the last number of the volume, yet we had time to pay a fitting tribute to the deceased monarch, and so, on the last page of the last number of the volume we bade farewell to Queen Victoria in Milton's noble lines—a verse, simple in its solemn grandeur, bearing the touch of an immortal master-hand.

The Monarch never dies!—So soon as the breath had left the Queen's body, the King, by natural succession, immediately took her place as ruler of the United Kingdom and its vast possessions. "The King is dead—long live the King!" Such is the herald's phrase which proclaims the fact that the monarch never dies. So now it is our duty, as good subjects, to honour and serve our new King, in word and thought and deed, in all true loyalty. On the last page of our fourth volume we bade farewell to Queen Victoria; appropriately, on the first page of our fifth volume, we hail King Edward the Seventh!

By "Captain" Authors.—Those children of a larger growth who read THE CAPTAIN will be interested to hear that Mr. John Mackie's new book, "The Man Who Forgot," has lately been published by Messrs. Jarrold & Son, of Norwich. The price is 6s. The story is practically the result of a personal experience. This and Mr. Warren Bell's latest novel, "Love the Laggard," can now be had at all booksellers' and libraries. The latter is published by Mr. Grant Richards, Henrietta Street, London; price 6s. Mr. Hassall has designed a delightful cover for "Love the Laggard."

Our Club and Badge.—*Bonâ fide* purchasers of THE CAPTAIN are invited to apply for membership of THE CAPTAIN CLUB. See previous numbers for further particulars. Readers are informed that THE CAPTAIN Badge may now be obtained from THE CAPTAIN Office, price sixpence. The badge is made (1) with a pin attached, for wearing on hat or cap, or as a brooch; (2) with a stud, to be worn on the lapel of the coat; and (3) with a small ring, as a watch-chain pendant. When applying please state which kind you require, and address all letters to: Badge Department, THE CAPTAIN, 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London. The badge may also be had in silver for two shillings.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Curious" writes:—Having just read your answer to "Butterfly" in the January number, thought perhaps I might suggest a pet. Has she tried a squirrel? They are awfully nice pets. Have had three myself. The last one, called Joey, was stolen, but was so tame it used to run all over the garden and house quite freely, and if "Butterfly" has one she will find that it is tame in a month or two. They are easy to feed, clean, and not destructive, eat nearly all kinds of nuts, fir cones, and bread and milk. The usual squirrel cages are horrid things. I expect "Butterfly" would want one at first, but it can easily be made out of a large sugar or packing case, with a little cork on the sides, and wire for the top and front.

School-boys' Realm (Gordon's College, Aberdeen) is produced on the hektograph, and let us say at once that the little magazine is most legibly written throughout. "All rights" of contributions are "reserved," we are solemnly warned. There is a serial story, the editor has his say, and there is a prize competition in addition to other features. Pity these gallant Gordons can't *print* their mag. Suppose they have a whip round and try. They could start quite modestly with four pages.

G. and O. Jones.—Only one of you can join the club. G. had better be a member for this year; and O. next. We do not demand any entrance fee or subscription; we simply ask you to buy THE CAPTAIN regularly yourselves. Of course, if you both buy THE CAPTAIN you can both be members of the club. Kindly write and say whether one of you will be a member, or whether both intend to fulfil the conditions and become members.

A Sufferer.—Read Mr. Fry's Answers relating to dumb-bell exercise. Take regular dumb-bell exercise every day. *Drill* as much as you can, and get all the fresh air possible. Sleep with a low pillow if your doctor will let you. Put every bit of mind you've got into your dumb-bell work (1lb. bells will do), but don't overtax yourself. Read our article on "Dumb-bell Exercises," July, 1899.

George Perkins has been at Tunis all his life till quite recently. When he arrived at a school in England he had to get a boy to show him how to put on "a starched shirt and collar and long togs." Perkins could read and write Arabic, Italian, French, Maltese, and a "bit of German," when he came over here, but he didn't know how to put studs in a white shirt!

Fred Meade.—(1) Sorry you didn't get "Hon. Men." in the "villain" competition; you ought to have thought of a greater villain, my boy. (2) Try Richford & Co., of 153, Fleet Street. If you get their catalogue you will find that they supply mostly everything of a practical, scientific nature—steam locomotives, vertical engines, etc.

Army Pup (KENSINGTON).—I suppose you went to a man who neglected you. If you do this sort of thing you cannot be surprised if you "bust" your exams. As you say you want to be within a walk of a good coach try Messrs. James Carlisle & Gregson, 5, Lexham Gardens, W., whose list of results is eminently satisfactory.

Rogator.—Have committed your criticisms to memory. You must have noticed time after time that I have recommended T. B. Reed's school stories as tip-top examples of what school stories should be. "Tales of Greyhouse" will be issued in book form this year.

Fred. W Turner is the tallest member of THE CAPTAIN Club, he being 6ft. 10ins. in height. He is an enthusiastic cyclist, and rides a 33in. frame, probably the highest machine on the road. Will Mr. Turner kindly sent us his portrait?

Rob Roy suggests a "fine writing competition"—that is to say, writing the greatest number of words within a given space. I have already condemned competitions of this sort, as they are of no practical value and most injurious to the eyes.

Harry Williams.—Good of you to send THE CAPTAIN to your brother. As a member of the Club, however, you ought to urge him to take it in himself and get the other fellows on his ship to do the same. Glad to have heard from you.

Dorothy Cromey and **G. H. P.** (LEEDS).—To be eligible for THE CAPTAIN Club you must not take THE CAPTAIN alternately with another buyer—that is absolutely contrary to the rules of the club: you must buy it yourself.

Ernest Evans.—It is curious, but I believe the old red penny stamp is still allowed to be used on an envelope. The other day I saw a gentleman place one on an important receipt form, and the officials accepted the receipt.

Franc Ami.—I do not like to think that any reader of THE CAPTAIN, having written to Baden-Powell and received a reply, would then endeavour to get money for the letter so kindly sent him by the great general.

Jack S. Loutet says that when he is reading THE CAPTAIN he feels that he doesn't want his lunch. Now, economical parents all, kindly take the hint, give your boys THE CAPTAIN, and they will forget all about meals!

S A. Spratt.—If you are not robust enough for the volunteers you will be informed of the fact when you present yourself for admission. Volunteer adjutants and staff sergeants do not usually stand on ceremony.

Nemo.—I am gratified to hear that your copy of THE CAPTAIN is "simply devoured" by your fellow students at the Regent Street Polytechnic, but I should be still more gratified to hear that each of those fellow students took in THE CAPTAIN for himself.

Ethel K. Carson, in the recent "Villain in Fiction" competition, said that the greatest villain she had ever come across was the "Old Fag." Well now, Ethel, between you and me, you are right. You have jumped unexpectedly to the proper conclusion.

Sir Ludar.—(1) A hobby is a thing one generally chooses for oneself, according to one's tastes. Why not go in for photography? (2) You can get a good magic-lantern, full size, for 25s. from Messrs. Benetfink & Co., Cheapside, London, E.C.

V. L. Manning.—Leaving out biblical ones—Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, Oliver Cromwell, Duke of Marlborough, and the Duke of Wellington take high places as generals, though I don't presume to say these are the five *greatest*.

Frank Duffett.—I am afraid I could not use the serial story you speak of, as I have made arrangements for my serials for some time to come. I hope you will be successful in disposing of it to some South African paper.

Vernon H. Jones.—(1) *Semper fidelis.* (2) Get some of your artistically inclined members to draw you some monograms to choose from—brown on yellow, and in other tints. (3) No fee for printing monogram on stationery.

A Humble Unit.—Glad to hear of your club, and wish it all prosperity. Information re exam. for Inspectors of Weights and Measures can be obtained from Civil Service Commissioners, Cannon Row, Westminster, S.W.

Flabby.—What you ought to use are Sandow's Grip Dumb-bells. Haven't you ever seen those "strong men" at Earl's Court Exhibition manipulating them? Splendid things for the muscles of the arms and wrists.

Yohomo (1) is a wounded Imperial Yeoman who wants a hobby. Ship-building in cardboard is very engrossing. Let him try his hand at this. (2) The rhyming in his verses is ingenious, but he is not a great poet.

Euralia.—I have handed Mr. Fry your letter. You should be careful not to over-exert yourself, as your heart is evidently a little weak. It will probably get stronger as you grow older, if you use yourself properly. See a doctor at once.

Puella (Yeovil). — What's the use of bothering to send up to London, when you can get a Sandow Developer at any of W. H. Smith & Son's bookstalls? It is sold in boxes. I have seen it myself at hosts of stations.

Marquise.—Write a letter saying how many copies you think you can sell, and how many pages the magazine is to contain. Address the letter to "The Printing Expert," Captain Club, etc. (this address).

Bulldog (1) wants to know what he would get for a silver paper ball weighing 7ozs.? (2) "What Shall I Be?" contains a chapter on journalism; the price of the book is 3s. 6d. Apply to George Newnes, Ltd.

W. D. H.—(1) If you find a fountain pen is spoiling your handwriting, don't use it so often; vary it with a steel pen. (2) All exercises are good to make you grow. Read Mr. Fry's "Answers" regularly.

"First Assistant."—(1) I am pleased to hear that your boys are such enthusiastic readers. My best regards to them, and to you. (2) Your "Contents" are good. It is a pity you cannot print the magazine.

Leonard Watson, W. P. Robinson, Enquirer, and others.—The author, of course, made a mistake. "Lord Edward Cecil" wasn't at Ladysmith, but at Mafeking with Baden-Powell.

M. E. W., J. M. P., H. L. P. (Harrow). —I thank you for pointing out the error about Bannerman in the "Great Rebellion." You will find that it is rectified when these Tales appear in book form.

P. Craddock.—You are a capital fellow. I'll tell you what to do—don't lend 'em The "Cap'n," then they'll buy it. Kindly regard yourself as an official representative at Stratford-on-Avon.

Mr. Alfred McDonald Priddy sends me some interesting particulars of his "home museum." From his letter I judge that the formation of a home museum must be a very interesting hobby.

An Ardent Captainite.—Yes, do some more school-work before you think of taking up farming. Then go as a pupil to a good farmer. Shropshire and Yorkshire are very good farming counties.

Irishman.—I think very highly of Irishmen myself. Several of our authors hail from the Old Country. I do not see why a boy of fourteen should not study Horace, if he's pretty smart.

Devonian informs me that Devonshire has contributed the following military leaders to the war: Buller, Tucker, Rundle, Kekewich, and Plumer. Can any other county boast as many?

Old Keyfordian (New York).—Yes, I agree with you. It would wake the Yankees up to see "Sammy Woods" play Rugger. Good wishes to all readers t'other side of the Pond.

Richard Allen.—I think you must mean the "Daisy" air rifle. Mr. Tom Browne has one in his studio. He uses it when he wants to kill flies—and time—between the laughs.

Stanley Russell.—In compliance with your wish, and the wish of a great number of other correspondents, "Tales of Greyhouse" are to be brought out in book form.

"Dumps."—Send 1s. 4d. to the Publisher, George Newnes, Ltd., 7-12, Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C., and he will send you the back numbers you are requiring.

H. R. W. Dawson warns readers against keeping tortoises in their gardens, as he says that they eat up all the young shoots, being particularly fond of beans.

Gaudeamus.—I have already said that an excellent exerciser for the bedroom is that issued by the Ryan Manufacturing Company, Maltby Street, Bermondsey.

Argument.—The *Kaiser Wilhelm* at present holds the Atlantic record. Look out for a big article on the "Atlantic Ferry" which we shall shortly be publishing.

Imperialist.—Don't take your fiction too seriously. I don't suppose any other country is likely to invade G.B. If it did it would get it pretty hot.

Littéraires.—Have a feature called, "What I Think of Myself," and then let each contributor describe his own character. The result should prove interesting.

A. C. Legard.—Read advice to contributors at the end of "C.C.C. Pages." Don't "copy"—draw from life. I really can't undertake to criticise *oil* paintings.

George Cozens is thanked for his useful suggestion that the badges should be made to wear on the watch-chain as well as on hat or coat, or as a brooch.

A Politician.—I do not undertake to discuss politics in this magazine. I should advise you to address your questions to a daily or weekly paper. **An Admirer.**—Send height, age, weight, etc., and we will tell you where to get a bat and how much to give. **Charles J. Hunt and others.**—The word "Pickwick" is mentioned 2,540 times in "The Pickwick Papers." **Trixy.**—I am sorry that lack of space prevents me from publishing the game you mention in your interesting letter. Have "clubbed" you. **G. H. T.** (Canada).—English boys dress as you see them in The Captain. Have put you down for club. **Conservative.**—Why not collect ferns and flowers? Botany is a delightful hobby, and a most healthy one. **Westminster School.**—This school has *four* old boys in the House of Commons, not two, as previously stated. **Eric Rothwell** and **A. G. B. H.** should send stamped envelopes and ask their questions over again—too many to answer in mag. **F. L. Christie** should send S.E. for O.F.'s autograph. **Molly G. Krone** writes very nicely, so she needn't worry. **J. Hugh Patterson.**—Shipping trade, I should say, decidedly. I am taking it that you will enter an office, not "go for a sailor." **J. M.** (Paisley).—Have booked you for club. If you want to grow, cycle, run, jump, swim, and so make your legs longer.

T. C. Judson.—Yes, the cable message may consist of one word. **G. L.** and **O. C.**—It is a camera obscura. **A. M. G.**—Because you over-tone them. **L. Bettesworth**—See foot of "Contents." **T. V. B.**—No, not in a green light—too actinic. **W. A. N.**—It was only a reminiscence. **J. H. Round.**—It is of merely nominal value as a curiosity. **"Young Stamp Collector."**—32, Palace Square, Norwood, S.E. **W. H.**—Railway engines cost anything from £700 to £2,000, according to size. **Lionel Glover.**—Sir Robert Ball's "Text Book of Astronomy," 5s. 3d. post free, from Messrs. A. & F. Denny, 147, Strand, W.C. **"Chemist."**—Prof. Roscoe's "Lessons in Elementary Chemistry," 3s. 10d., from Messrs. Denny, as above. **Dulcis.**—"The Vivarium," by the Rev. G. C. Bateman, 8s., post free, from Mr. L. Upcott Gill, 170, Strand, W.C. **Katie.**—You can get a good crest album from Messrs. W. S. Lincoln, Holles Street, Oxford Street, London, W. **W. E. D.**—"Strand, London," will find them. **M. H. Burne.**—See the "Military Bugle Tutor," price 1s., from Messrs. J. Lovy Turner, 39, Oxford Street, W. **H. B. Reynell** (Cape Colony). It will cost you 7s. 4d. **Colossus.**—"Boxing," by R. Allanson-Winn, price 4s. 1d., post free, from Messrs. Denny, 147, Strand, London. **"Aker."**—Yes; you can see the unaltered silver bromide dissolved by the hypo.

Calendar events from: M. G. Brisker, S. Gordon Savage, W. E. Smith, and W. A. Storey.

Also letters received from: "Unicorn," R. E. Davis, J. H. T. Priestman, R. Helsby Watson (is appointed an official representative in Chile), Sidney Langlois (Valparaiso), Lionel Ashby Brown, M. MacPhedran, Sidney Smith (Sydney), who is thanked for photographs, Geo. R. Nixon, Cæsar, E. M. W., Court and Lester Thistleton (Cape Colony), M. P. T. DeV., "Big Drum," "P. C.," E. S. C., "Compositor," H. Davis, R. B., and many others.

THE OLD FAG.

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR APRIL.

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:—

Competition No. ——, Class ——, Name ——,

Address ——, Age ——.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete.

You may enter for as many competitions as you like; each "comp." must be sent in a separate envelope, or, when possible, on a post-card.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Address envelopes and post-cards as follows:—Competition No. ——, Class ——, "The Captain," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by April 12th.

Special Notice.—Only write on one side of each sheet of paper. Only one competition must be put into an envelope. Anybody disregarding these rules, or failing to address envelopes properly, *will be disqualified*.

No. 1.—**"Calendar Events."**—Three prizes of 7s. will be awarded for the three best lists of "Calendar Events" for June. We particularly require athletic and military events, and the birthdays of great cricketers, footballers, and other athletes.

Class I. ... . Age limit: Twenty-two.
Class II. . .. .. Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. ... . Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 2.—**"Jokes."**—Send on a post-card the best joke you have ever heard. Prizes will be Three Albums.

Class I. . .. . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. . .. . Age limit. Sixteen.
Class III. .. .. Age limit: Twelve.

No. 3.—**"Map of Japan."**—Three Full Sets of Drawing Materials will be awarded for the three best maps of Japan.

Class I. ... ... Age limit. Twenty-five.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 4.—**"My Favourite Six."**—State, on a post-card, which is your favourite living (1) Author, (2) Poet, (3) Cricketer, (4) Footballer, (5) Singer, (6) Artist. The result, as in former competitions of this sort, will be decided by the votes of competitors. Three prizes of 7s. 6d.—composed of goods chosen from our advertisement pages.

Class I. . . . Age limit. Twenty four.
Class II .. .. Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. ... . Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 5.—**"Individuality."** How many words containing *three letters only* can you make out of that? Dictionaries may be used. Three "Pelican" Pens will be the prizes.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 6.—**"Photograph or Drawing of a Boy."**—Three prizes of 7s. each.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class II. . .. . Age limit. Sixteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Twelve.

NOTE.—As a number of Competitors seem hazy on this point, let them understand that a competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 25 comp., so long as he has not actually turned 26. The same rule applies to all the other age limits.

Results of January Competitions.

No. I.—"The Most Interesting Place in London."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-two.)
WINNER OF 7s.: EDITH ANNIE COURT, Crescent Parade, Ripon, Yorks.
HONOURABLE MENTION: E. Hall, William Armstrong, Edgar Riley.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)
WINNER OF 7s.: V. WAKEFORD, "The Yews," Glenesgle Road, Streatham, S.W.
A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: BRIDGET E. TALBOT, Little Gaddesden House, Berkhampstead, Herts.
HONOURABLE MENTION: Margaret Masefield, Frederick Bristow, George Robbins, M. E. Cock, William Vaughan, Vernon H. Jones.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fourteen.)
WINNER OF 7s.: ROY SMITH, Annandale House, Vanbrugh Hill, Greenwich.
HONOURABLE MENTION: Frida Phillips, Harry Woodhead, H. Cunliffe, Percival W. Bush, Cyril Stackhouse, "Vallis," Herbert W. Atkins, Jack C. Hardie.

No. II.—"Quaint Photographs."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)
WINNER OF "PELICAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: EDITH KIRKMAN, Park Place, Chorley.
HONOURABLE MENTION: Hilda S. Petter, E. Mann, Lily G. Petter, Walter Tame, Joseph W. Connell, L. Bellott, Oliver Russell, Ernest B. Holmes.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF "PELICAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: H. H. PALMER, 175, Albion Road, Stoke Newington, N.
HONOURABLE MENTION: A. Owen, Graham Hunt, Harry M. Goldsmith, J. Morris, James Smith, F. M. Rideout, E. H. Gordon, Charles Pickles, F. Egan, P. E. Petter, Winnie Petter, K. N. Davies.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)
WINNER OF "PELICAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: DOUGLAS E. LORD, 103, Redman's Road, Stepney Green, E.
HONOURABLE MENTION: H. F. Martyn, A. McCulloch, A. Jones, J. Phillip, J. Horsfield.

No. III.—"Phenomenal."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)
WINNER OF PRIZE: C. CONST, 33, Carlton Grove, Queen's Road, Peckham, S.E.
A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: GERTRUDE A. ANDERSON, 19, Crockerton Road, Upper Tooting, S.W.
HONOURABLE MENTION: John Campbell, A. C. Playfer, E. C. Drayson, Albert C. Crosnt, Maud J. Harvey.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)
WINNER OF PRIZE: FREDERICK BRIDGE, 14, Devonshire Street, Higher Broughton, Manchester.
CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: H. J. BUTTFIELD, 30, Kilmorie Road, Forest Hill, S.E.; and JAMES ALLEN HYMERS, "Fern Dene," Saltwell, Gateshead-on-Tyne.
HONOURABLE MENTION: Marjory Robinson, Gwen Holliday, M. E. Masefield, Sydney Butfield, N. F. Dobb, Edith H. Parker.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF PRIZE: FRIDA PHILLIPS, High Elms, Hitchin, Herts.
A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: HECTOR OLIVER, 16, de Parys Avenue, Bedford.
HONOURABLE MENTION: Archibald R. Curtis, F. L. Oliver, Geoffrey F. Robinson, Ernest W. Brough.

No. IV.—"How Girls can be made Useful."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-two.)
WINNER OF 7s.: HARRY PAYNE, 14, Dryden Street, Nottingham.
HONOURABLE MENTION: F. W. Sleetburn, Arthur Squire, W. E. Wylie.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)
WINNER OF 7s.: WILLIAM VAUGHAN, "Durban," Old Road West, Gravesend.
A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: W. AITKEN OLDFIELD, 1, King's Road, Doncaster.
HONOURABLE MENTION: G. H. Palmer, Alan Leslie, Edward E. Woodward, Cyril Burrage, J. W. Anderson, G. Harold Humphrey.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fourteen.)
WINNER OF 7s.: HAROLD SCHOLFIELD, "The Thorns," Gardner Road, Prestwich.
A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: H. BOLTON Highbrake, Huncoat, near Accrington.
HONOURABLE MENTION: W. M. Pryke, Ernest W. Jephcott W. Harold Thomson, R. W. Fry.

No. V.—"It is unlucky to——"

CLASS I.—(Age limit: Twenty.)
WINNER OF ALBUM: JAS. J. RITCHIE, The Schools, Killinchy, Co. Down, Ireland.
A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: H. J. BUTTFIELD, 30, Kilmorie Road, Forest Hill, S.E.
HONOURABLE MENTION: John B. Edgar, Gwynedd M. Hudson, Dorothy C. Hudson, Daisy Mackenzie-Kennedy.

CLASS II.—(Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF ALBUM: PHYLLIS BELL, Henley-in-Arden.
A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: MARGARET P. THOMPSON, 120, Tufnell Park Road, Holloway, N.
HONOURABLE MENTION: H. Waller, H. R. Morris, Mollie Cork, Agnes M. Parsons, Vere Onslow, Roderick Wynn, Daisy Annett.

CLASS III.—(Age limit: Twelve.)
WINNER OF ALBUM: CHARLEY WOOLLEY, 1, East Bank, Kendal.
HONOURABLE MENTION: Ruth Bell, Edith Walford, Frida Phillips, W. E. Downes.

No. VI.—"Handwriting."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty.)
WINNER OF 7s.: WILLIAM CARRIGAN, 55, Buccleuch Street, Edinburgh.
CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: WILLIAM ARTHUR COOPER, 5, Wellington Terrace, Kingsclere, Newbury; and CLAUDE DREW, Trafalgar Square, Truro.
HONOURABLE MENTION: George Booth, Walter Tame, David Longhnan, Clifford Leggatt, John F. Rowan, Stanley Wilson, W. A. Oldfield.

CLASS II.—(Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF 7s.: CHARLES NORRIS, 2, Stannard Road, Dalston, N.E.
CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: WM. CRUICKSHANK, 12, Montague Street, Edinburgh; and FRED INESTER, 30, Lutton Place, Edinburgh.
HONOURABLE MENTION: W. A. Cragg, T. R. Davis, Dolly Kraemar, Louis Richards, Thomas E. Dix, Evelyn Manson, Frederick Bristow, David Pryde.

CLASS III.—(Age limit: Twelve.)
7s. divided between: WILLIAM STREET, 133, Albert Street, Leith, Scotland; and NANCY W. HUNTLY, 55, South Clerk Street, Edinburgh.
A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: SYLVIA M. G SIBLEY, "Annables," near Luton.
HONOURABLE MENTION: Eva C. Greenwood, Mollie Cassels, Charles J. Fishley, Edith A. Antnony, Robert C. Lewis, José M. Greenwood.

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," or "Wide World."

COMMENTS ON THE JANUARY COMPETITIONS.

No. I.—The places found most interesting to CAPTAINITES when in London were the Tower, Westminster Abbey, and the Zoological Gardens—the latter appealing especially to competitors in Class III. St. Paul's Cathedral, the British and South Kensington Museums, the National Gallery, and Woolwich Arsenal also received a great share of attention.

No. II.—We enjoyed many a laugh whilst adjudicating this competition. We hope to publish some of the funniest photographs in a future issue.

No. III.—The total numbers of words sent in by the winners in the three classes were 221, 310, and 442 respectively.

No. IV.—We were pleased to observe the tone of chivalry pervading most of the essays. We intend to devote a special article to this subject, in which we shall include excerpts from the best papers submitted.

No. V.—We had no idea it was possible to court bad luck in such a variety of ways!

No. VI.—Taken as a whole the specimens of penmanship sent in for the "handwriting" competition speak well for the caligraphy of the competitors, the style and letter-formation of the prize-winners' attempts being almost perfect.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.

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Results of February Competitions.

No. I.—"Six best Living Story-writers for Boys."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-two.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: E. STRANGE, 100, Abingdon Road, Oxford.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: WILLIAM ARMSTRONG, 11, Marchmont Road, Edinburgh.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. R. Bishop, F. E. Grosvenor, C. P. White, Sidney A. Galliford, John Ford, H. A. Baskett, C. E. Linton, G. J. Walker.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: CHARLES LEIGH, 32, Beechfield Road, Catford.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: C. V. HOLMES, Elmfield College, York.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. F. Henton, Royan Middleton, F. R. Smith, A. J. Davis, Gertrude Brittain, F. G. Bristow, R. B. Turner, C. W. Pike, L. Goodheart, Edgar R. Smith, A. F. Hess.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fourteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: EVAN J. EDWARDS, 144, Park Road, Cwmpark, near Treorky, Wales.

HONOURABLE MENTION: S. Wright, Fred Hancock, Jack S. Pott, Hugh L. Davies, Percy M. Battys, David Davies, Idris Evans, John Pugh, W. J. Edwards, L. Wing.

No. II.—"Twelve Most Flourishing Towns in the United Kingdom."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: R. H. DAHM, Battersea Grammar School, St. John's Hill, Clapham Junction, S.W.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: W. WYLIE STUART, 231, West Princes Street, Glasgow.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. H. Byrne, J. Harold Round, C. Peel, Miller Macfarlane.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: FRED. INGHAM, 116, Clarendon Street, Hull.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: D. H. PEEL, "Peelford," St. Andrew's Road, Bedford.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Daniel McGhee, Robert Smith, W. R. Cruke, W. G. Tilling, Sydney Galliford, Constance Feuwicke-Clennell, A. Tapply, E. A. Pints, D. E. Reid, Walter Stewart.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: MATTHEW W. ROBINSON, School House, Fossoway.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: LANCELOT G. HARE, Ward 6, Christ's Hospital, London, E.C.

HONOURABLE MENTION: B. G. Gordon, Kenneth G. Thomas, W. Schmid, Ruth Peel.

No. III.—"Animal Stories."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF FOUNTAIN PEN: R. A. H. GOODYEAR, Tune Street, Barnsley, Yorkshire.

HONOURABLE MENTION: D. M. Strath, Dora Wolferstan, Helen Paske.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF FOUNTAIN PEN: JOHN LEIGH TURNER, "Ingerley," Shaw Heath, Stockport.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: JAMES ALLAN HYMERS, "Fern Dene," Gateshead-on-Tyne.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Thomas Chaplin, Gladys Peacock, John B. Edgar, C. J. B. Masefield, Gertrude Sterling.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF FOUNTAIN PEN: HARRY STOKOE, 44, Hallgarth Street, Durham.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: F. BIRD, Redland Grove College, Bristol.

HONOURABLE MENTION: E. Graham, C. C. Govor, Lionel Saunders, Reginald Wakeham, Edwin Read.

No. IV.—"Best Sentence in Abbreviations."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-two.)

WINNER OF 7s.: LUCY MASSEY, Stanley Hall, Selsley, Stroud.

HONOURABLE MENTION: B. Lund, Edith Stevens, Helen Paske, Avice Coulton, Mabel Le Maistre, R. Thomas Gordon, D. M. Strath, E. G. Morris, Wilfrid White, Sybil Kelley, N. M. Wheeler, Anna Sopwith, C. E. Linton.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: J. O. MOSSES, 26, Wallace Road, Canonbury, N.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: GRACE EDWARDS, 4, Elm Villas, the Park, Hull; and STANLEY MATTHEW, 6, Mamhead View, Exmouth.

HONOURABLE MENTION: C. S. Tover, T. R. Davis, F. R. Armitage, R. H. Southern, Lionel Saunders, R. K. Wetherell Fircroft, Blanche Fircroft, N. B. Ashford, B. E. Stevens, F. K. Stevens, Hylda Easton.

CLASS III. (Age limit; Fourteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: S. PARRY, 121, Granby Street, Liverpool.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: GEORGE A. MASSEY, "Westbourne," St. Mark's, Cheltenham; and W. H. NYE, Apley, Wellington, Salop.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Alistair Saunders, J. C. Stewart, Michael Smith, Peter Russell, A. N. Pirouet, L. Robinson, A. Harris, Eileen Kuhling.

No. V.—"How Boys can be made Useful."

WINNER OF 7s.: WINIFRED D. EBEAUT, "Belville," S. Saviour's, Jersey, C.I.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: Miss OCCLESTON, "The Greynd," Arbroath, N.B.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Jennie Clasper, Joan Thomas, Dorothy Owen, Irene Maunder, Grace E. Hyatt, Elsie Holden.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: JENNIE BELFRAGE, Durham House, Portobello, Midlothian, Scotland.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: NORNA WALFORD, "Warleigh," Tamerton, Foliot, South Devon.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Rosalind Bridge, Bessie Fry, Carrie Ingham, Winnie Appleton.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF 7s.: NANCY W. HUNTLY, 55, South Clerk Street, Edinburgh.

No. VI.—"Best Map of Palestine (Present Day)."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: WILLIAM LOGAN, c/o Rachurn, 15, Spottiswoode Street, Edinburgh.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: R. HAROLD ROYLE, Third Avenue, Sherwood Rise, Nottingham.

HONOURABLE MENTION (in order of merit): Norman Richardson, Edith W. Froud, Ethel Young, Gertrude Allen, W. J. White, Winifred Boobbyer, Hylda Easton, H. F. Walker, C. Kent, A. H. Robinson, Ursula M. Peck, Marian Marshall, W. Duncan, L. de F. Bartle, O. R. Wicks, J. E. Needham, W. Borthwick.

CLASS II. (Age limit; Sixteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: DAVID PRYDE, 74, Dalkeith Road, Edinburgh.

HONOURABLE MENTION (in order of merit): H. T. Berrill, A. L. Snow, W. L. Taylor, G. Anagnostopulo, F. L. Brewer, J. M. McLeod, T. Brayshaw, W. B. Huntly, G. Boobbyer, K. Tough, C. Hargreaves, O. C. Whiteman, Eric Blore, T. T. Nickol, J. T. Richardson, W. Shaw.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: ALEXANDER L. HOSIE, 20, Westfield Terrace, Aberdeen, N.B.

HONOURABLE MENTION: C. H. Stokes, Nancy W. Huntly, H. Lovelock, H. N. Burley, M. Fleming.

Foreign and Colonial Readers' Competition (September, 1900).

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF 10s. 6d.: MAY MALONE, 45, Redcliff Street, St. John's, Antigua, B.W.I.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

10s. 6d. divided between: HOSUNG C. HERJEE, c/o Messrs. M. Herjee & Sons, Cannanore, Malabar, India; and BEATRICE PANY LE SUEUR, Morley, Alberta, N.W.T., Canada.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Kathleen M. Augustine (Antigua), Harold R. George (Perth, W.A.), Harold Owen (Zululand).

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

10s. 6d. divided between: MAUD CENTANO, "Villa Lazzeri," 17, Viale Machiavelli, Florence, Italy; and SAVILLE GARRAWAY, 25, Princes Street, Georgetown, Demara, British Guiana.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. Goodbrand (Natal), Sydney L. Langlois (Chili), Leonard Reed (Malta).

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," or "Wide World."

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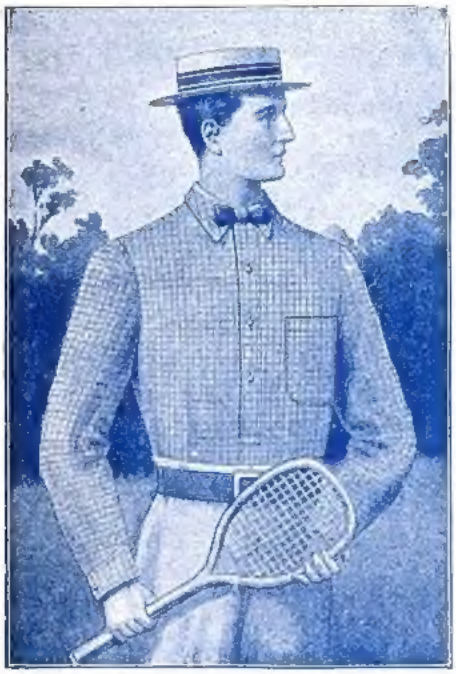

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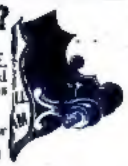

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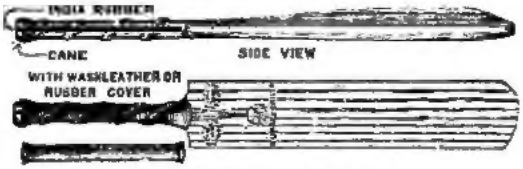

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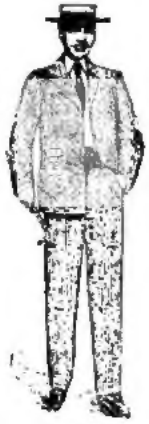

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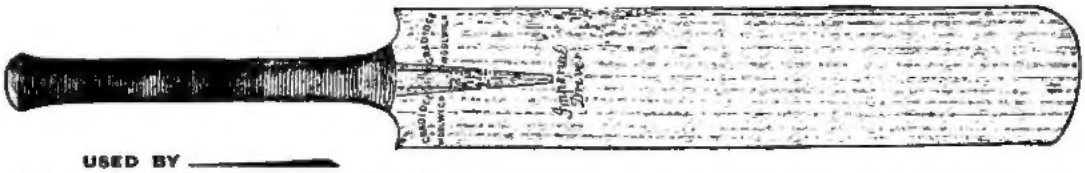

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